Evangelical Synod of North America

Christian Hymns

for the use of

Young People's Societies, Sunday Schools and Church Services.

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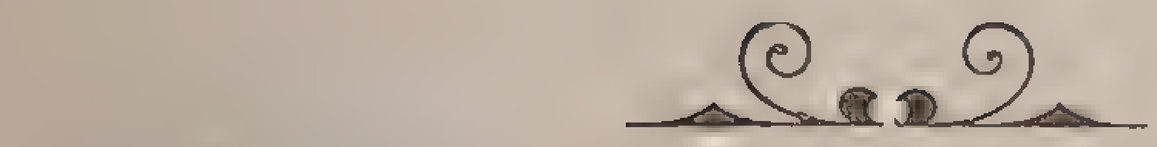
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O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms. Psalm 95: 1, 2.



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Order of Arrangement.

	Pages
Opening Exercises	5, 6, 8
Opening Sentence—(A chant)	7
Closing Exercise	9
The Lord's Prayer—(A chant)	10
The Apostles' Creed	10
The Confirmation Vow	10
The Ten Commandments	11
Responses to the Ten Commandments	11
Responses	12, 13
Gloria Patri	14, 15
Doxology	16
Benediction	16
Opening Prayers	17
Closing Prayers	17
Prayer of Confession	18
Prayers before Meals	18
Prayers after Meals	18
Responsive Readings	19 to 24

Hymns.

	Numbers
Praise and Worship	1 to 20
Prayer	21 to 35
Devotional	36 to 54
Service	55 to 71
Consecration	72 to 91
Fellowship with Jesus	92 to 109
The Christian Life	110 to 131
The Word of God	132 to 137
The Church	138 to 141
Missions	142 to 147
Christmas	148 to 153
Jesus' Suffering, Death, and Resurrection	154 to 159
The Holy Spirit	160 and 161
Opening Songs	162 and 163
Closing Songs	164 to 170
The Sabbath Day	171 and 172
Morning and Evening Songs	173 to 181
The Heavenly Home	182 to 187
The Seasons	188 to 189
Primary Songs	190 to 194
The Home	195 and 196
Patriotic Songs	197 to 201

	Pages
General Index	206 to 208

Selection 1. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Leader—Holy, holy, holy! is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.

All sing—

Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning,
Our songs shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons,
Blessed Trinity!

Leader—For Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with Thee.

Response—But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

All sing—

Holy, holy, holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
Around the glassy sea.
Cherubim and seraphim,
Falling down before Thee,
Who wert and art and
Evermore shalt be.

Leader—Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool; for He is holy.

Response—And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night, saying: Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come!

All sing—

Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
All Thy work shall praise Thy name
In earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons,
Blessed Trinity!

Leader—I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the house of the Lord.

Response—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

Leader—They shall prosper that love thee.

Response—Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

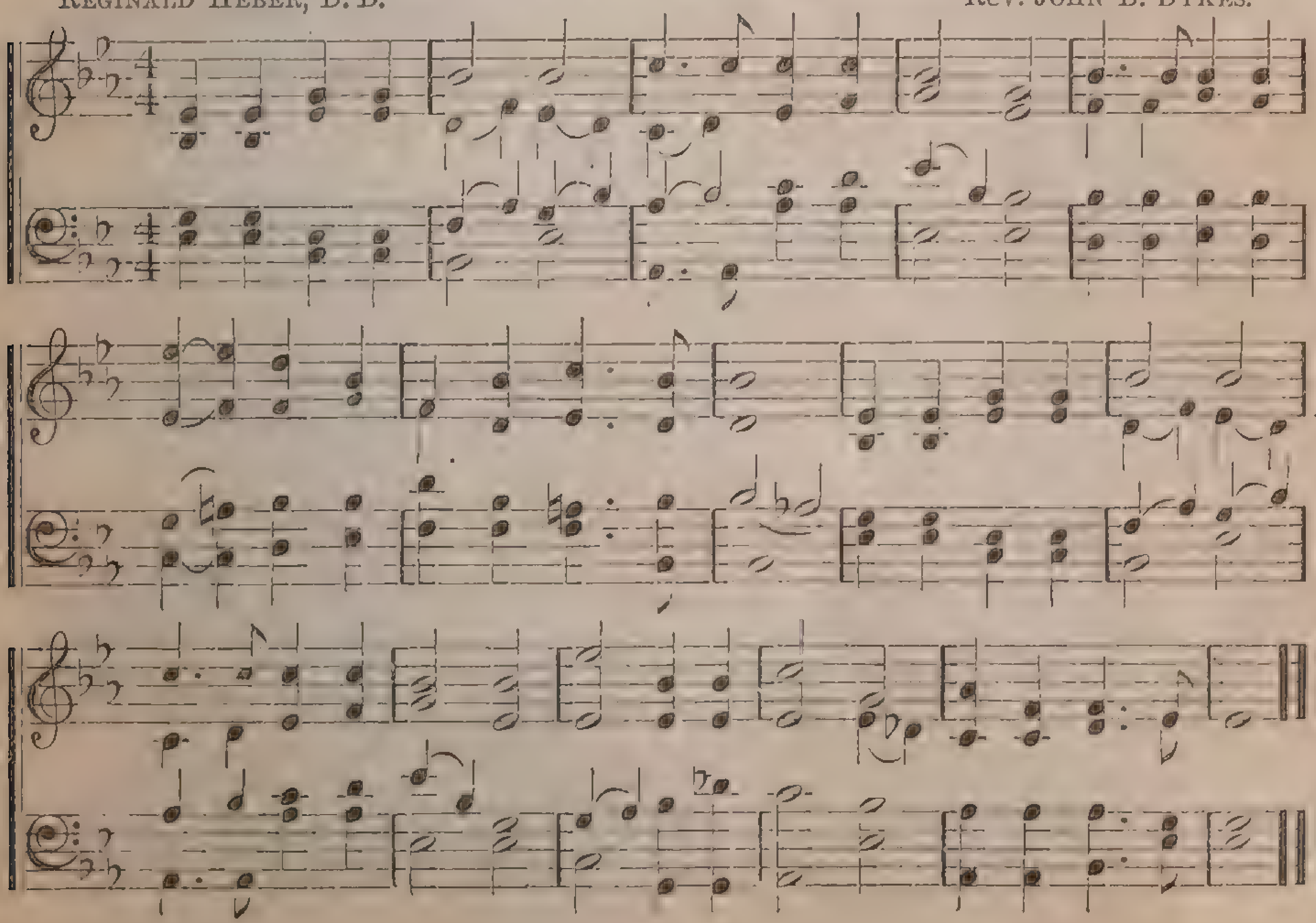
Leader—For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

All repeat—The Apostles' Creed.

All sing—Gloria Patri.

Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



Selection 2. Lord, at Thy Mercy-Seat.

(A SCRIPTURAL CONFESSION.)

Leader—Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

Response—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

Leader—Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

All sing—

Lord, at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet
Lord, hear my call;
Now let Thy work begin,
Oh, make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
Jesus, my all.

All repeat—O GOD, I ACKNOWLEDGE MY TRANSGRESSIONS, AND MY SIN IS EVER BEFORE ME. WASH ME THOROUGHLY FROM MINE INIQUITY, AND CLEANSE ME FROM MY SIN. CAST ME NOT AWAY FROM THY PRESENCE, AND TAKE NOT THY HOLY SPIRIT FROM ME. CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD, AND RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME.

Leader—God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.

All sing—

Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call;
Oh, how I pine for Thee!
'Tis all my hope and plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

Leader—There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.

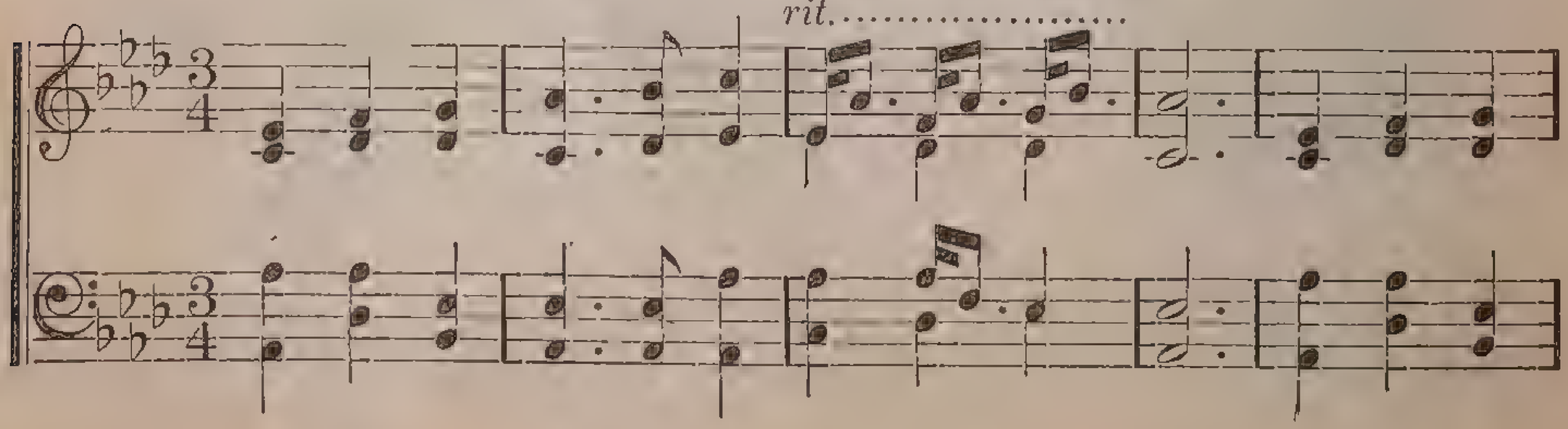
Response—Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need.

Prayer by Leader, closing with the Lord's Prayer, to be repeated in unison.

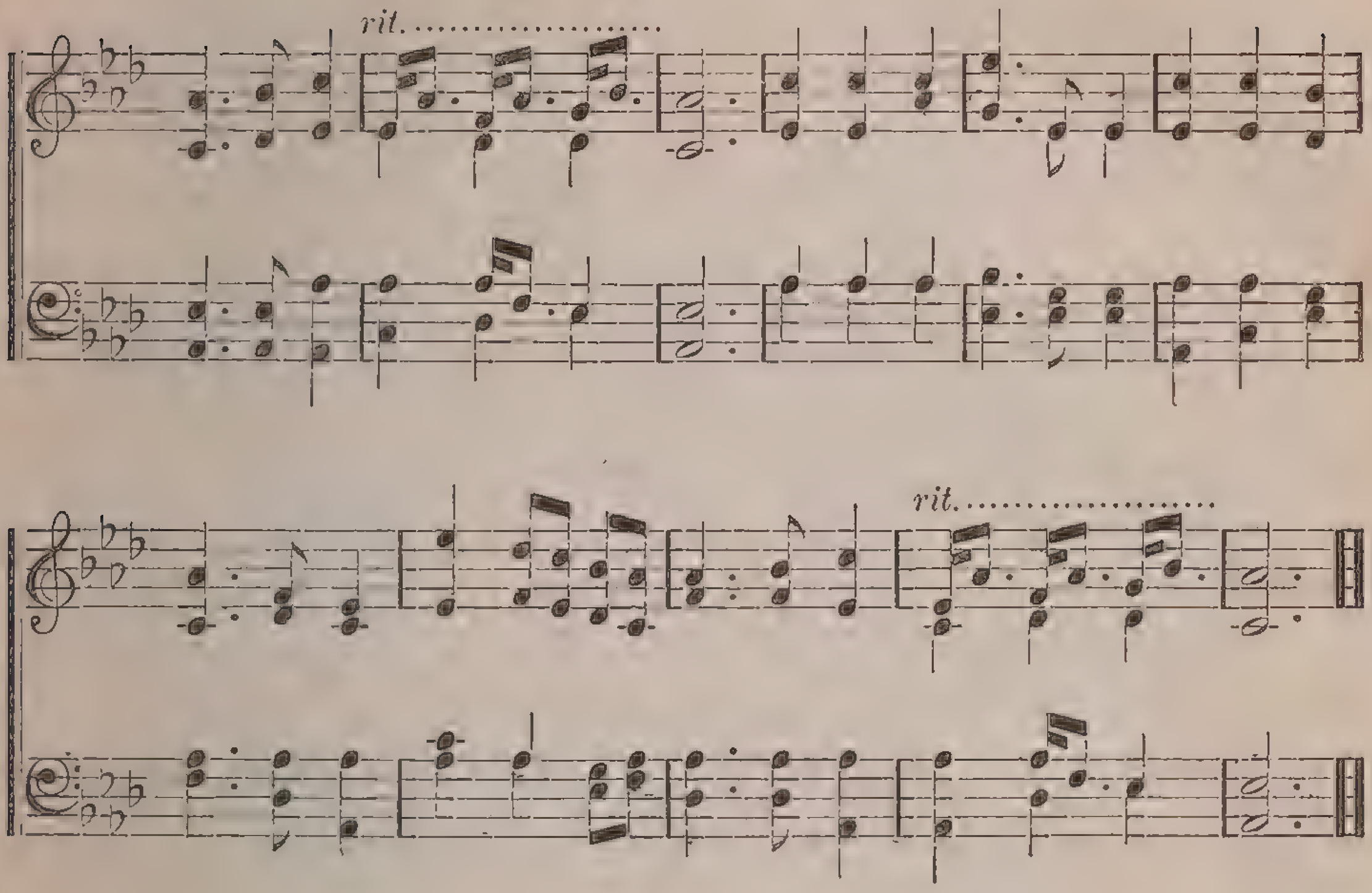
The Gloria Patri or some other Response may be sung after the prayer.

Lord, at Thy Mercy-Seat.

F. J. CROSBY. Anon.
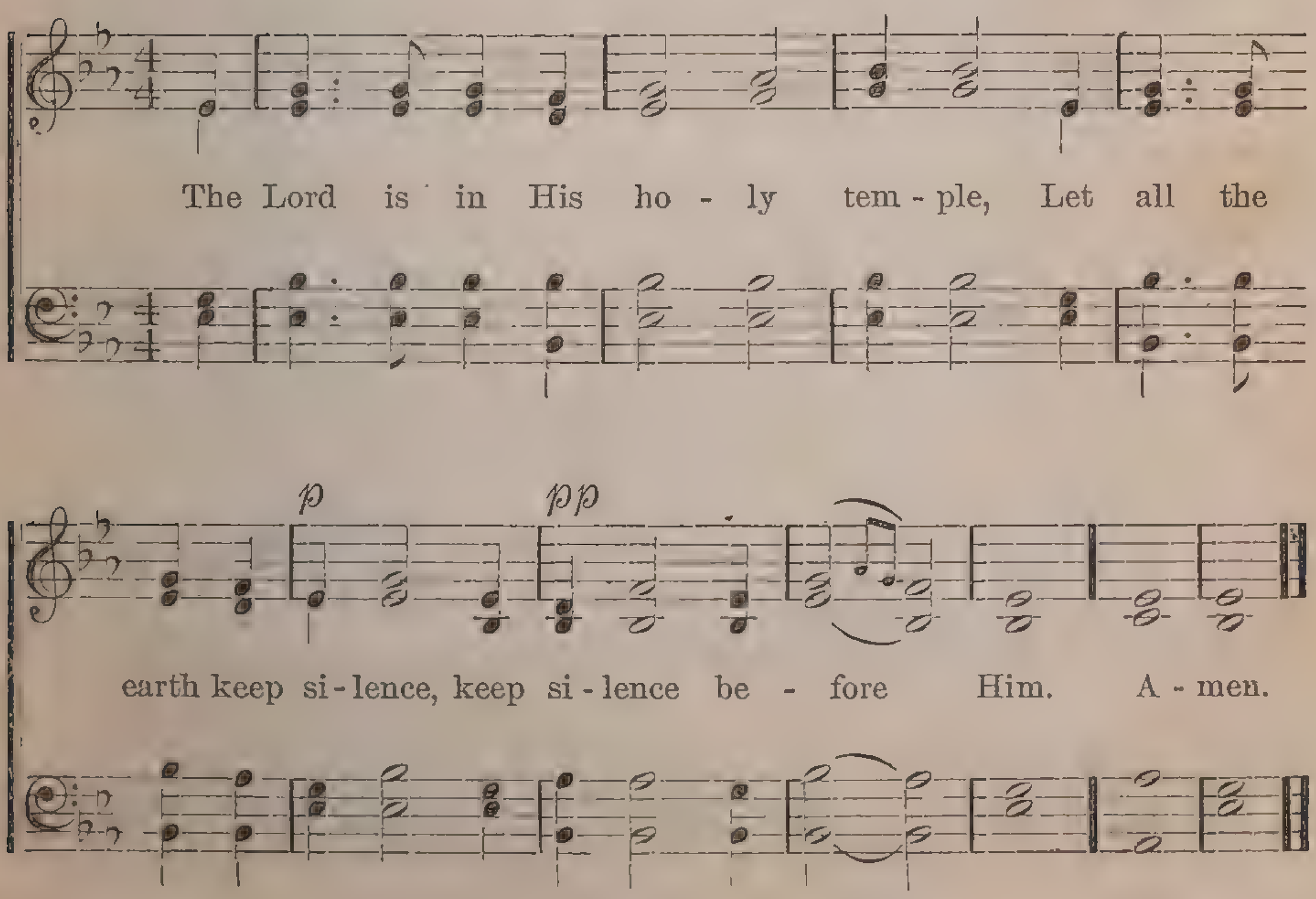


Lord, at Thy Mercy-Seat.—Concluded.



The Lord is In His Holy Temple.

E. O. Excell.



Selection 3. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

All sing—

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Leader—Surely the Lord is in this place.

Response—This is none other than the house of God; and this is the gate of heaven.

Leader—Serve the Lord with gladness:

Response—Come before His presence with singing.

All sing—

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Leader—Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.

Response—And into His courts with praise.

Leader—Give thanks unto Him, and bless His Name.

Response—For the Lord is good; His mercy endureth forever.

All sing—

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Leader—O sing unto the Lord a new song:

Response—For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised:

Leader—Honor and majesty are before Him.

Response—Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.

Leader—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name:

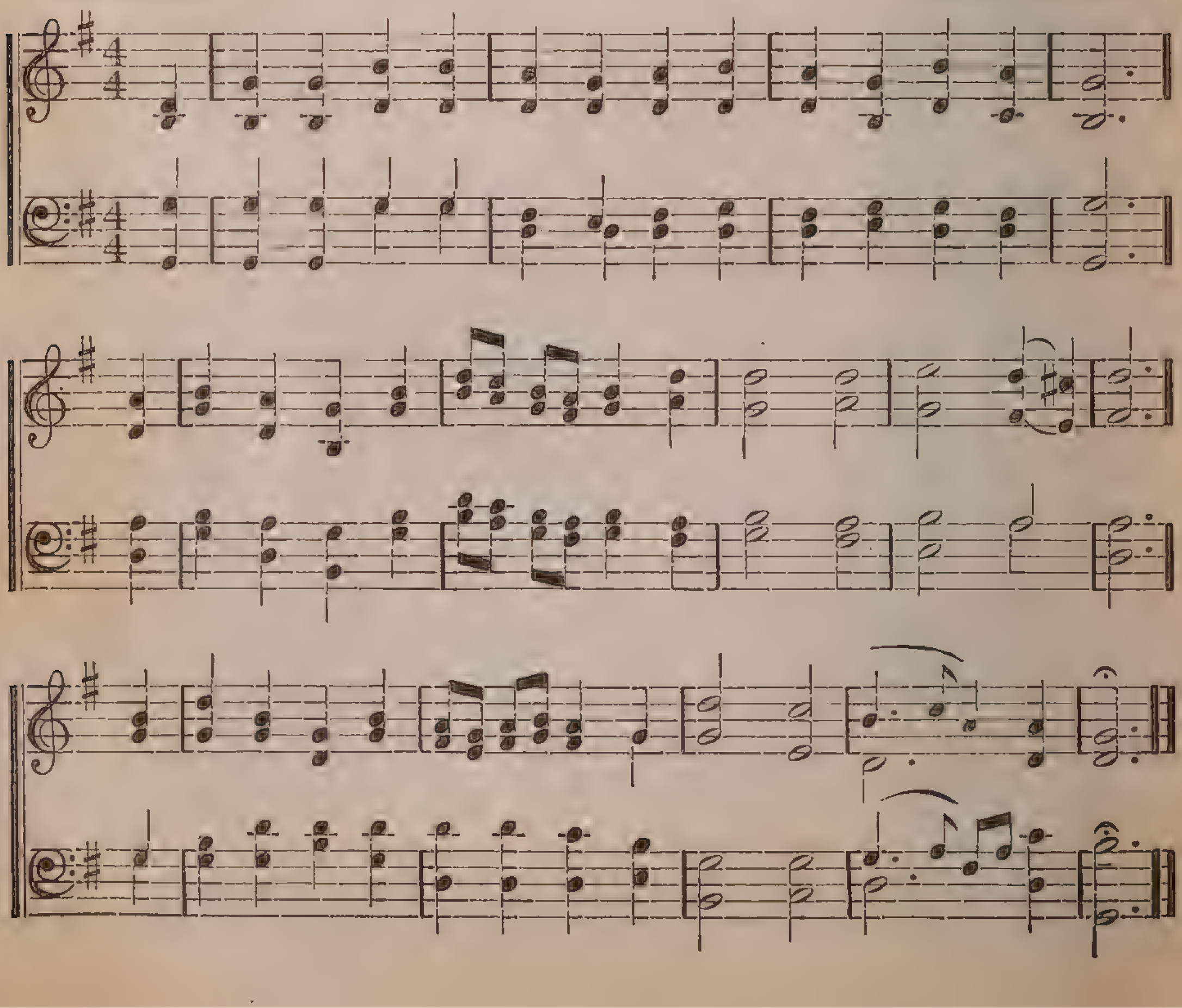
Response—O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Prayer by Leader, closing with the Lord's Prayer.

Gloria Patri or some other Response may be sung after the prayer.

All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



Selection 4. Love Divine, all Loves Excelling

(PRAISE AND BENEDICTION.)

Leader—Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Response—Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

All sing—

(*For Tune see No. 30.*)

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

Leader—For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Response—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

Leader—Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

All sing—

(*For Tune see No. 35.*)

We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

REFRAIN.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
Revive us again!

Leader—Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the Church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever.

Response—Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God our Father who loved us and gave us eternal comfort and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and stablish them in every good work and word.

All sing—

(*For Tune see No. 21.*)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

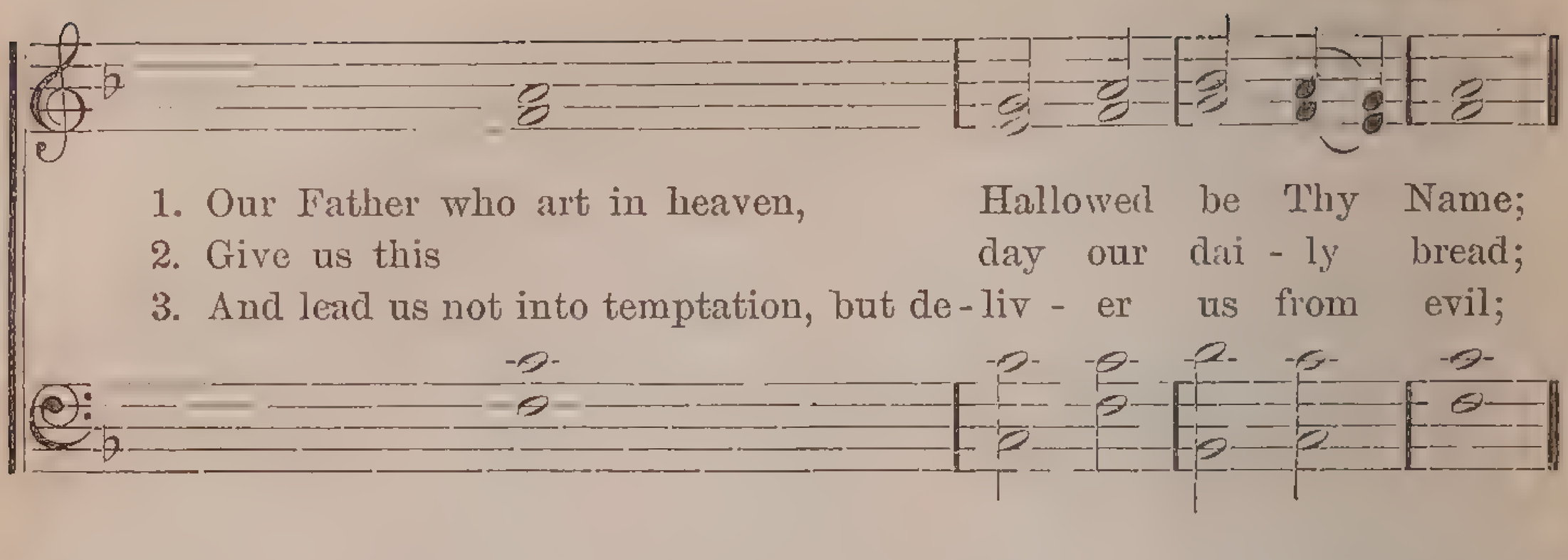
Leader—Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Response—Unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, be blessing, and honor, and glory, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

Leader—The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.



Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the One, Holy, Universal, Christian Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

Confirmation Vow.

I believe in God, the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, and promise with the help of God to renounce the sinfulness of the world and of my own heart, to live according to the doctrine and precepts of Christ, as presented in the Holy Scriptures, and to remain faithful to the confession of the Evangelical Church. Amen.

The Ten Commandments.

(Exodus 20: 1–17.)

Leader—God spake all these words, saying:

All repeat—I.—I am the Lord thy God, who have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage; thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

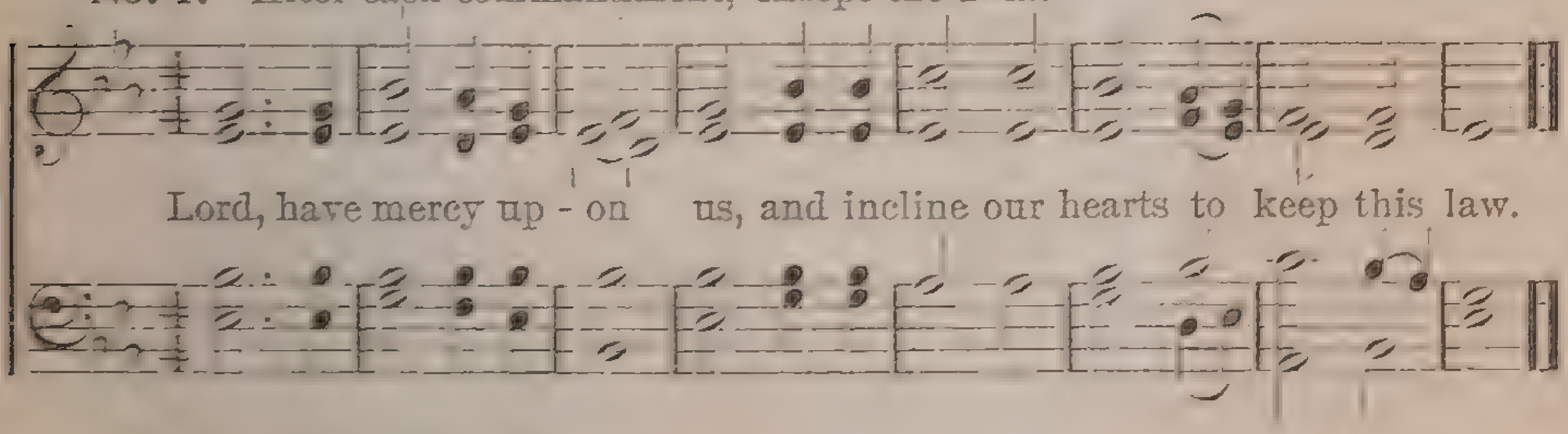
VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

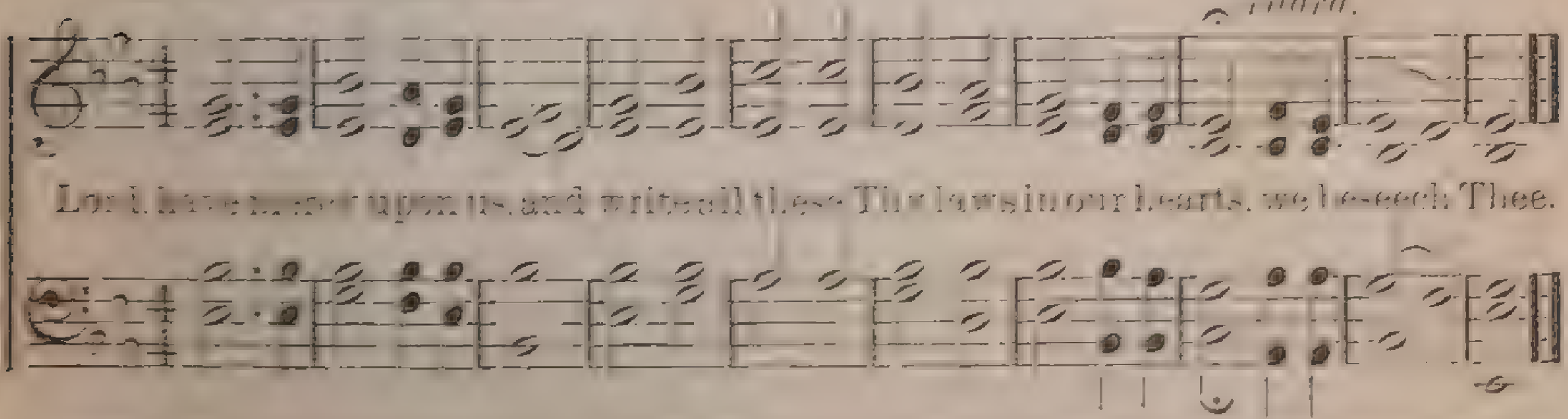
X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Responses to the Commandments.

No. 1. After each commandment, except the 10th.



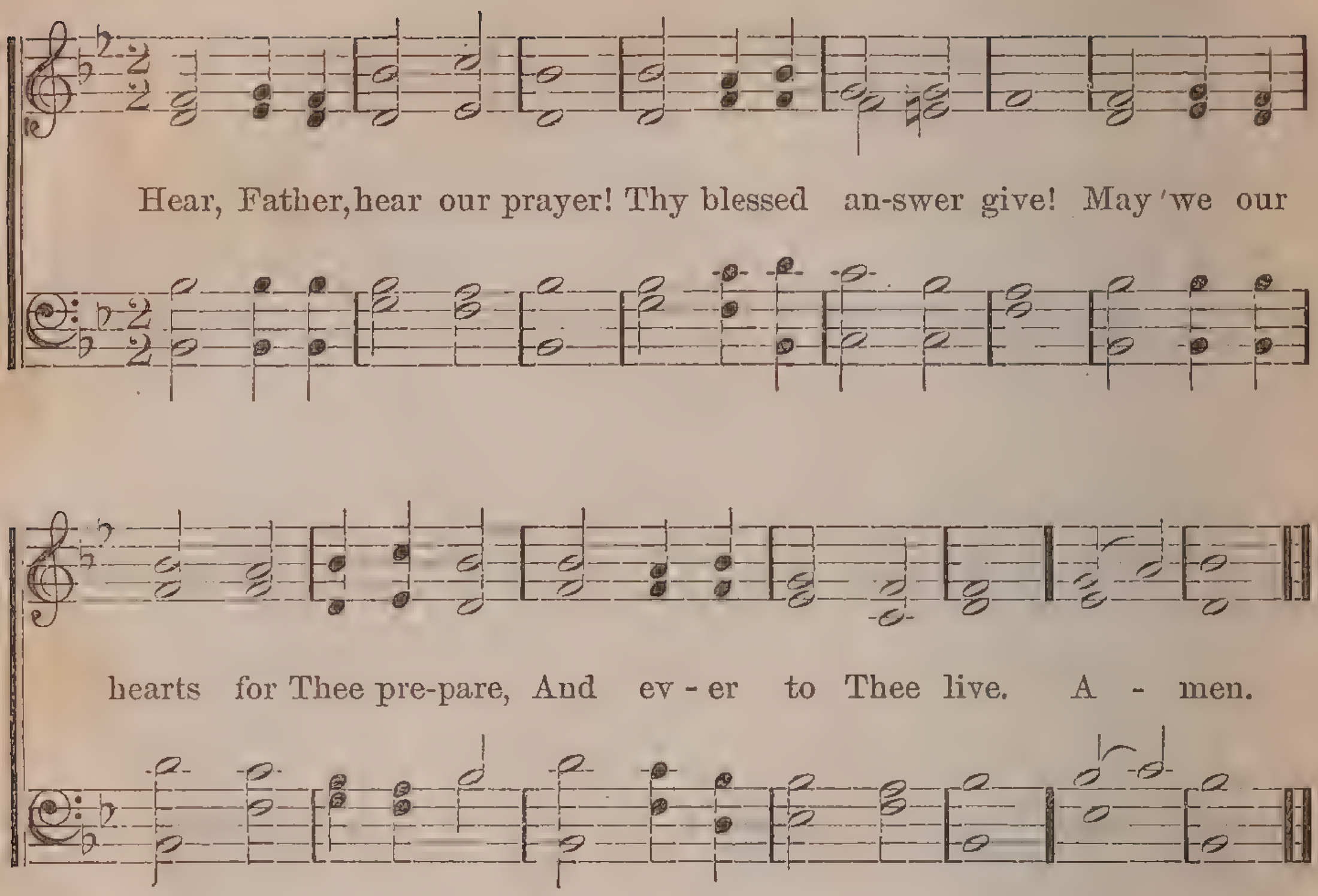
No. 2. After the 10th.



NOTE.—If only one response is desired, sing second response at the conclusion of the commandments.

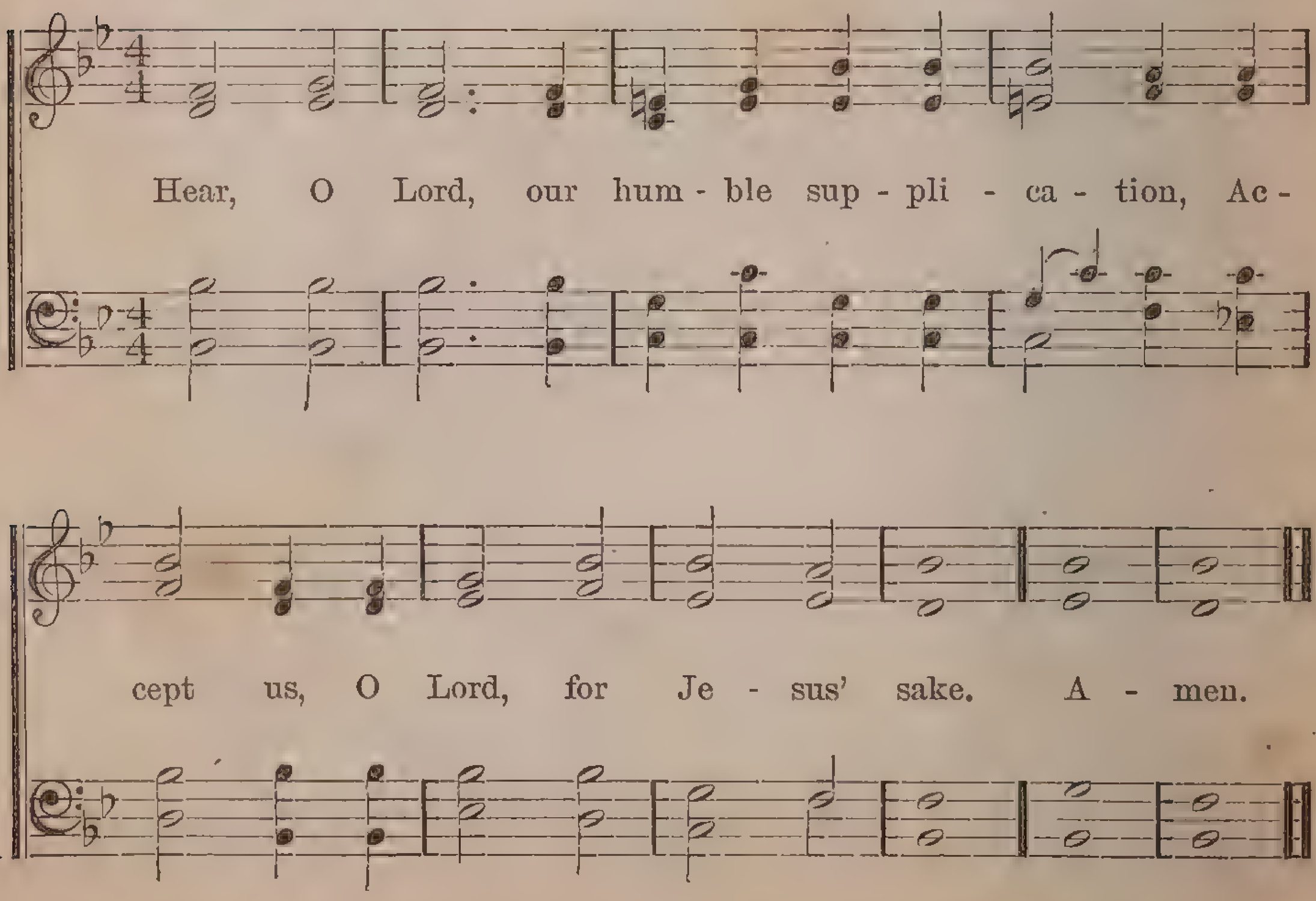
Response, No. 1.

MASON.



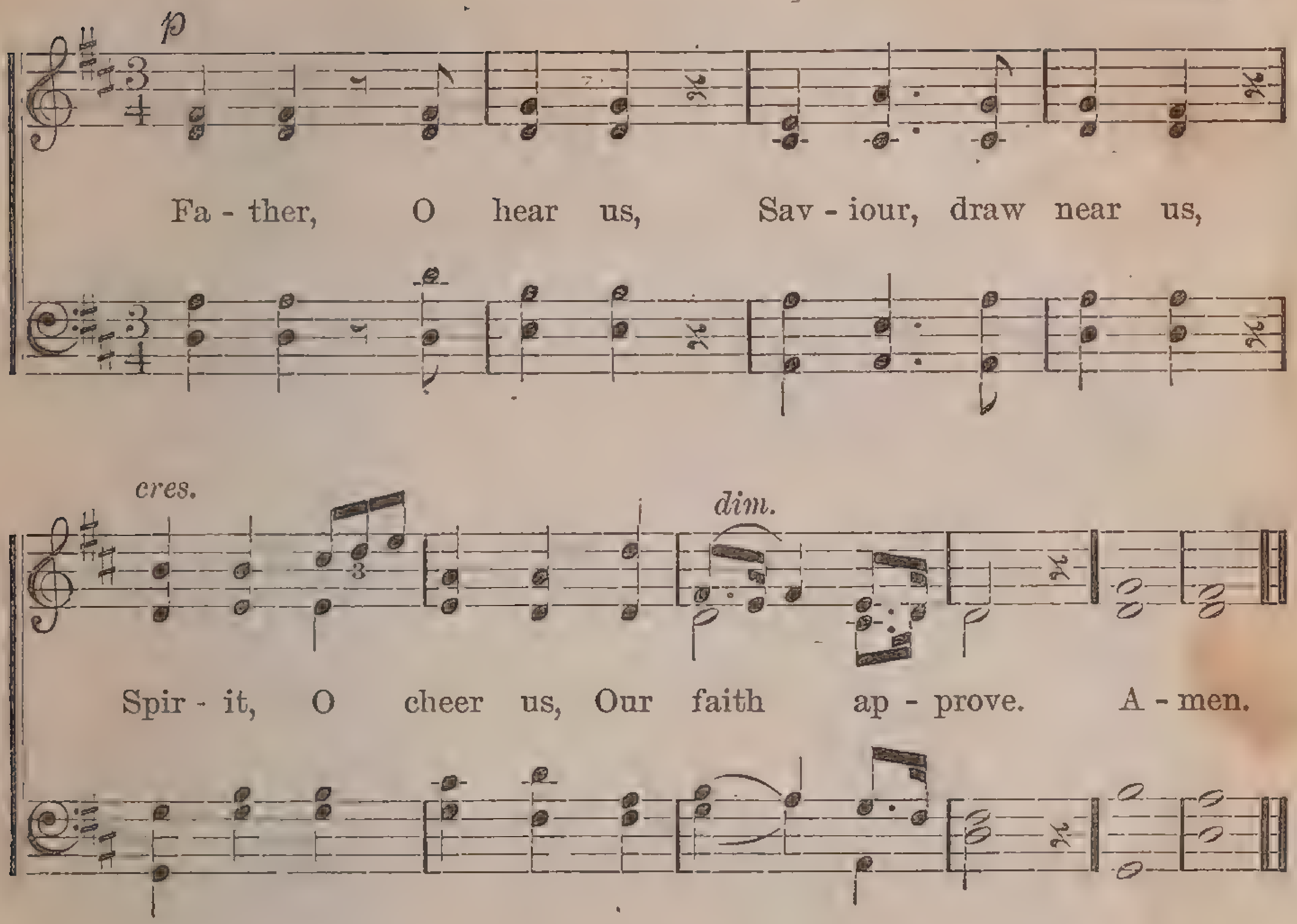
Response, No. 2.

W. A. O.



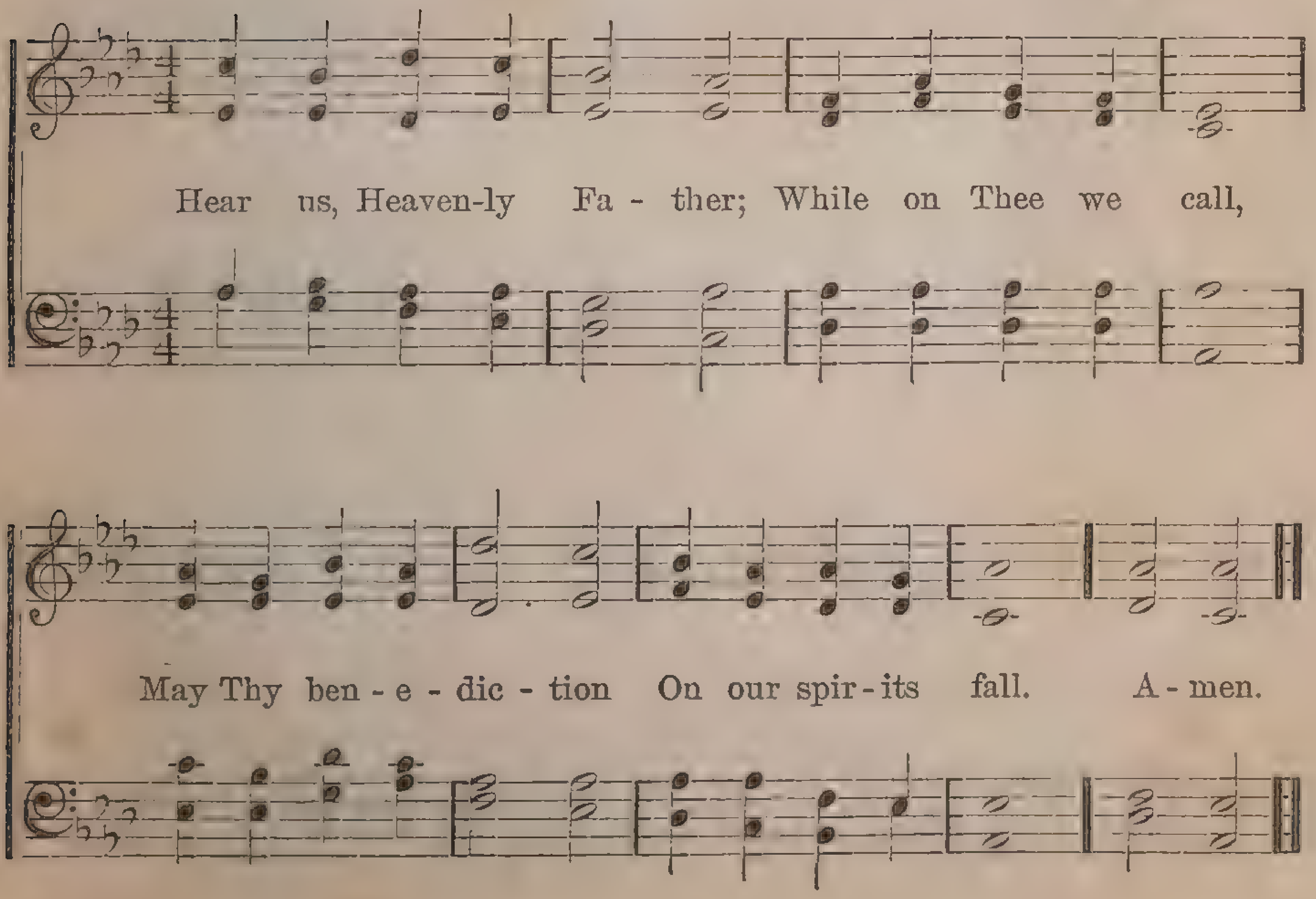
Response, No. 3.

HAYDN.



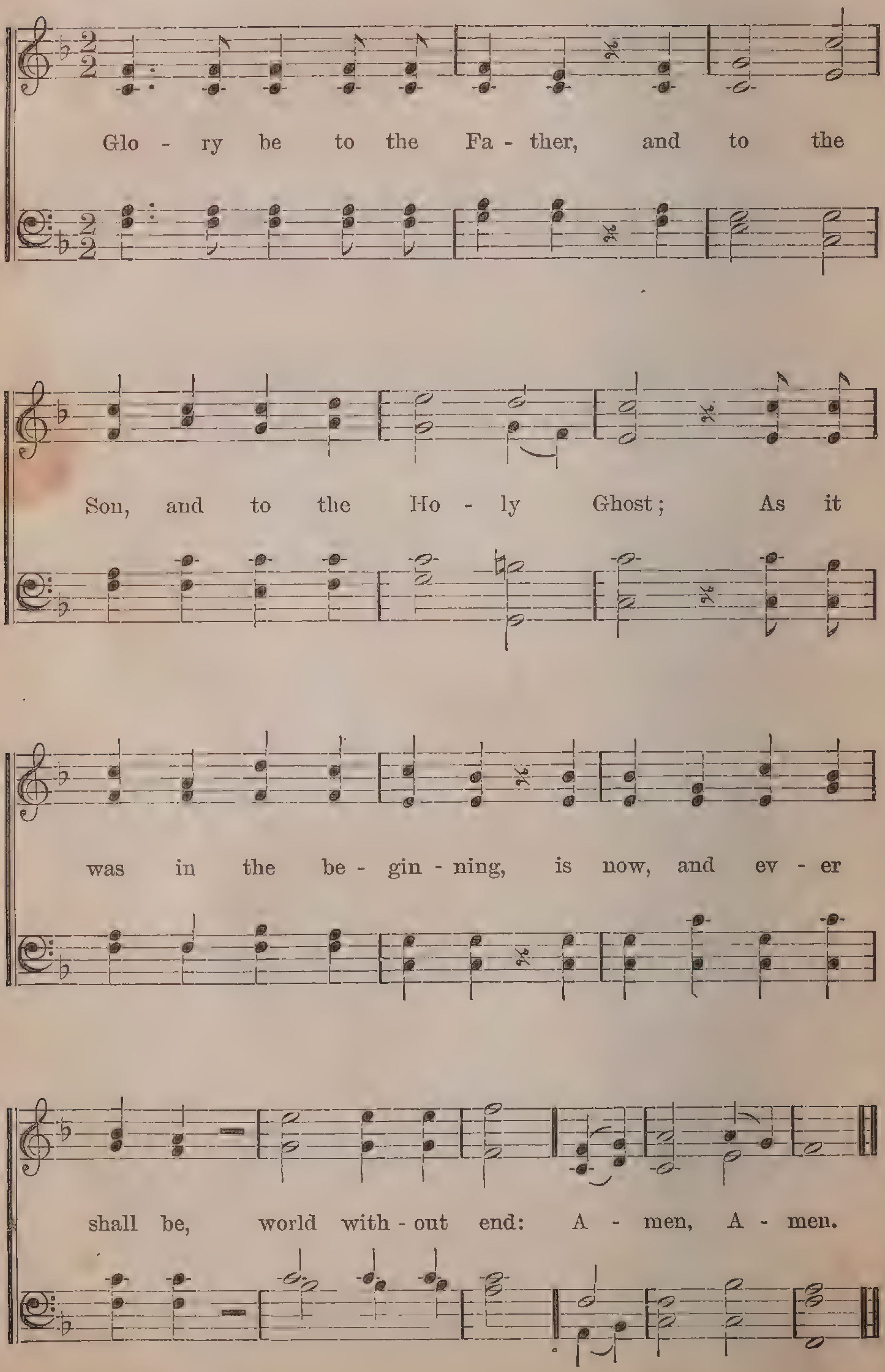
Response, No. 4.

R. W. DIXON.

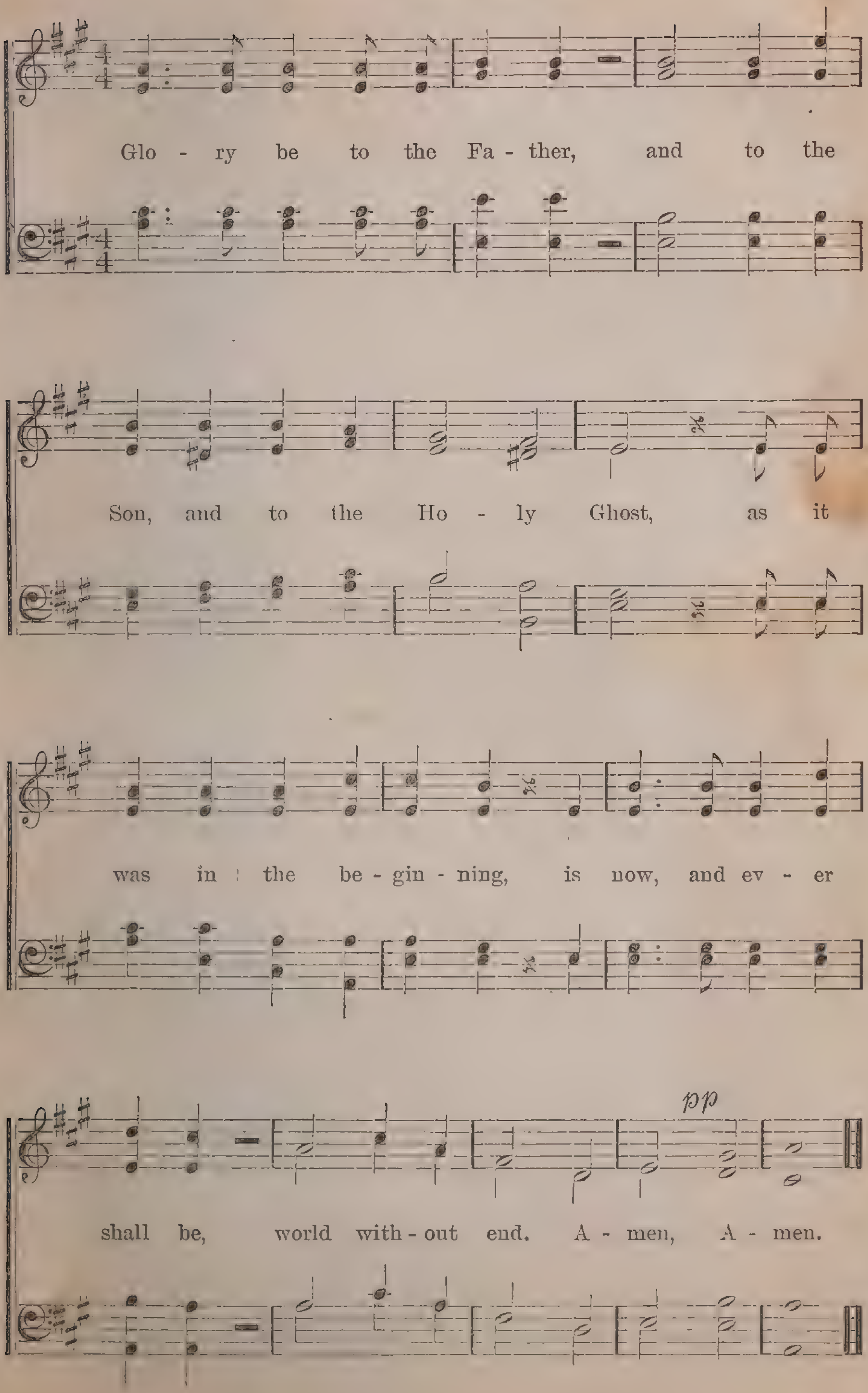


Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Greatorex Coll.



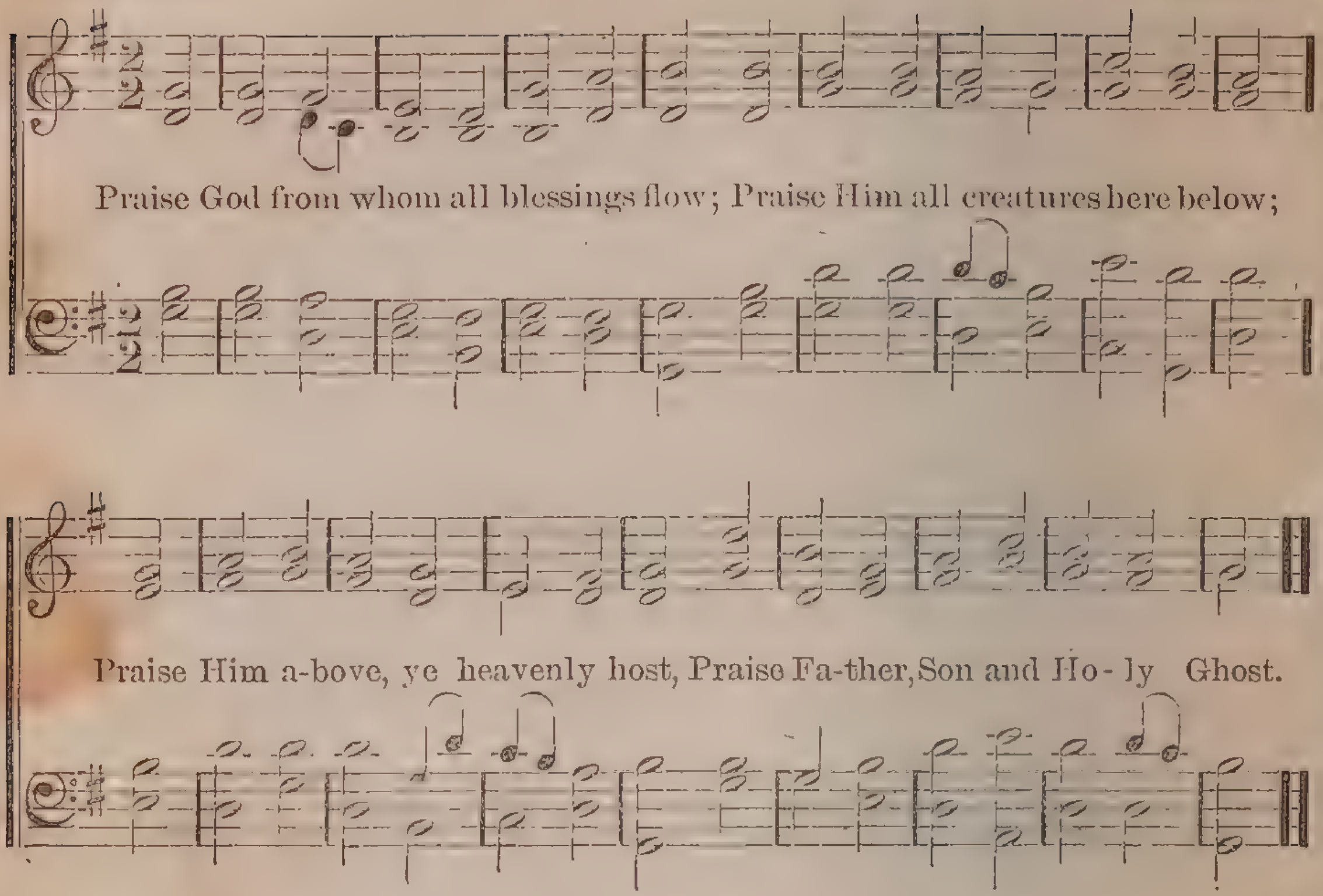
Gloria Patri, No. 2.



Doxology.

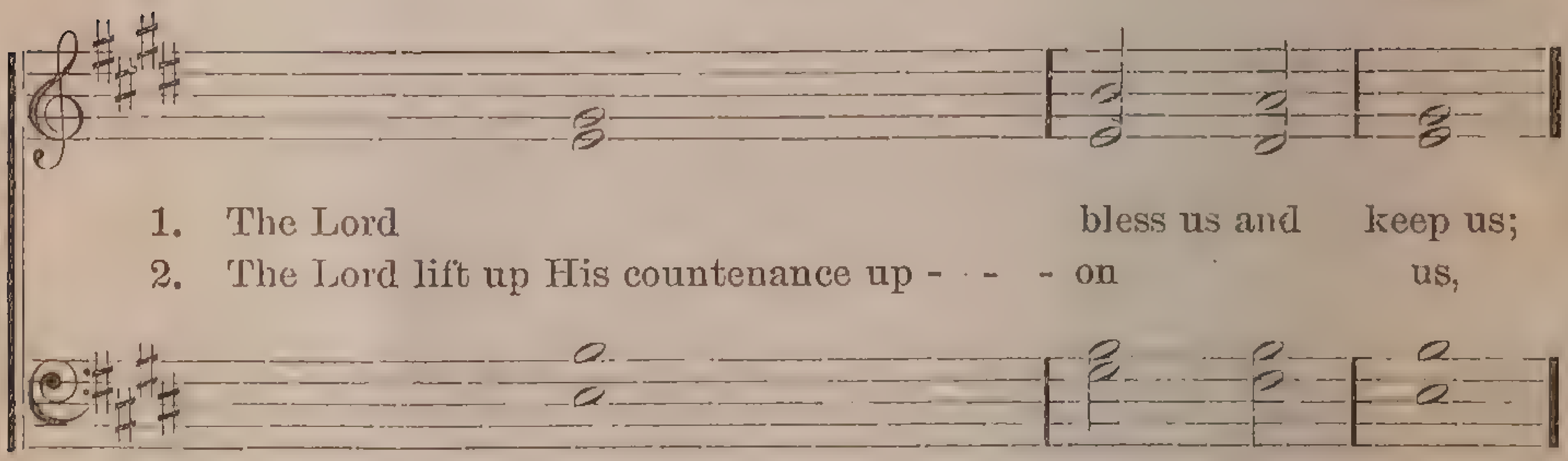
(Old Hundred. L. M.)

THOS. KEN. G. FRANC.



Benediction.

Anon.



Opening Prayers.

Dear Lord! Thou sayest in Thy Word: Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me. We pray Thee, make us diligent in the study of Thy Word, and bless our instruction therein. Without Thee we can do nothing; open Thou our understanding, so that we may behold the wondrous things of Thy Law, and grant us to believe all that the holy men of God, moved by Thy Spirit, have spoken; that we may grow in knowledge and faith, until we stand before the throne of the Lamb and know even as we are known. *Amen.*

O Lord Jesus, who art the Good Shepherd and didst lay down Thy life for the sheep: look mercifully upon this Thy flock, and make it Thine forever, that we may love and serve Thee in constant obedience to Thy Word, and finally be with those that come into Thy kingdom of glory. *Amen.*

Almighty and everlasting God, who makest us both to will and to do those things which are good and acceptable unto Thee; let Thy fatherly hand, we beseech Thee, ever be over us; let Thy Holy Spirit ever be with us, and so lead us in the knowledge and obedience of Thy Word, that in the end we may obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, who, when a child, was seated in the temple in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; so rule us, we beseech Thee, by Thy Holy Spirit, that following Thy example, we may love the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thy honor dwelleth, diligently seek the same, hear Thy Word with gladness and faithfully keep it to the saving of our souls, to Thy honor and glory, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Closing Prayers.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for the blessings we have again received during this service. We have been instructed in Thy Word; Thy truths have again been impressed upon us. Help us not only to believe this Thy Word, but to live accordingly all the days of our life. We would serve Thee in true obedience unto our life's end. We ask this in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. *Amen.*

Our heavenly Father, again do we approach Thee in the humility of our heart, asking Thee to bless us as we leave this Thy House. May our hearts not be like the wayside soil, where the Word could not find entrance, not like the stony soil, where it will soon wither and die, nor like the thorny soil, where the Truth will soon be smothered by the cares and evil desires of this life, but like the good soil, where it will find root, and in due time bring forth a bountiful harvest of such deeds as are acceptable in Thy sight. *Amen.*

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, whose blessing maketh truly rich, regard with favor, we beseech Thee, the worship and service of Thy children. Bless the lessons we have studied. Help us to obey Thy Word. By Thy saving power defend us against temptation and deliver us from evil. Grant, O holy Father, that we may live in Thy love and fear, die in Thy peace, rest in hope, and attain to the resurrection of the saints, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Prayer of Confession.

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I, a poor sinner, acknowledge and bewail my manifold sins and wickedness, which I have from time to time committed against Thy Holy Commandments by thought, word and deed, from unbelief, ingratitude, unfaithfulness, and want of brotherly love; which have marred all my life, provoking against me most justly Thy wrath and indignation, in this world and in the world to come. I do earnestly repent, and am heartily sorry for these my transgressions, the remembrance of which is grievous unto me; the burden of them is intolerable. I have none other comfort or trust, than Thy grace which aboundeth above my guilt, and the precious merits of my Lord Jesus Christ. Longing after this grace I say: Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight and am no more worthy to be called Thy child; but I come at this time of grace to ask of Thee pardon and peace, new confidence toward Thee, and strength to lead a new and righteous life through Thy good and holy Spirit. *Amen.*

Prayers Before Meals.

Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest,
And let Thy gifts to us be blessed. *Amen.*

The eyes of all wait for Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their food in due season; Thou openest Thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. *Amen.*

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The bread of life sent down from heaven. *Amen.*

Prayers After Meals.

We give thanks to Thee, O Lord, for Thou art good, and Thy mercy endureth forever. *Amen.*

We thank Thee, Lord God, heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, for all these Thy benefits, Who livest and reignest forever. *Amen.*

Bless Jehovah, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name; bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. *Amen.*

Responsive Readings.

Selection I. Psalm I.

1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. *But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. *The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. *For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.*

Selection II. Psalm 23.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

4. *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*

Selection III. Psalm 24.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.

2. *For he hath founded it upon the seas: and established it upon the floods.*

3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4. *He that hath clean hands and a pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6. *This is the generation of them that seek him: that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.*

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

8. *Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*

9. Lift your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

10. *Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.*

Selection IV. Psalm 46.

1. God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.

2. *Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed: and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.*

3. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled: though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4. *There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.*

5. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6. *The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.*

7. The Lord of hosts is with us: The God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8. *Come, behold the works of the Lord: what desolations he hath made in the earth.*

9. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth: he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10. *Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen. I will be exalted in the earth.*

11. The Lord of hosts is with us: The God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

Selection V. Psalm 51.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2. *Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity: and cleanse me from my sins.*

3. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4. *Hide thy face from my sins: and blot out mine iniquities.*

5. Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

6. *Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.*

7. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation: and uphold me with thy free spirit.

8. *O Lord, open thou my lips: and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.*

9. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

10. *The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*

Selection VI. Psalm 84.

1. How amiable are thy tabernacles: O Lord of hosts!

2. *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

3. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself: where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4. *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.*

5. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are the ways of them.

6. *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand: I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

7. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

8. *O Lord of hosts: blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

Selection VII. Psalm 122.

1. I was glad when they said unto me: Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2. *Our feet shall stand within thy gates: O Jerusalem.*

3. Jerusalem is builded: as a city that is compact together;

4. *Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord: unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.*

5. For there are set thrones of judgment: the thrones of the house of David.

6. *Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.*

7. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8. *For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say: peace be with thee.*

9. Because of the house of the Lord our God: I will seek thy good.

Selection VIII. Ecclesiastes 12.

1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2. *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.*

3. In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

4. *And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.*

5. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

6. *Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Selection IX. Isaiah 55.

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

2. *Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.*

3. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

6. *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.*

7. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8. *For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.*

9. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

Selection IX.—Concluded.

10. *For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;*

11. So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12. *For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.*

13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and intead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Selection X. Prov. 4.

1. Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.

2. *For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law.*

3. For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.

4. *He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live.*

5. Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

6. *Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her and she shall keep thee.*

7. Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

8. *Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her.*

9. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver thee.

10. *Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.*

11. I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

12. *When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.*

13. Take fast hold of instruction: let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

Selection XI. St. Matt. 5.

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven
2. Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.
3. Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.
4. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.
5. Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.
6. Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.
7. Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called sons of God.
8. Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
9. Blessed are ye, when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
10. *Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

Selection XII. Romans 8.

1. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

2. *He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things.*

3. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.

4. *Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.*

5. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

6. *Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?*

7. As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

8. *Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.*

9. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

10. *Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*

Selection XIII. 1 Cor. 13.

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2. *And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.*

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4. *Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,*

5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil:

6. *Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;*

7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8. *Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*

9. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

10. *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.*

11. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

12. *And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.*

Selection XIV. Ephesians 6.

1. Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

2. *Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.*

3. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

4. *Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all, to stand.*

5. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

6. *And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;*

7. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

8. *And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.*

No. 1. Now Thank We All Our God.

MARTIN RINKART. JOHANN CRÜGER.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es,
2. O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,

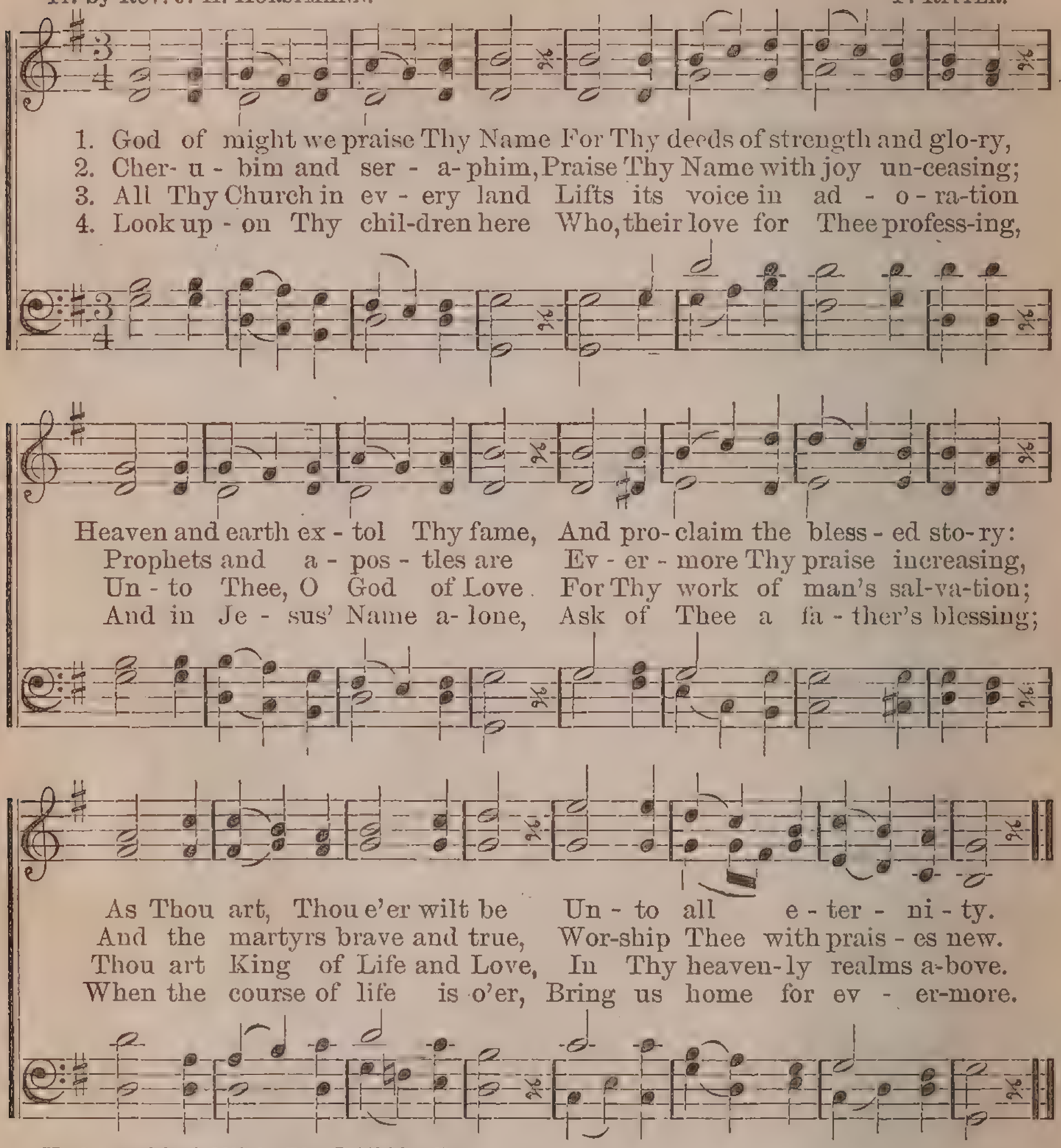
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
To keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The One, E - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heaven a - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

No. 2. God of Might, We Praise Thy Name.

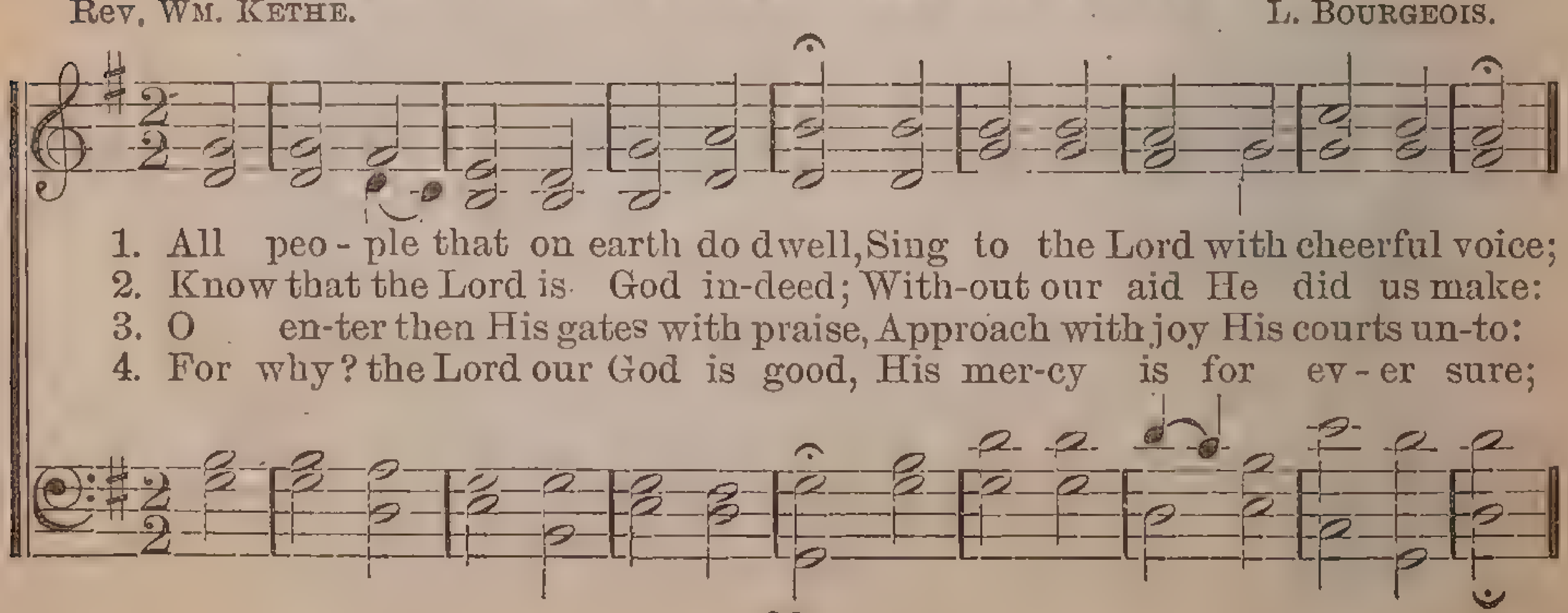
Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. P. RITTER.



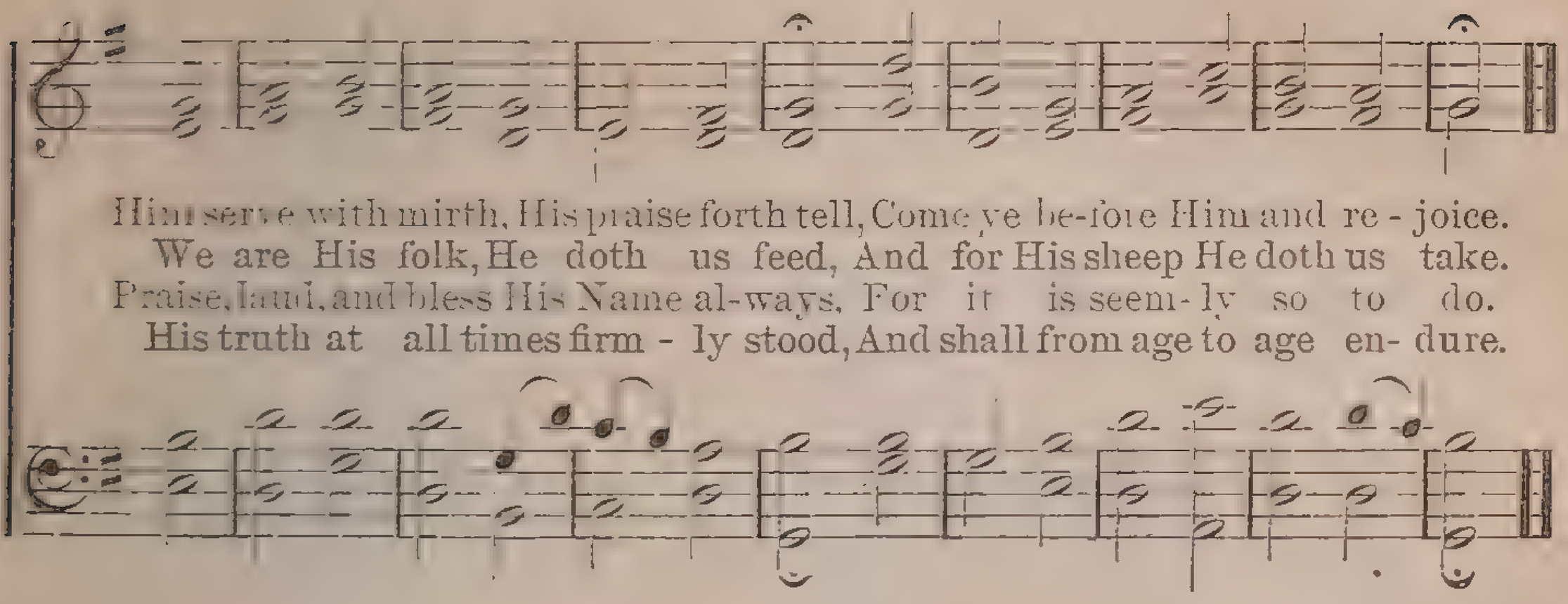
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No. 3. All People that on Earth.

REV. WM. KETHE. L. BOURGEOIS.

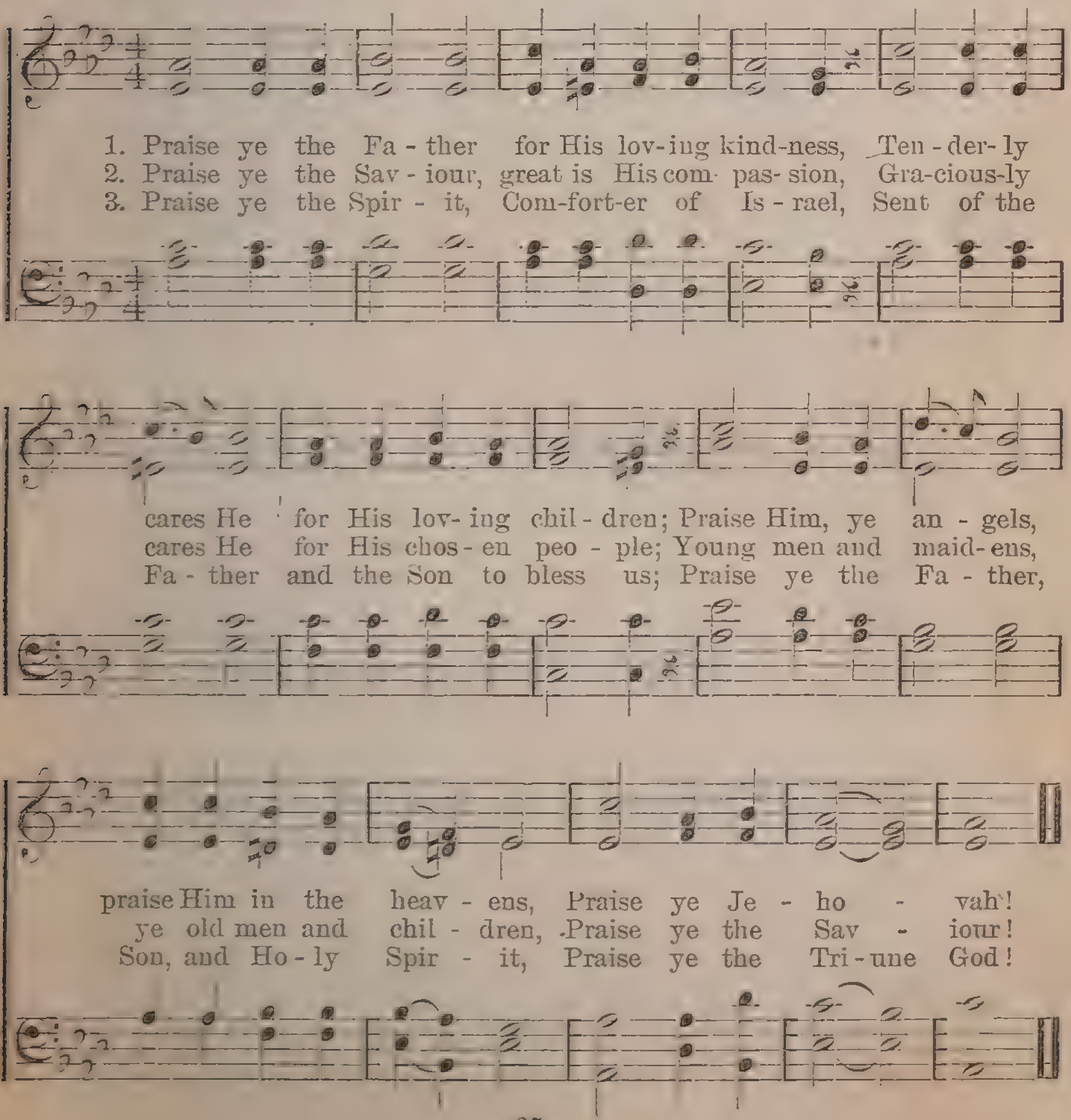


All People that on Earth.—Concluded.



No. 4. Praise Ye the Father.

Anon. F. F. Flemming.



No. 5. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!

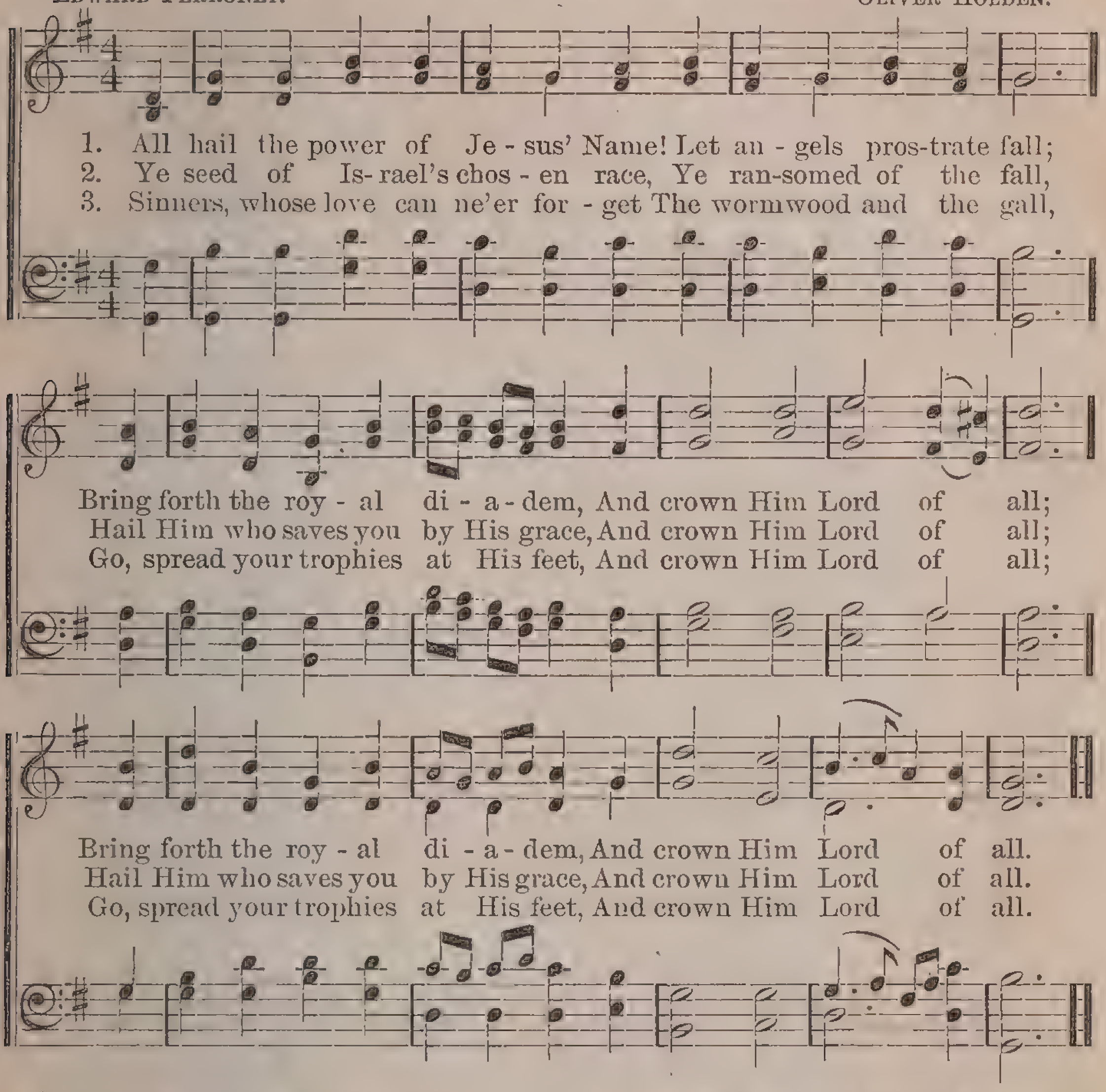
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 6. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 7. O for a Thousand Tongues.

Tune:—"All Hail the Power."

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in a sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

—*Rev. Charles Wesley.*

No. 8. Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless- ed Re-deem - er!
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless- ed Re-deem - er!
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless- ed Re-deem - er!

Sing, O earth—His won-der- ful love pro- claim! Hail Him! hail Him!
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, and
Heavenly por - tals, loud with ho-san- nas ring! Je - sus, Sav- iour,

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him!

high - est arch - an- gels in glo - ry; Strength and hon - or
hope of e - ter-nal sal - va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him!
reign-eth for - ev - er and ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him!

tell of His ex - cel - lent great - ness, Praise Him! praise Him!

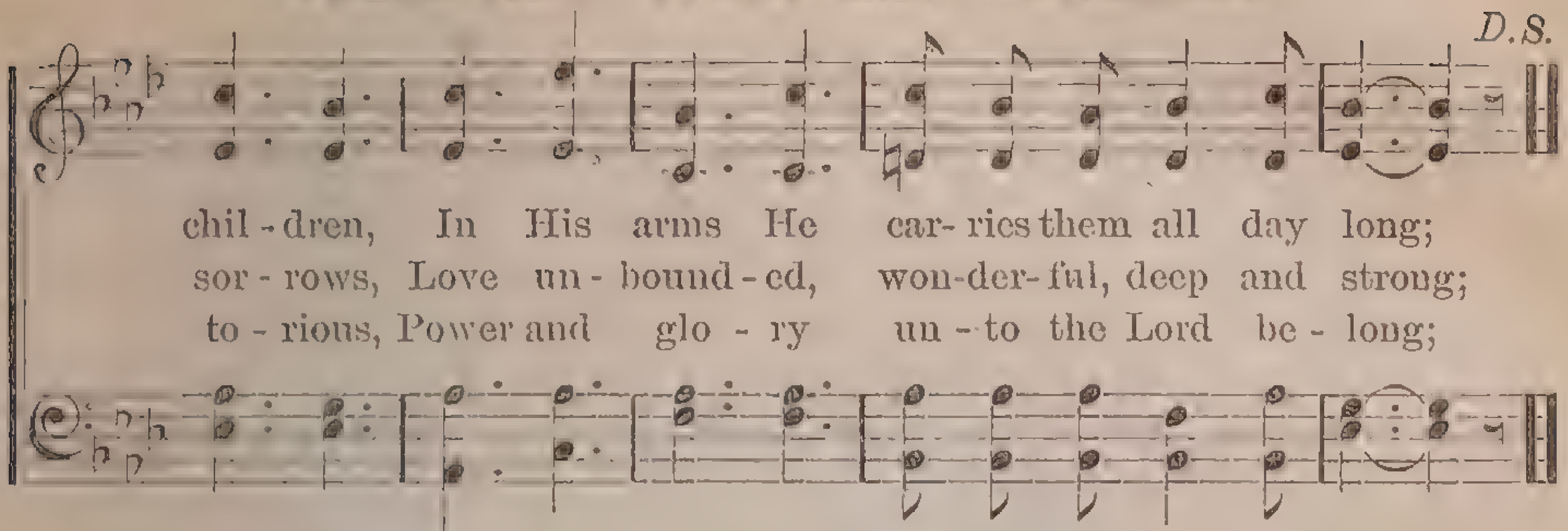
FINE.

give to His ho - ly Name! Like a shepherd, Je- sus will guard His
Je- sus the cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais-es! Je- sus who bore our
Proph-et, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o - ver the world vic-

ev - er in joy - ful song!

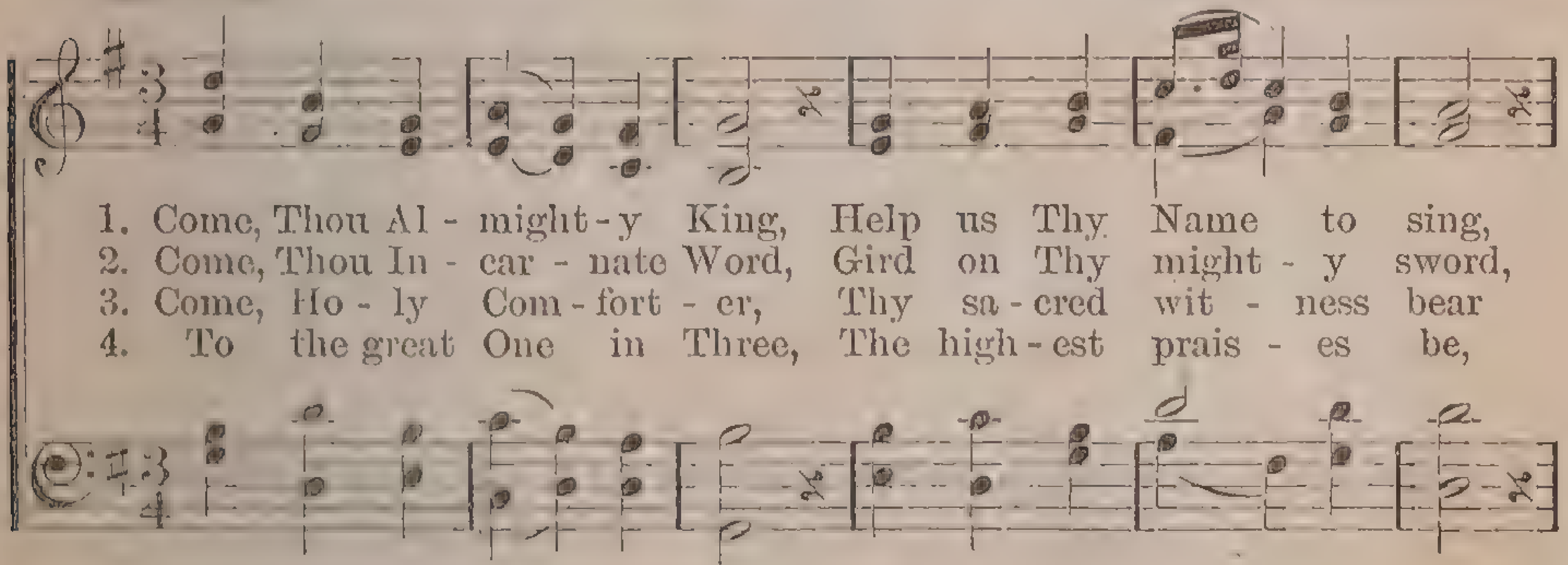
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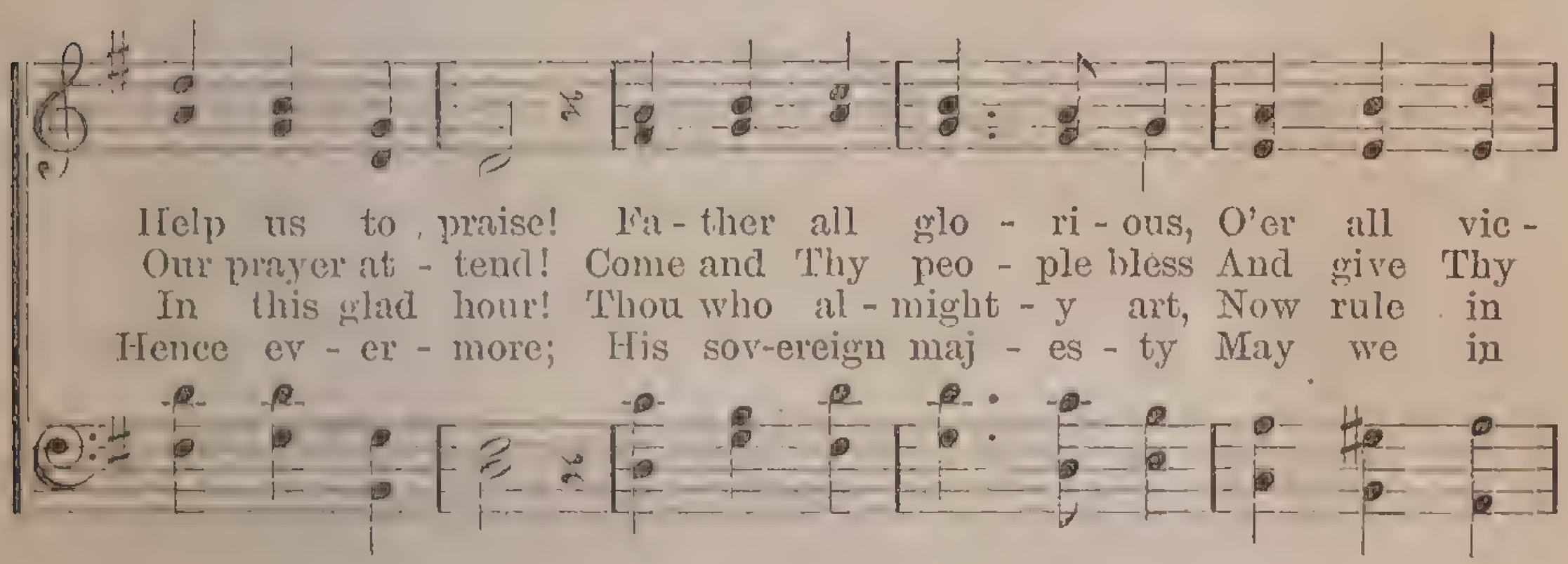
Praise Him! Praise Him!—Concluded.

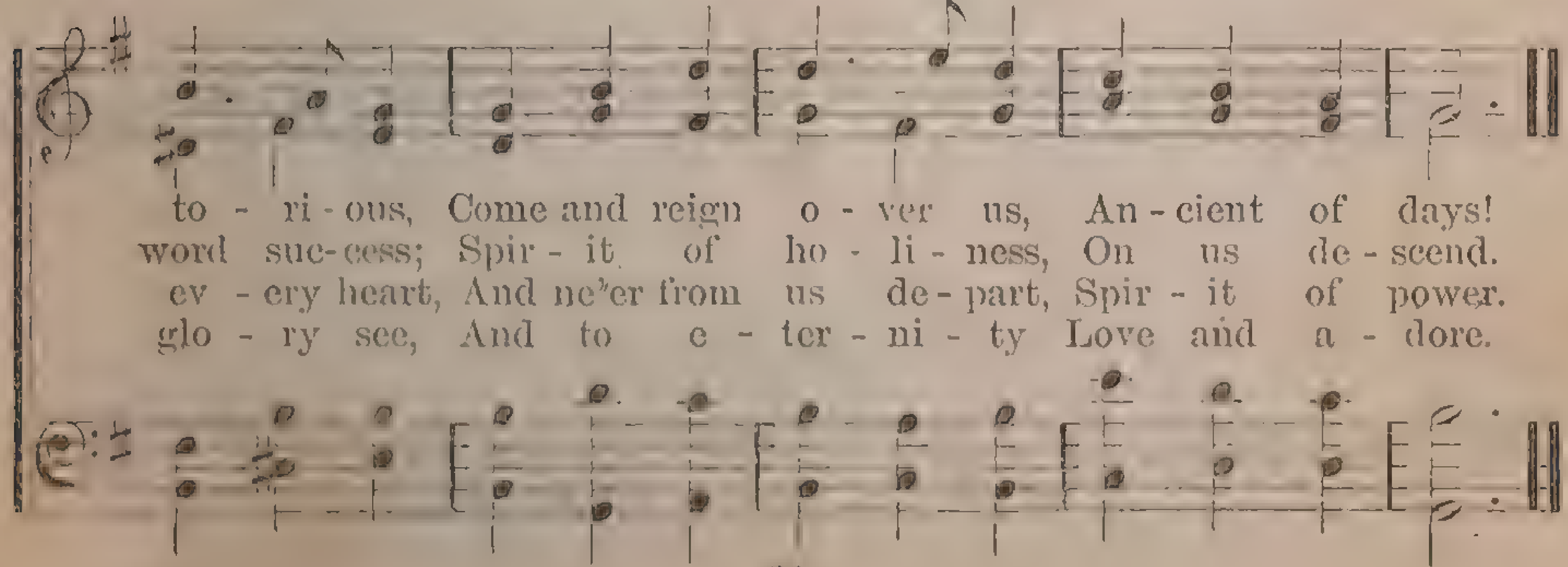


No. 9. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHAS. WESLEY. FELICE DE GIARDINI.







No. 10. I Will Sing of My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeem-er, His tri-umph-ant power I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heavenly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin and death and hell.
He from death to life hath brought us, Son of God, with Him to be.

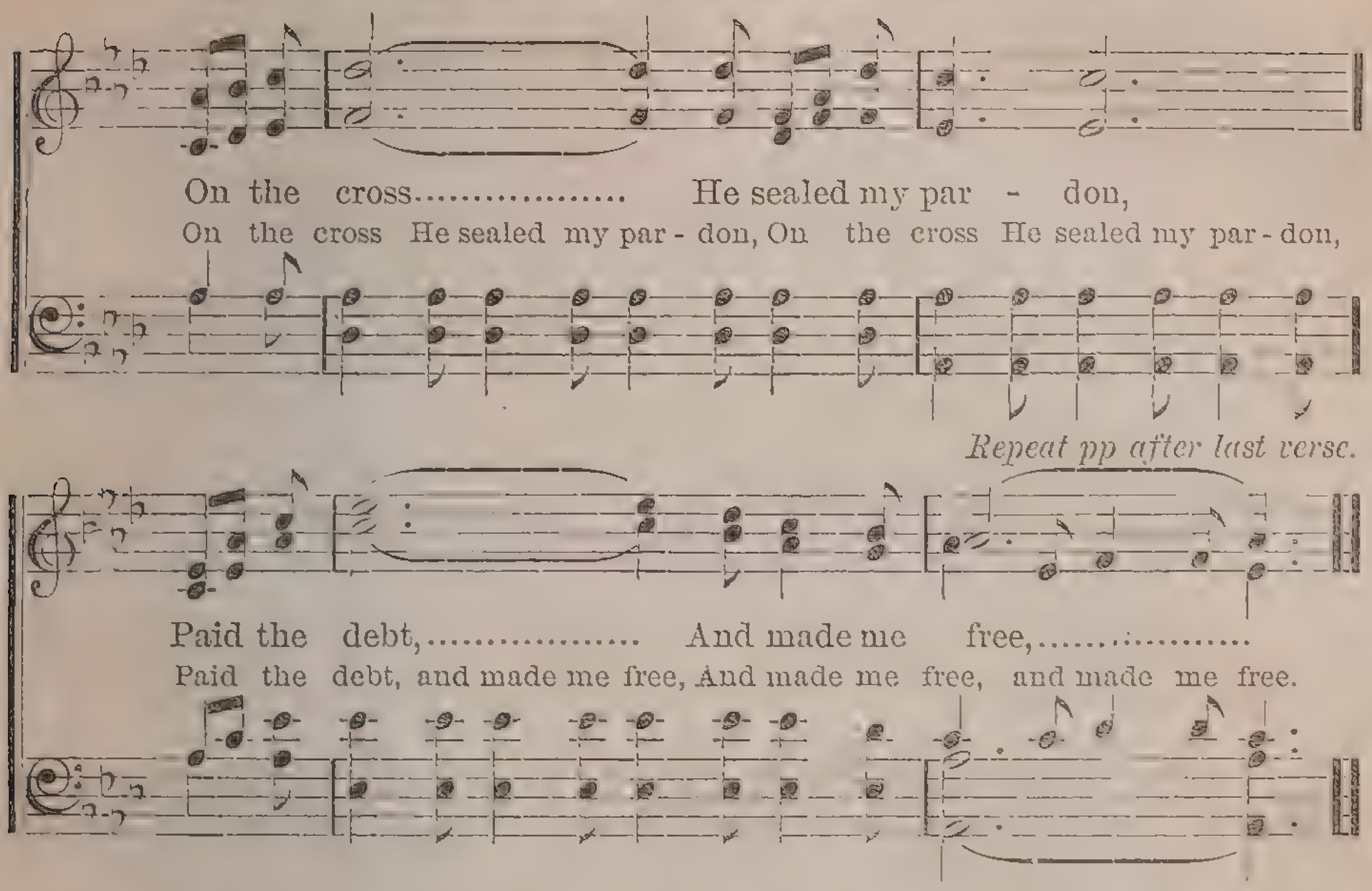
CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem - er,
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood..... He purchased me;.....
With His blood, He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me;

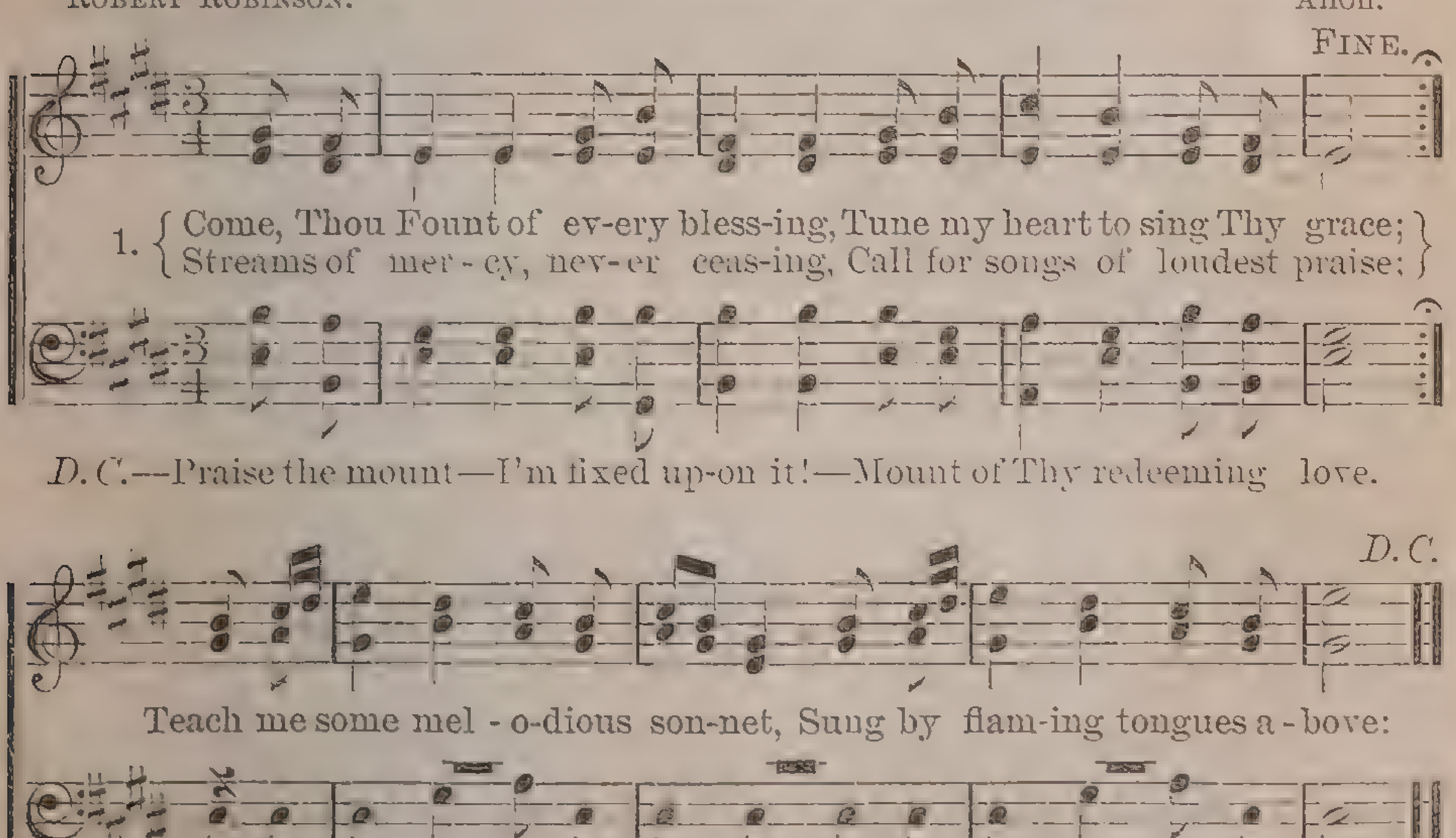
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I Will Sing of My Redeemer.—Concluded.



No. 11. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

ROBERT ROBINSON. ANON.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart: oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 12. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va- tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub- mis- sion, per- fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, Angels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub- mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap- py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis- pers of love.
good - ness, lost in His love.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

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No. 13. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe- ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con- so - la-tion share

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known,
To Him whose truth and faithful-ness En-gage the waiting soul to bless.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height I view my home and take my flight.

In sea-sons of dis- tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re- turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 14. Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

GODFREY THRING. HAYDN.

1. Sav- iour, bless- ed Sav - iour, List-en while we sing, Hearts and voic-es
2. Near- er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o -
3. Great and ev - er great - er Are Thy mer-cies here; True and ev - er -

rais - ing Prais - es to our King; All we have, we of - fer;
ra - tion Bend- ing low the knee; Thou for our re - demp- tion
last - ing Are Thy glo- ries there, Where no pain or sor - row,

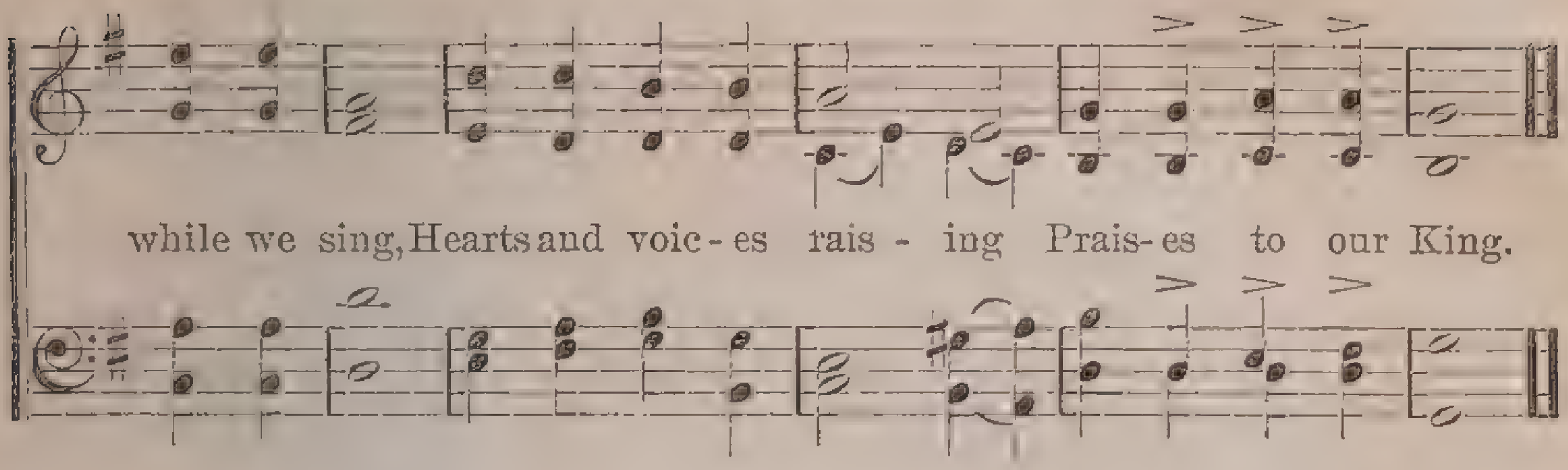
All we hope to be..... Bod - y, soul and spir - it,
Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low,
Toil or care is known, Where the au - gel - le - gions

CHORUS.

All we yield to Thee.
Hast gone up on high.
Cir - cle round Thy throne.

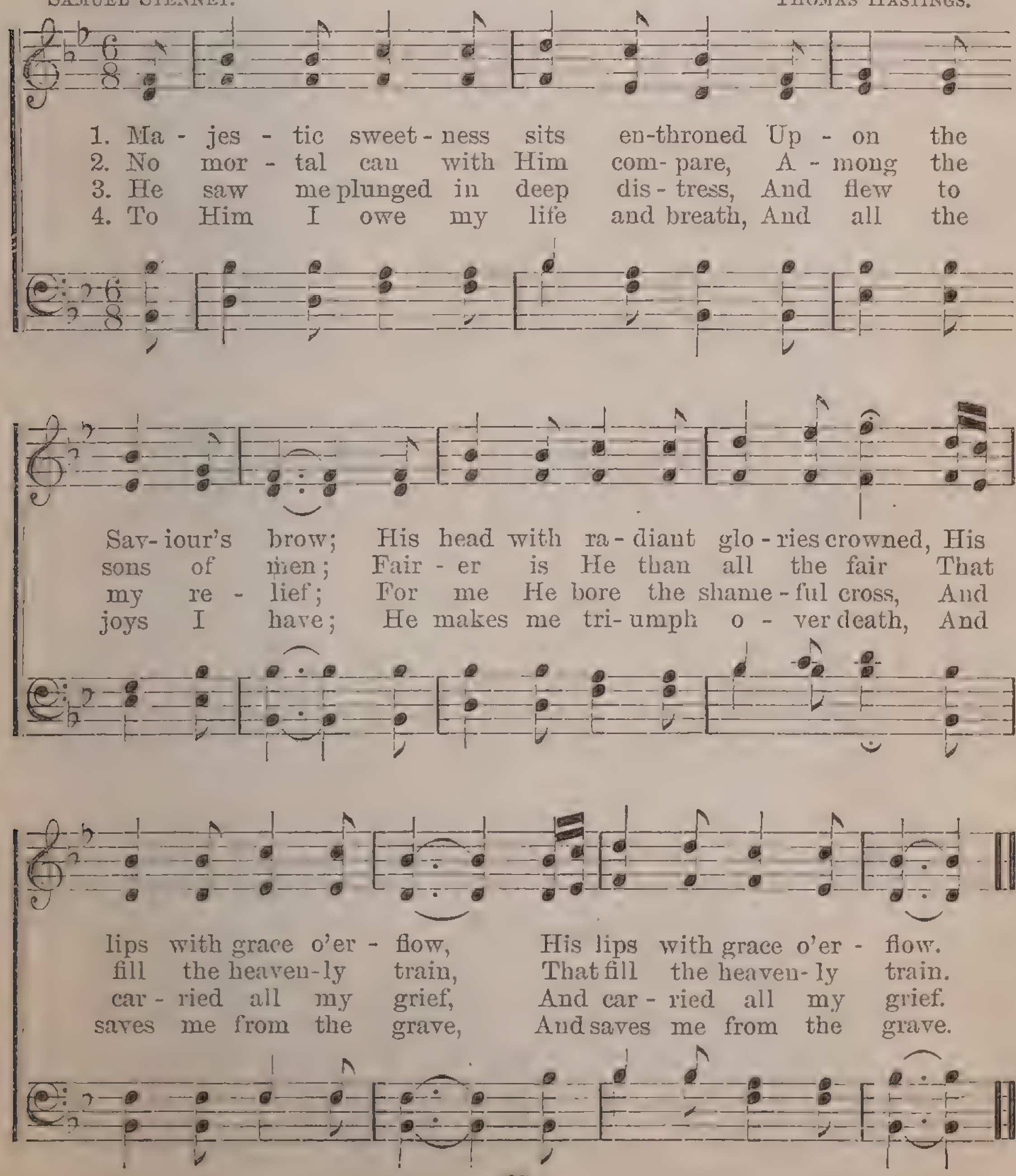
Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, List - en

Saviour, Blessed Saviour.—Concluded.



No. 15. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNET. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 16. O, Praise the Lord.

H. G. NÄGELI.

1. O, praise the Lord! He loves to hear you sing-ing; In sweet ac - cord
2. We bless Thee, Lord, While ev-ery heart re-joic - es, Thy Name a - dored
3. Then ev - er - more In ev - ery land and na-tion Tell o'er and o'er

f *p*

Loud let your praise be ring-ing: O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord!
We sing with grateful voic-es; We bless Thee, Lord, We bless Thee, Lord!
The tid-ings of sal - va - tion For - ev - er - more, For - ev - er - more.

No. 17. Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

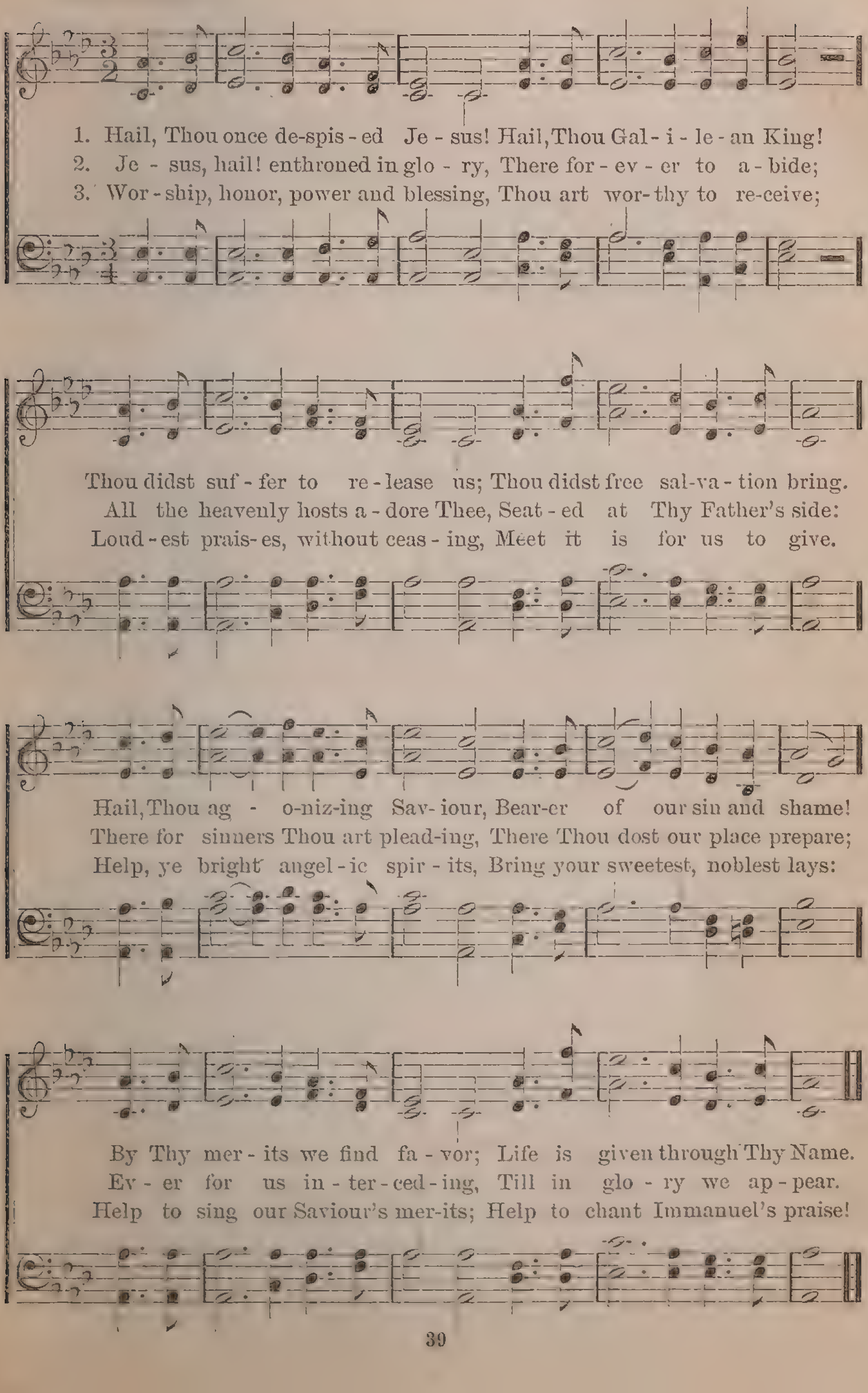
EDWIN HATCH. J. B. CALKIN.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new, That
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure, Un -
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine, Till
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die, But

I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
til with Thee I will one will, To do or to en - dure.
all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 18. Hail Thou Once Despised.

JOHN BALEWELL.



No. 19. My Song Shall be of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MENDELSSOHN.

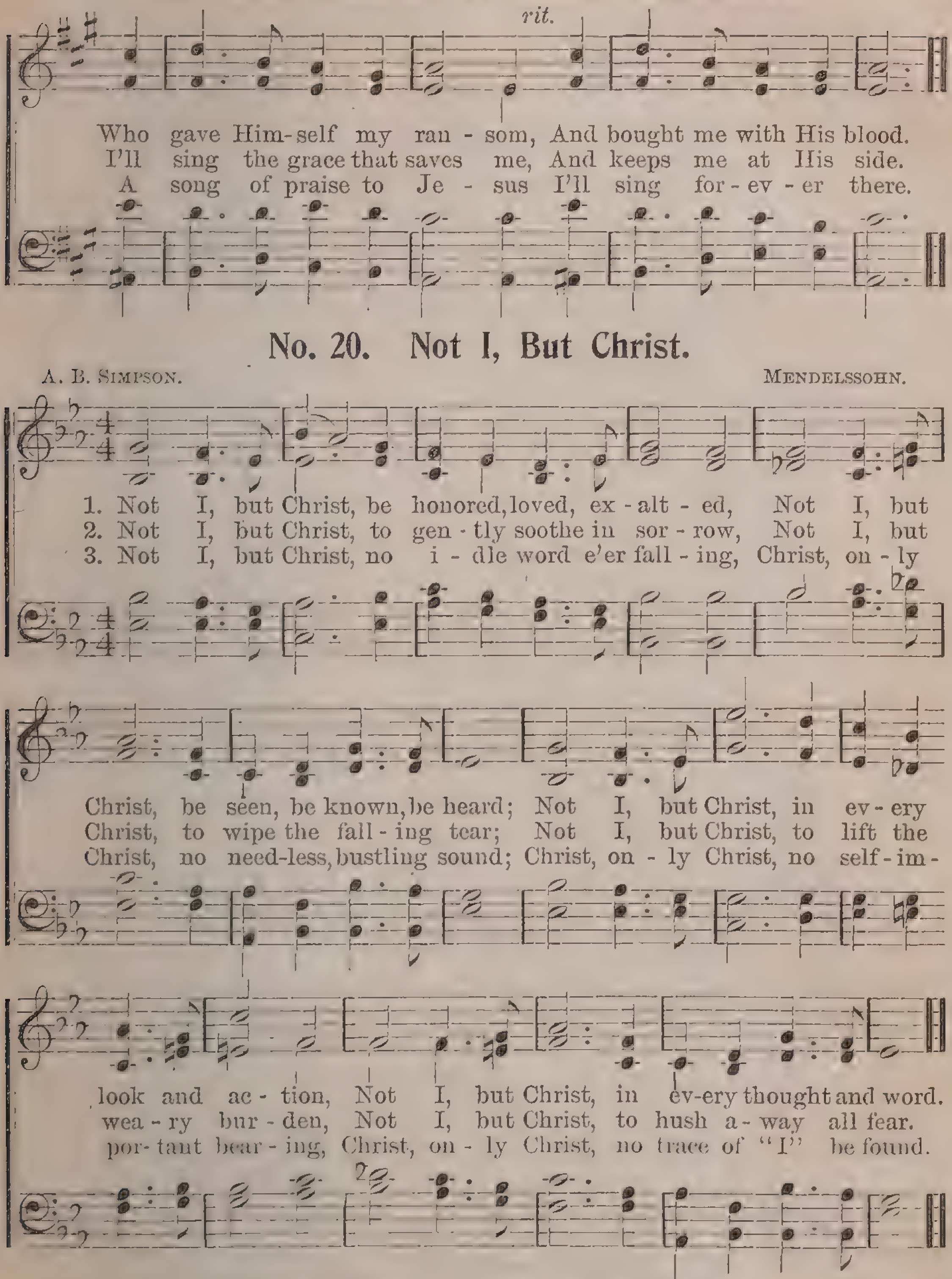
1. My song shall be of Je - sus; His mer - cy crowns my days;
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While press-ing on my way

He fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise.
I call to mind His good - ness In med - i - ta - tion sweet.
To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.

My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre- cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, What - ev - er ill be - tide;
And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,

Who gave Him-self my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

My Song Shall be of Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 20. Not I, But Christ.

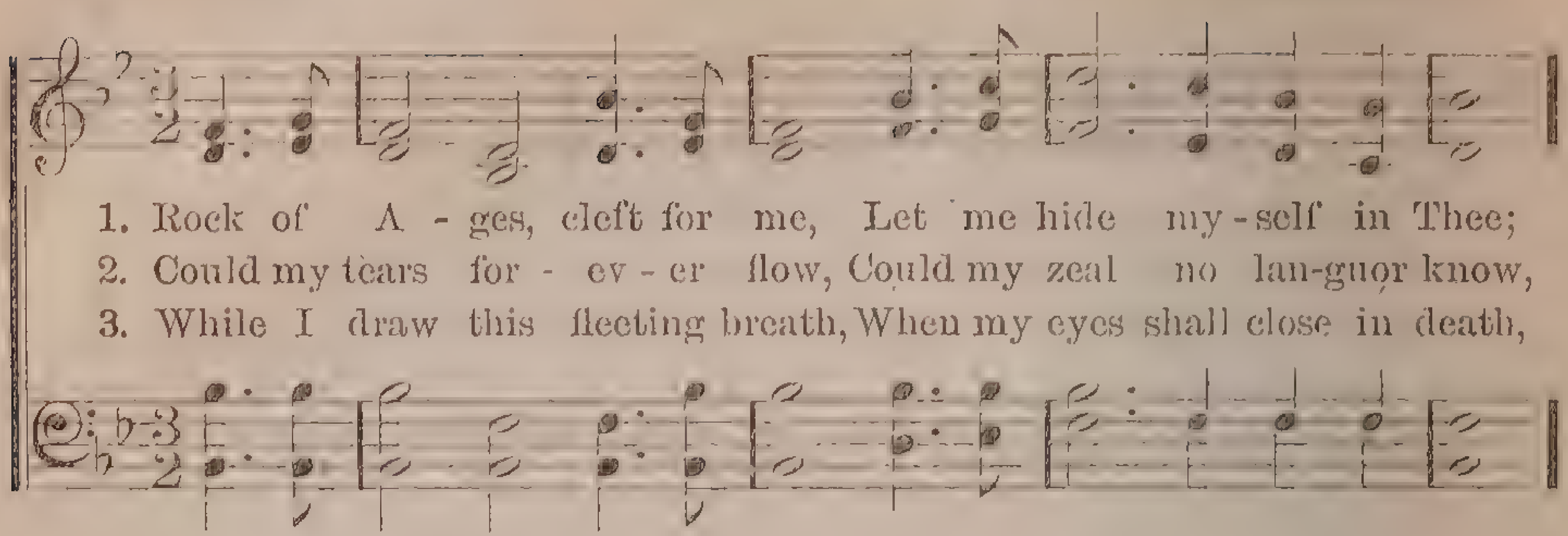
A. B. SIMPSON. MENDELSSOHN.

4 Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying,
Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be;
Christ, only Christ. for body, soul and spirit,
Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life in me.

5 Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my vision;
Glory excelling, soon, full soon I'll see;
Christ, only Christ, my every wish fulfilling,
Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

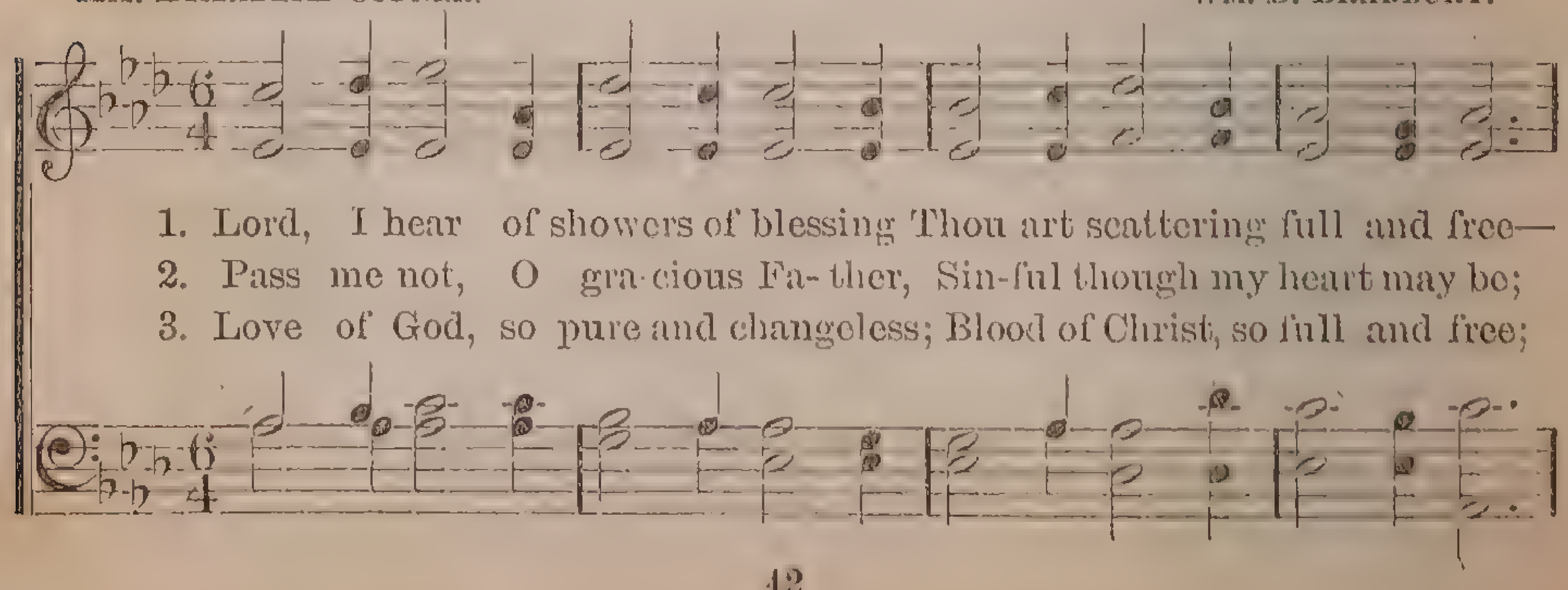
No. 21. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

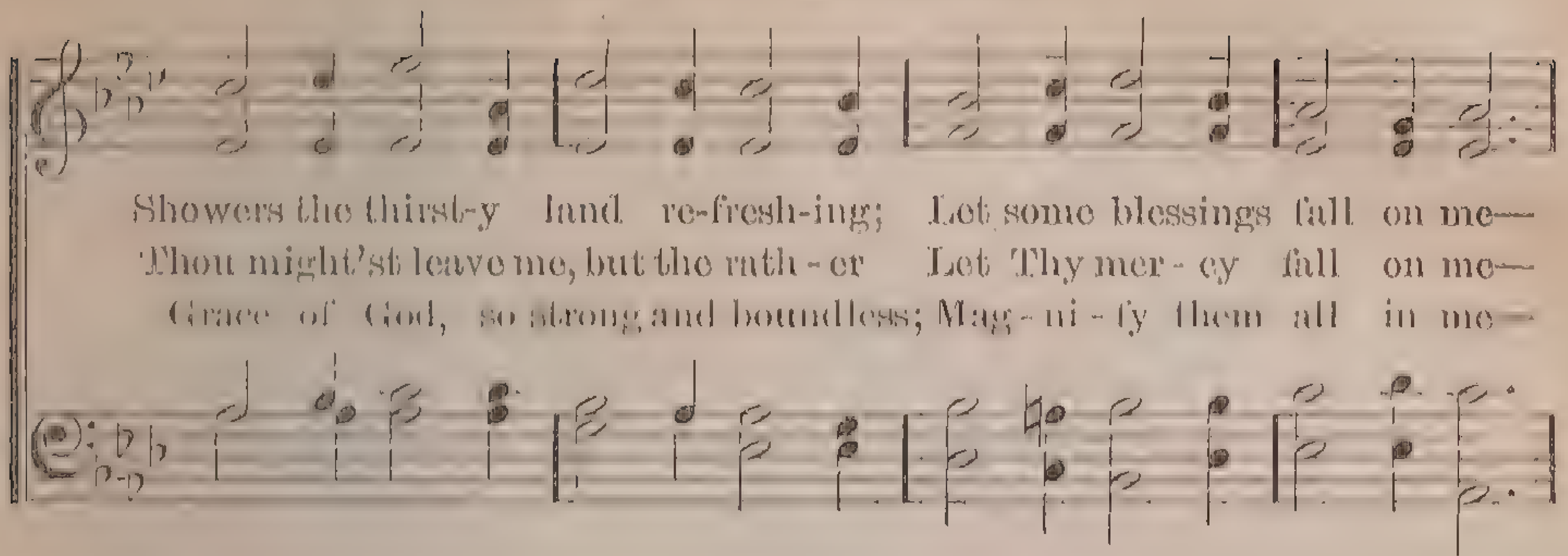


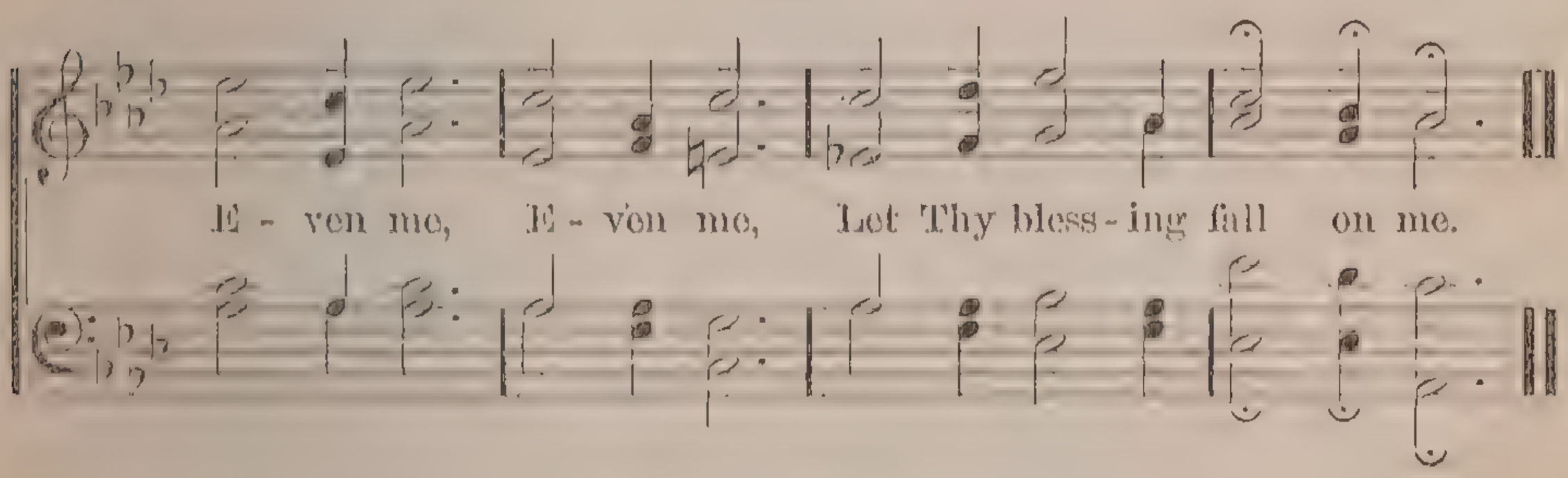
No. 22. Even Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



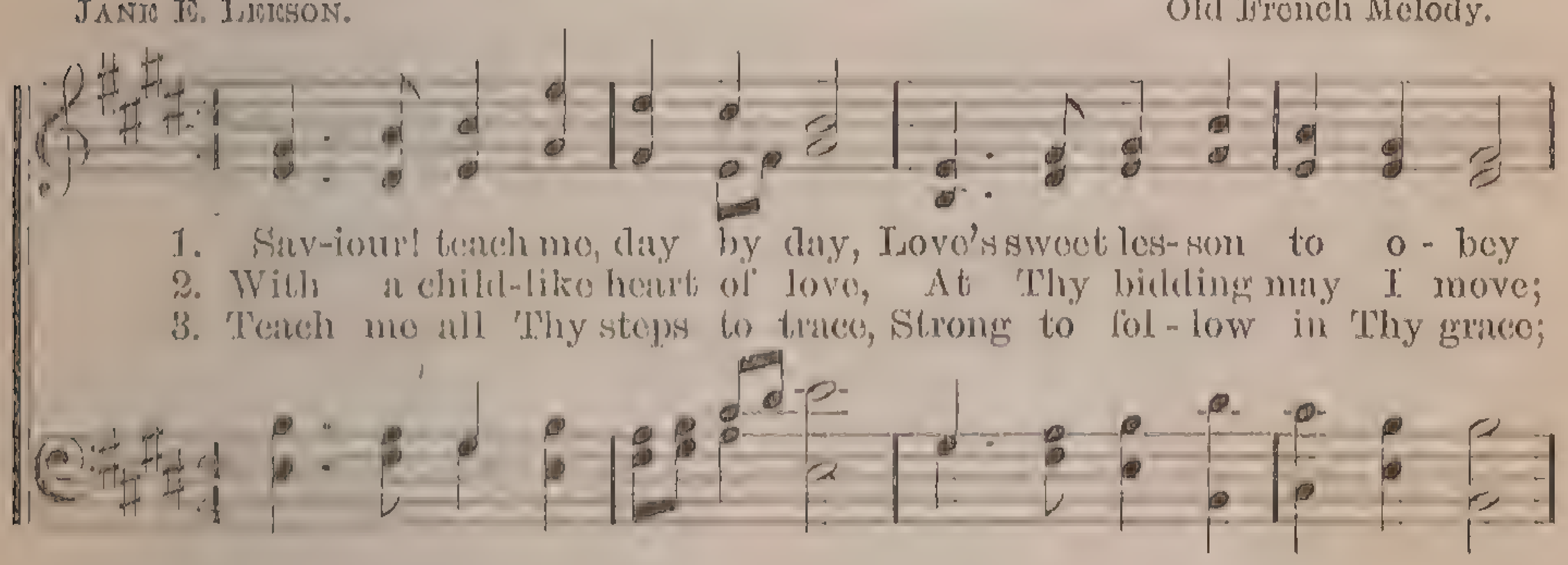
Even Me.—Concluded.

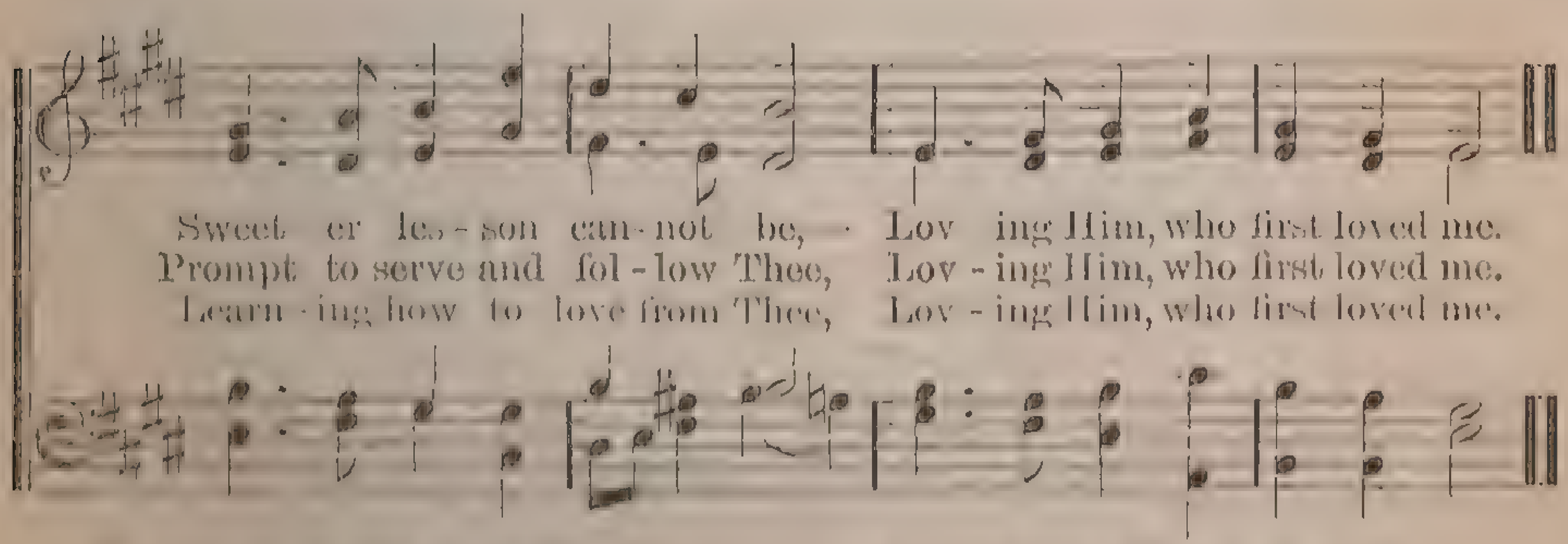




No. 23. Saviour, Teach Me.

JANE E. LEESON. Old French Melody.



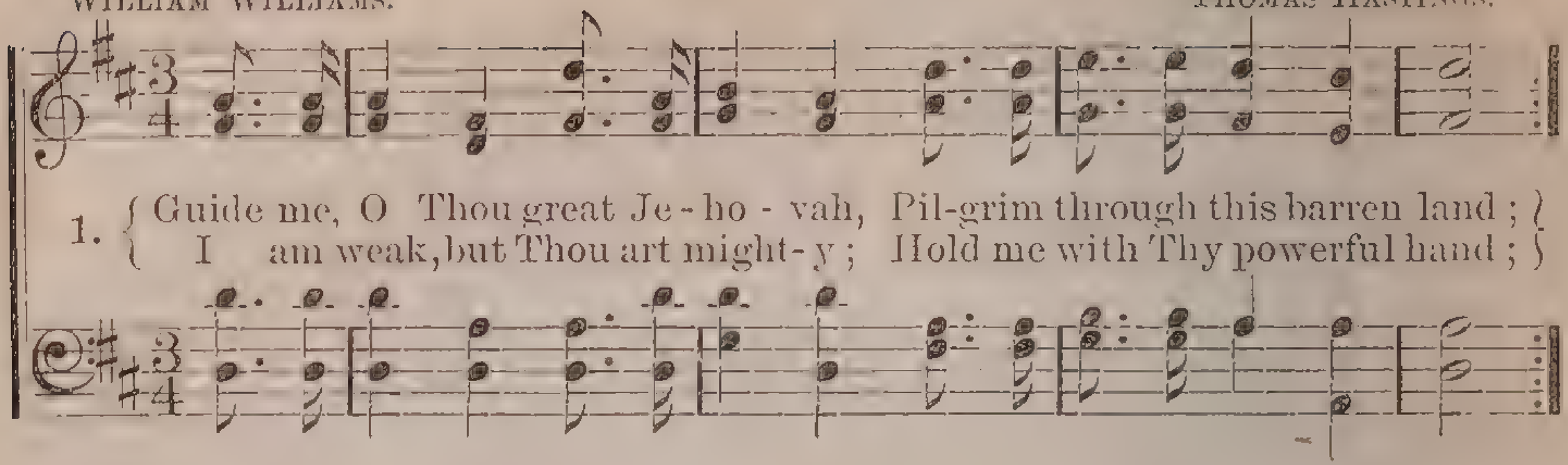


1 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever now that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

No. 24. Guide Me.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.

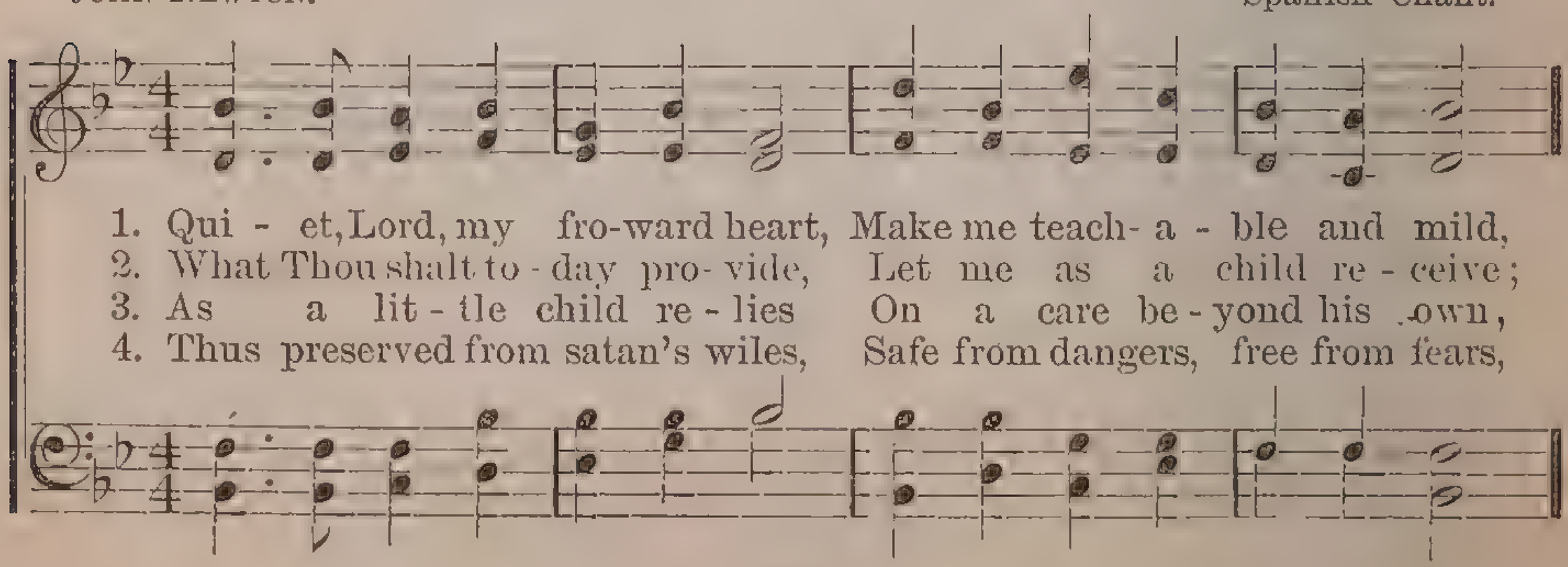


2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 25. Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart.

JOHN NEWTON. Spanish Chant.



Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart.—Concluded.

Up- right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a lit - tle child,
What to-mor- row may be - tide, Calm - ly to Thy wis-dom leave;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise; Fears to stir a step a - lone;
May I live up - on Thy smiles, Till the promised hour ap - pears,

From dis-trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas- es Thee.
'Tis e-nough that Thou wilt care, Why should I the bur - den bear?
Let me thus with Thee a - bide, As my Fa-ther, Guard, and Guide.
When the sons of God shall prove All their Father's bound-less love.

No. 26. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. SAMUEL WEBB.

1. Come, Ho- ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers,
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our form- al songs,—In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dif - fuse, O God, these copious showers, That earth its fruit may yield,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - sau - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
And change this bar-ren wil - der- ness To Car- mel's flow - ery field.

No. 27. Lead Me, Saviour.

G. KNACK, tr. C. VOIGTLAENDER.

1. Lead me, Sav - iour, lead me ev - er, With Thy gen - tly guid-ing
2. Lead me, Sav - iour, lead me ev - er, Safe - ly guide my wandering
3. Lead me, Sav - iour, lead me ev - er, With-out Thee a - far I

hand; Lead me through the joys and sor - rows, Of an
feet, Lead me on to lands of beau - ty, Pas - tures
roam; Lead me through the storm and dark - ness, To the

un - seen fu - ture land, Of an un- seen fu - ture land.
green and mead-ows sweet, Pas-tures green and mead- ows sweet.
light and peace of home, To the light and peace of home.

No. 28. Lord, at Thy Mercy-Seat.

F. J. CROSBY. Anon.

rit.

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy - seat Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re- pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer - cy - seat Sav - iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

Lord, at Thy Mercy-Seat.—Concluded.

rit.

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,
un - be-lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

rit.

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev - ery sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

No. 29. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.— Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.— May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D.C.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

No. 30. Love Divine, all Loves Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-ery troub-led breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all Thy grace in-her-it, Let us find Thy per-fect rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave;
Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee;

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a-way the love of sin-ning, Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry Till in heaven we take our place,

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Pray and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

No. 31. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.

No. 32. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
2. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Stay Thou near by;
3. I need Thee ev - ery hour, In joy or pain;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - ery hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

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No. 33. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare.
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
Thou hast promised to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.

Bless- ed Je - sus! Bless- ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us. Thine we are;
Bless- ed Je - sus! Bless- ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless- ed Je - sus! Bless- ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless- ed Je - sus! Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless- ed Je - sus! Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless- ed Je - sus! Bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

No. 34. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry!

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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No. 35. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light
3. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - tered our night.
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.
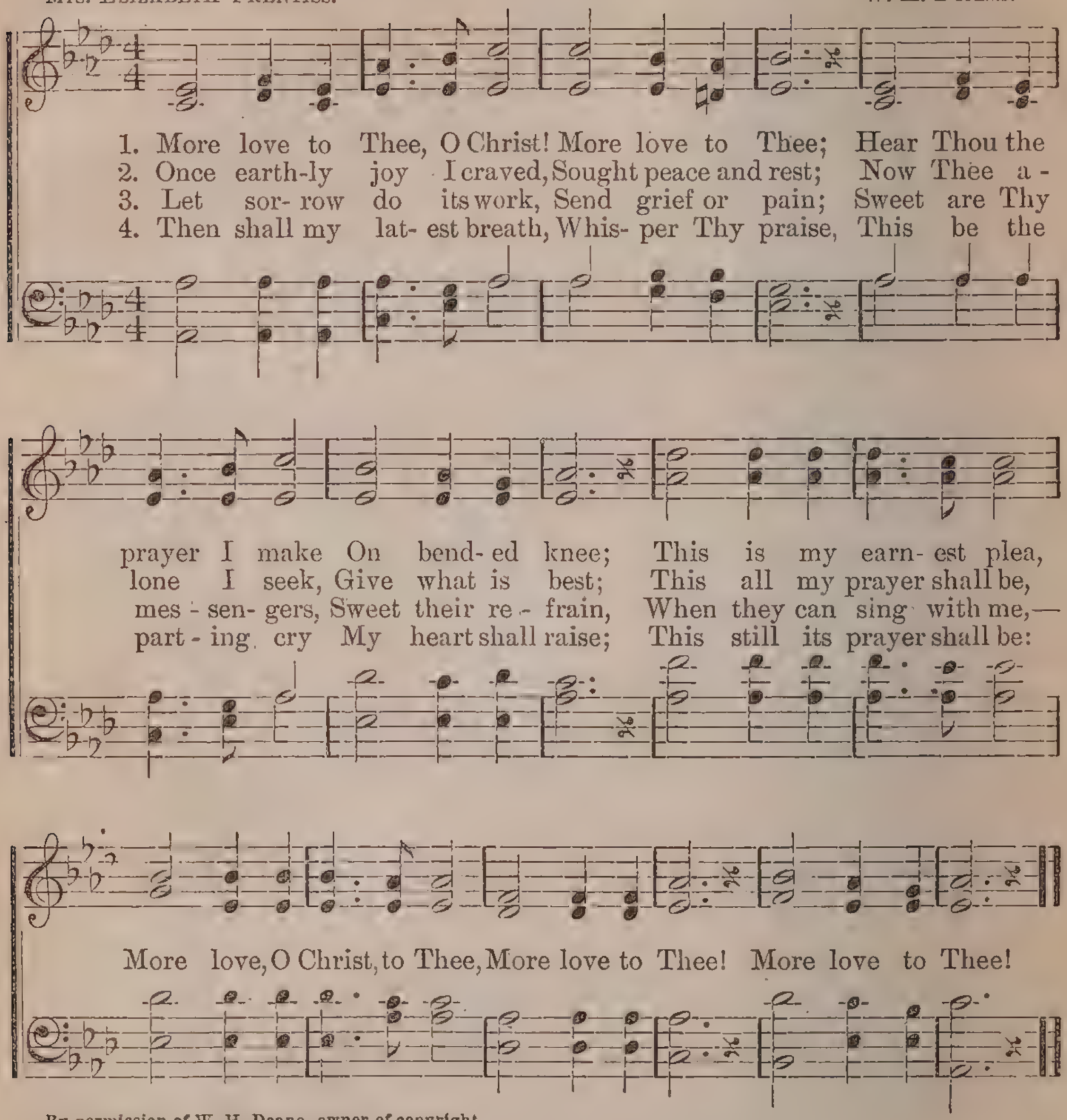
CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain!

No. 36. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

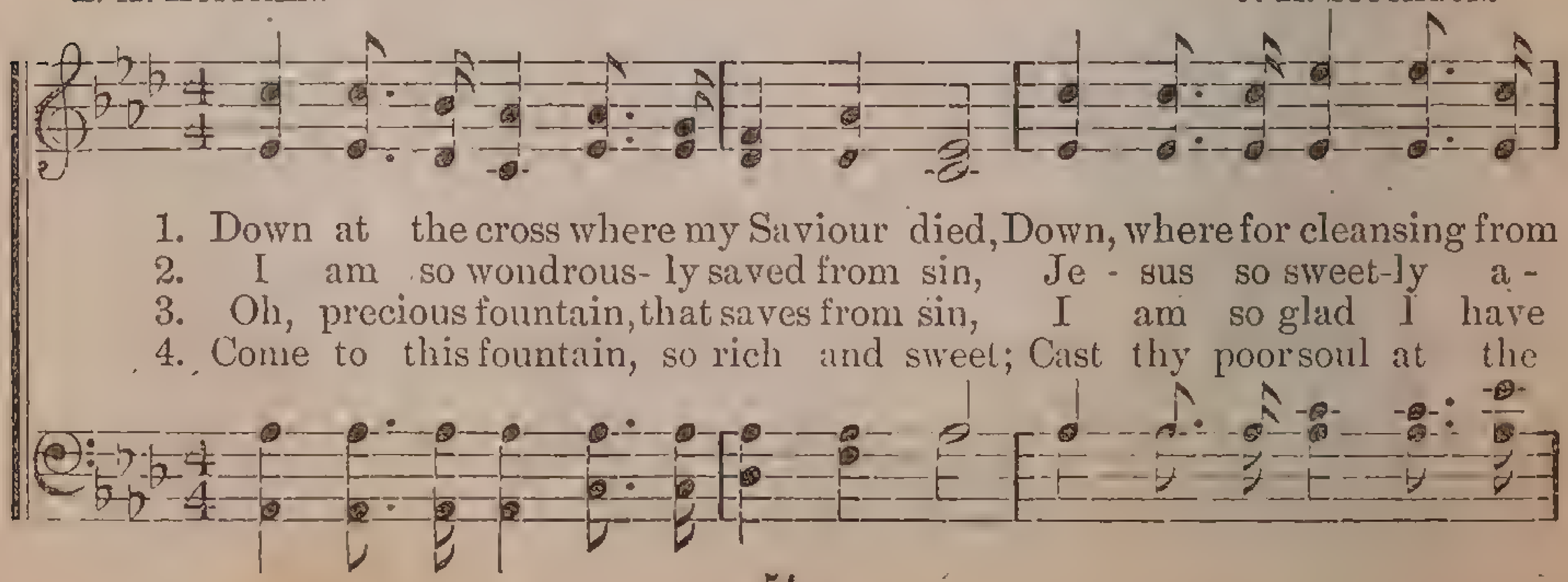
MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.



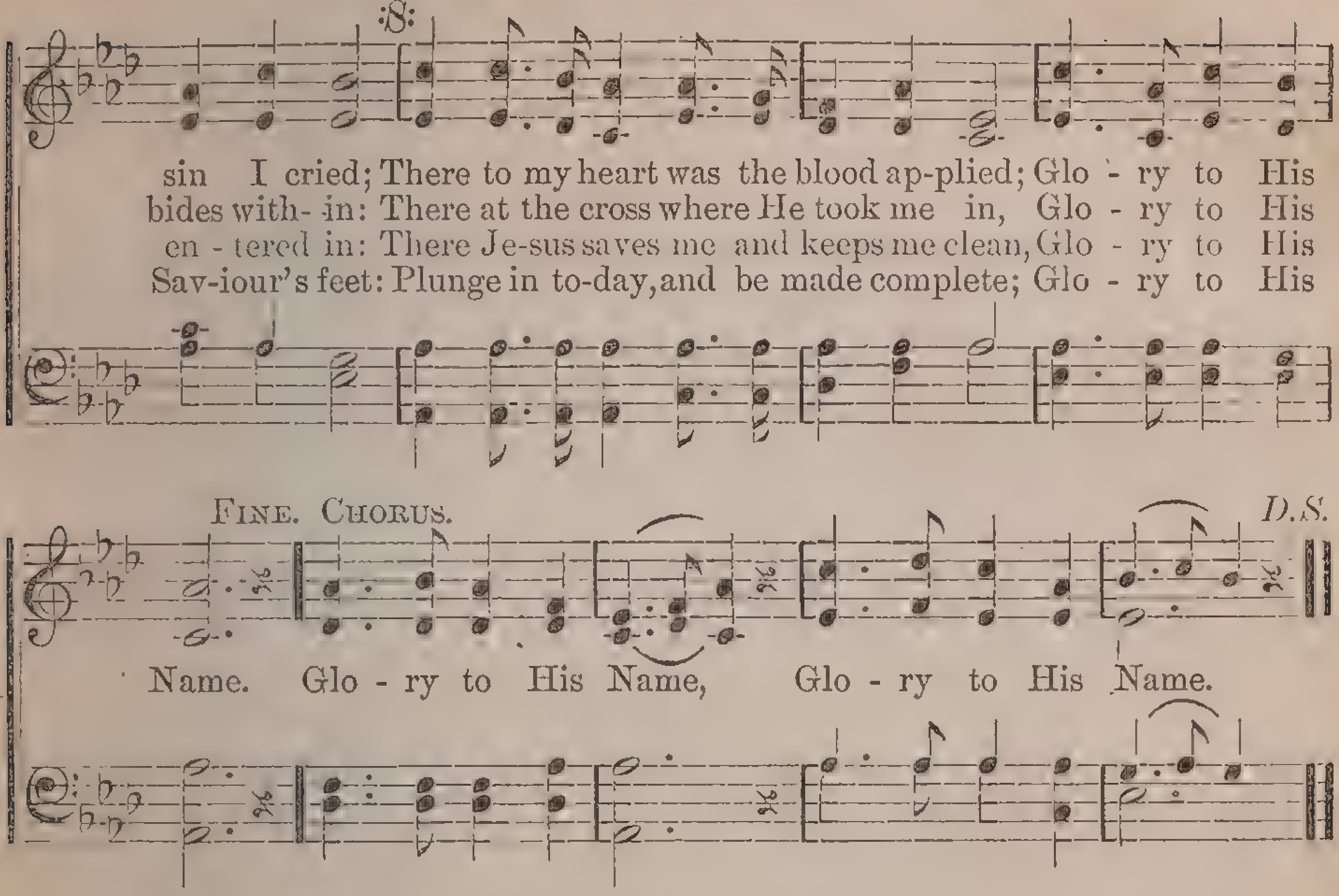
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No. 37. Down at the Cross.

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.

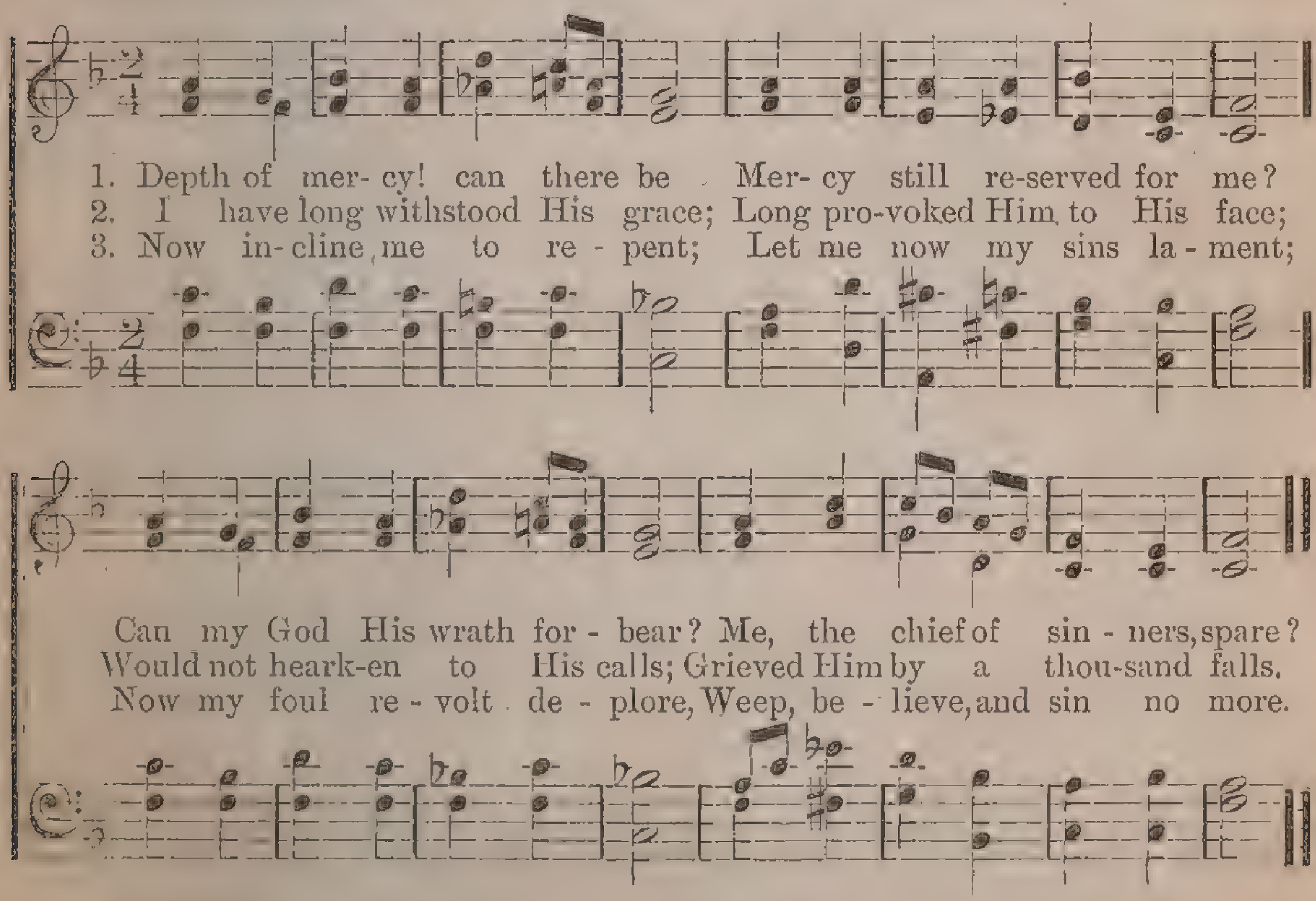


Down at the Cross.—Concluded.



No. 38. Depth of Mercy!

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. from CARL M. VON WEBER.

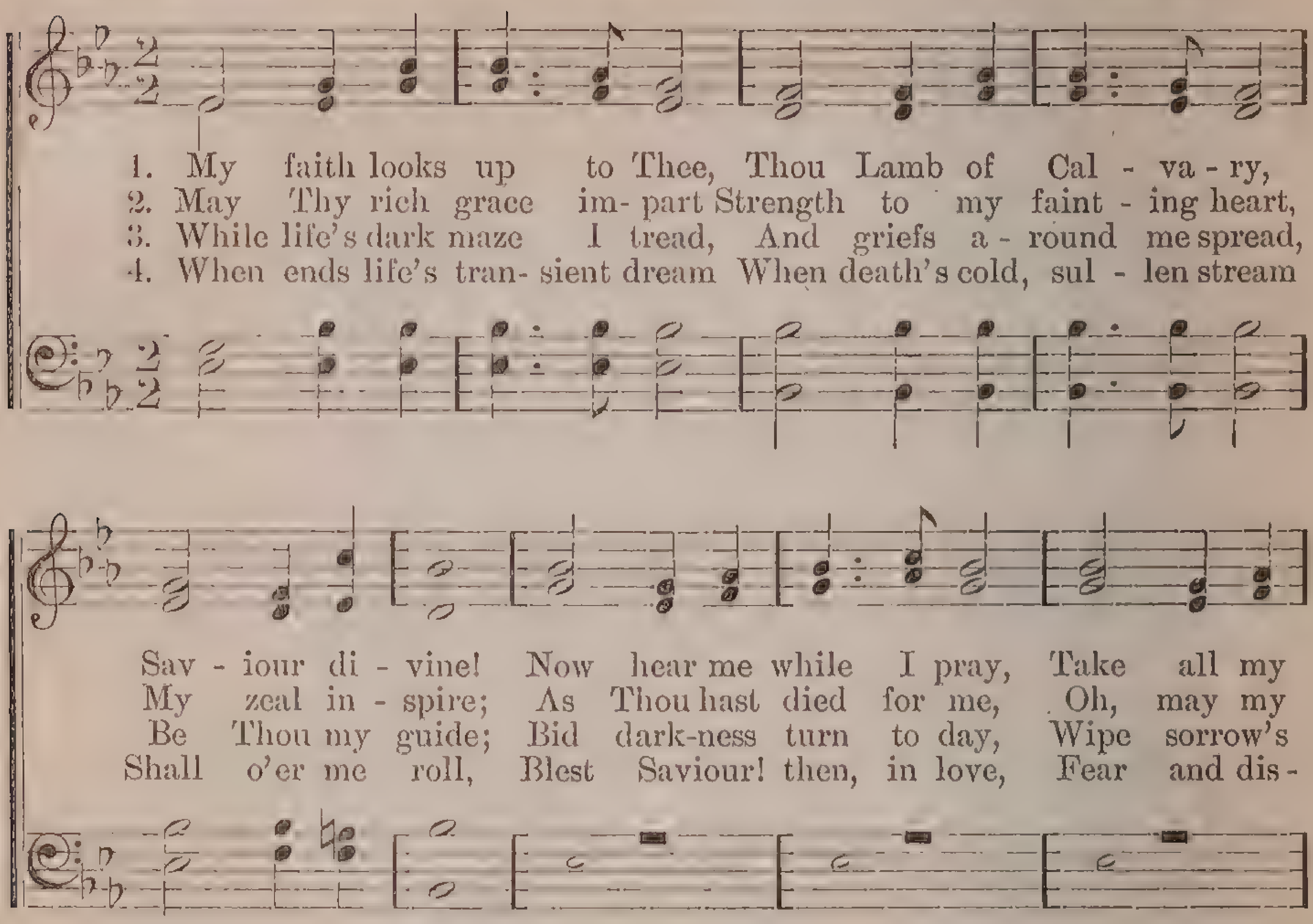


4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is Love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.
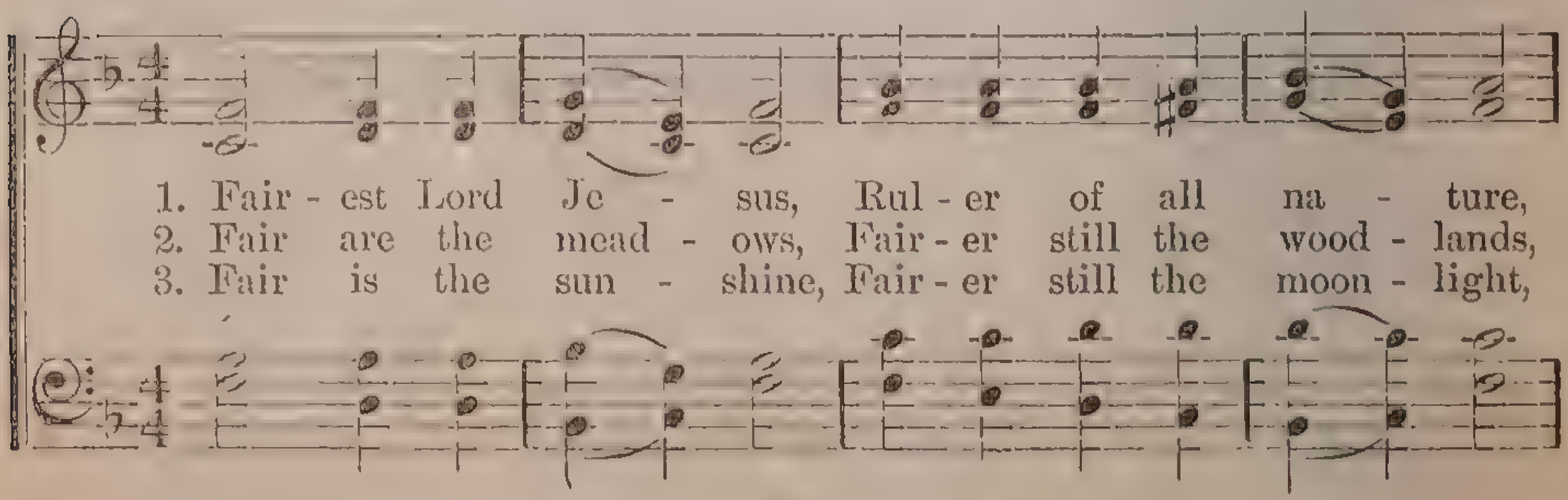
No. 39. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

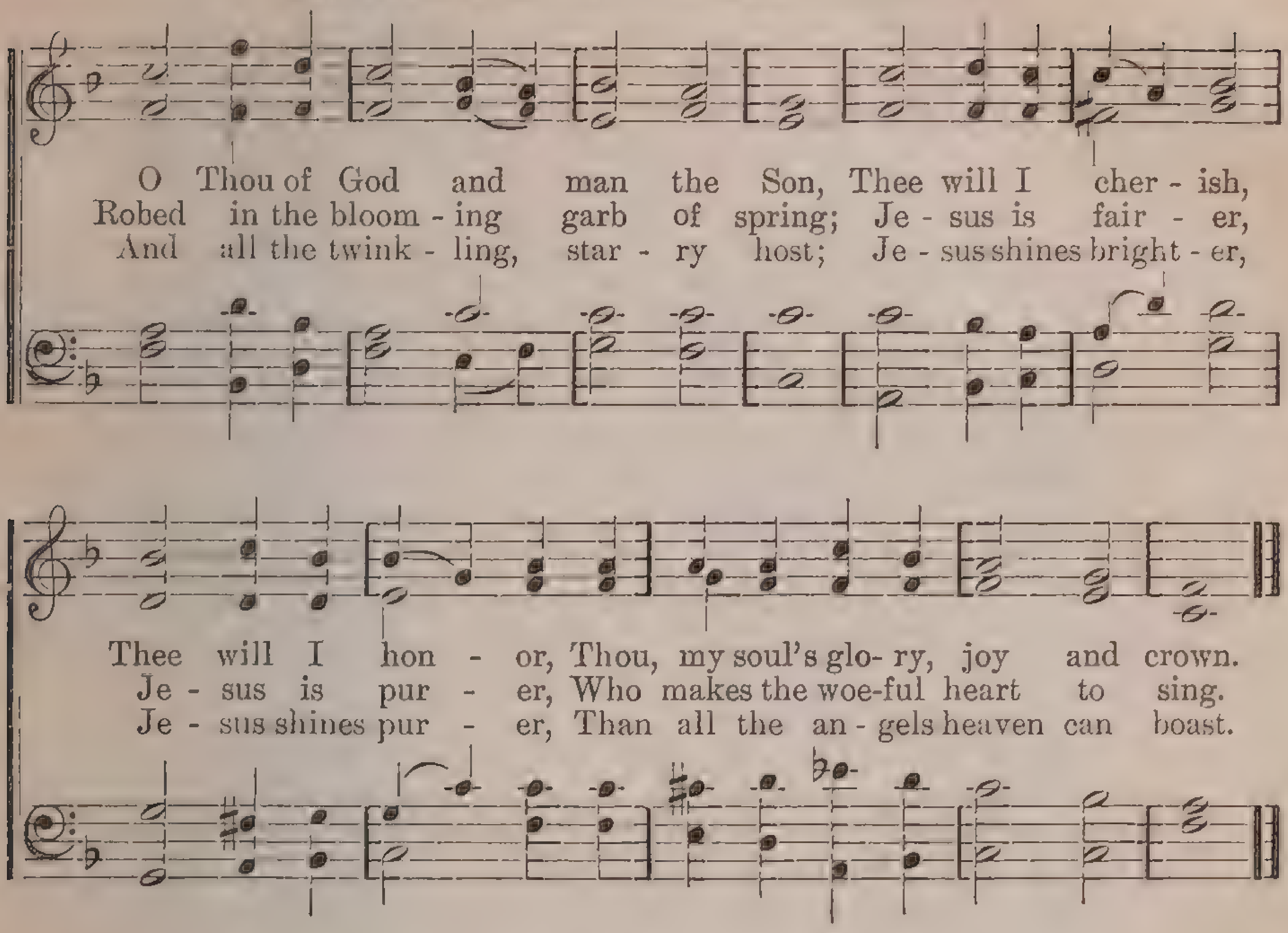


No. 40. Fairest Lord Jesus.

Tr. R. S. WILLIS. Arr. by R. S. WILLIS.

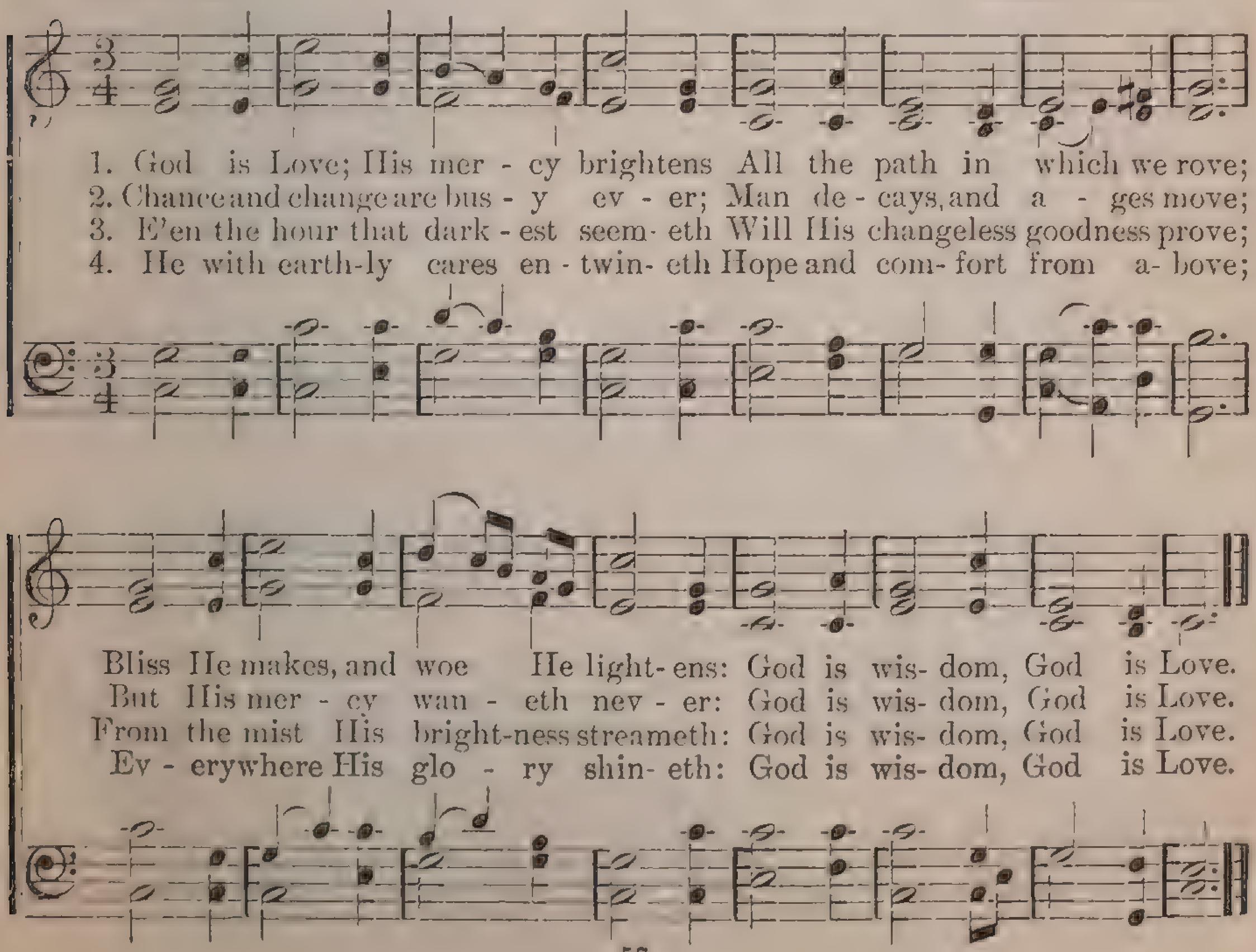


Fairest Lord Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 41. God Is Love.

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



No. 42. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATHERINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
Than all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.

3. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.

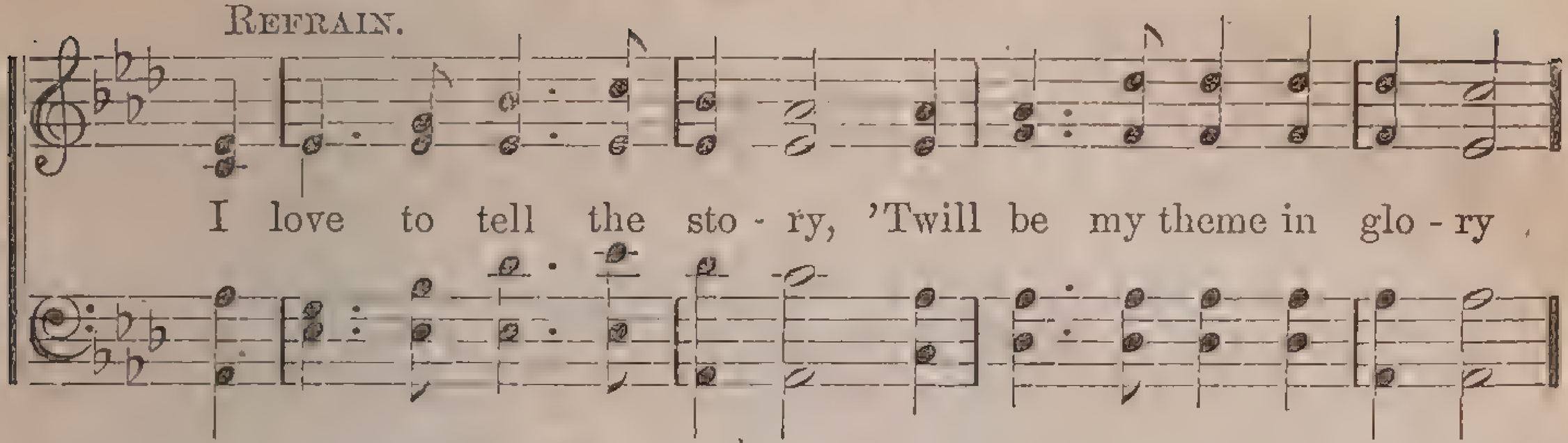
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Seem hun - ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

It sat - is - fies my long- ings As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

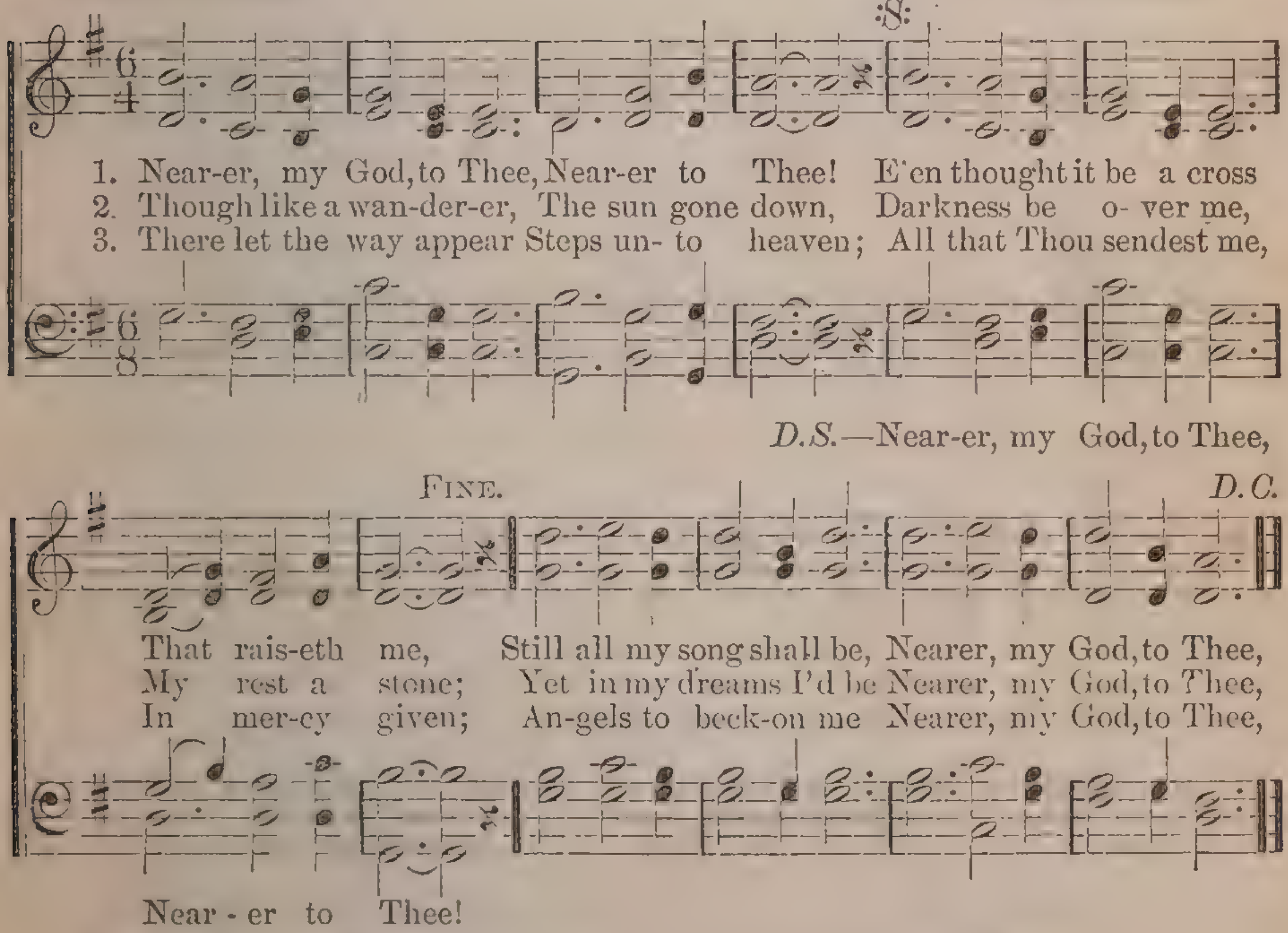
I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 43. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

No. 46. There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER. FRANK G. ILSLEY, 1887.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea,
2. There's no place where earthly sor- rows Are more felt than up in heaven;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas- ures of man's mind,

There's a kind - ness in His jus- tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There's no place where earth-ly fail- ings Have such kind - ly judgment given.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der- ful - ly kind.

REFRAIN.

He is call - ing, "Come to Me!" He is call - ing, "Come to Me!"

He is call - ing, "Come to Me!" "Lord, I glad - ly come to Thee!"

4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 47. The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAT. Arr.

Lento.

1. The Lord is my shep- herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun- ti - ful God; Still

feed in green past - ures, safe- fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
Thou art my guar- dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
bless-ings un - meas-ured my cup run- neth o'er; With per - fume and
fol - low my step till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek by the

soul where the still wa- ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a- noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore- fa- thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy

deems when oppress'd, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
Com- fort- er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort- er near.
prov - i- dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov- i-dence more?
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

rit.

No. 48. Wait on God.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. C. MALAN.

cres.

1. Wait on God and trust Him Through all thy days; Cast thy cares upon Him
2. Wait on God and trust Him Through all thy days; Cast thy cares upon Him

Who guides all thy ways. Do not de-spair; As the morning fair
Who guides all thy ways. Per - ish what will, God is ref - uge still;

f

Scat-ters fog and dark-ness, God removes thy care; 'Midst all thy tri - als,
Great-er than the Help - er is not an - y ill, Faith-ful, e - ter - nal

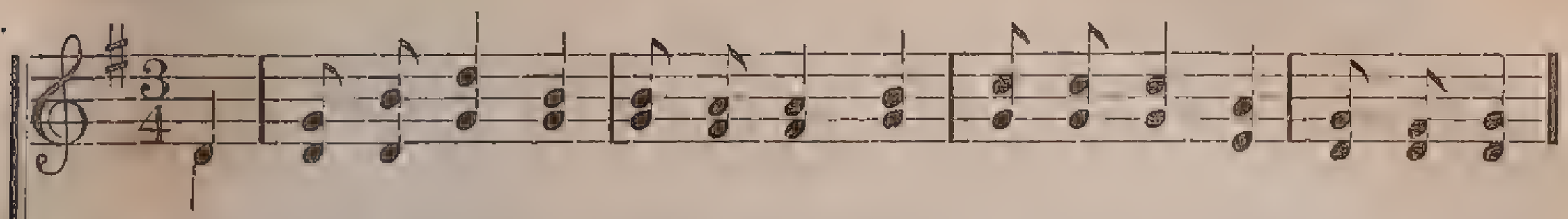
cres. *f*

In all thy care God remains thy faith-ful Friend ev - ery-where.
Sav-iour and Friend: Save my soul from e - vil Un - to the end.

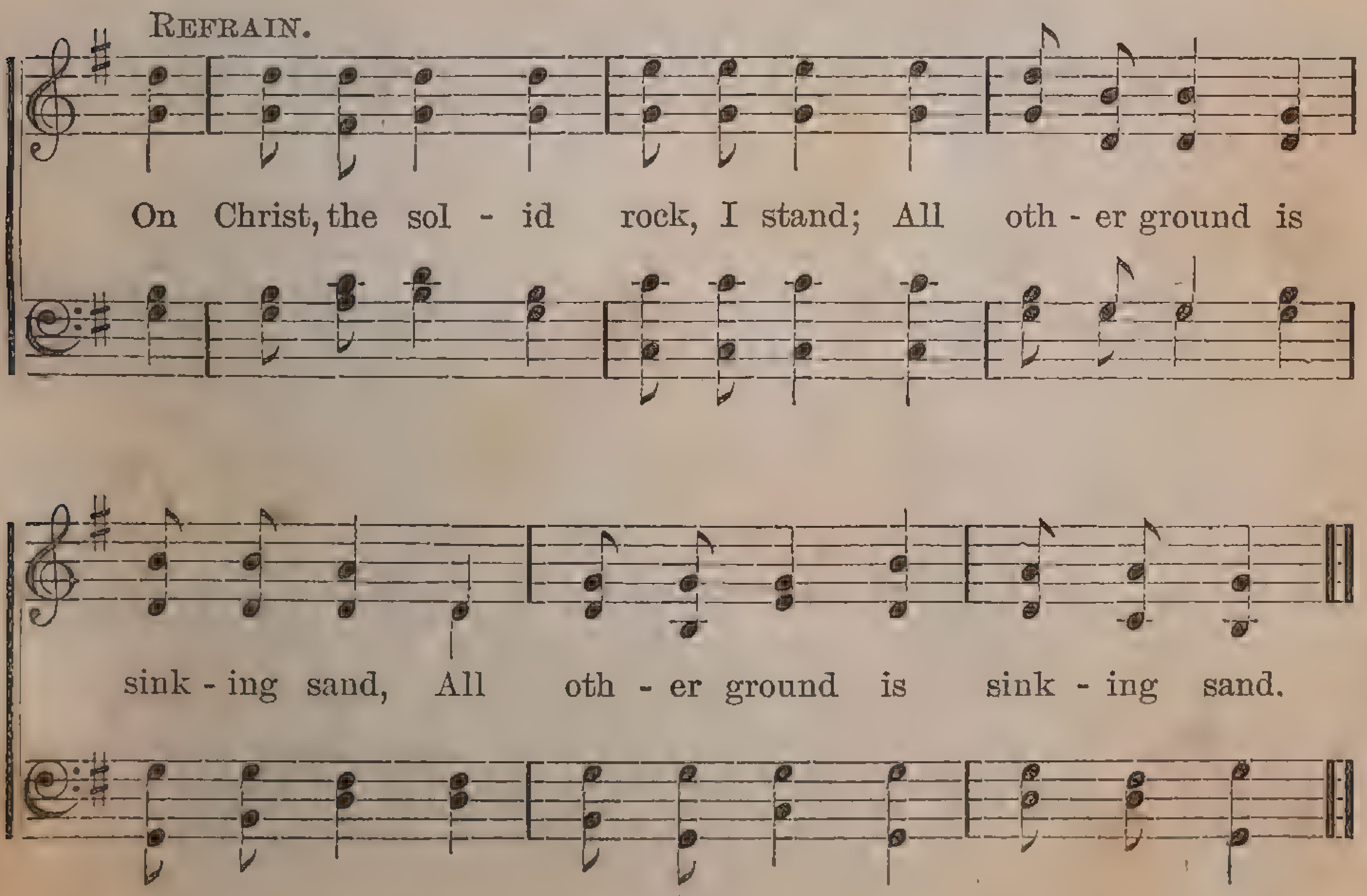
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No. 49. My Hope is Built.

EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



REFRAIN.



No. 50. My Rock and Shield.

JESSE L. SPORE. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I know not why God's love and mighty power To me He hath re- vealed;
2. His mercy smooths my rough and stony way O'er life's dark pathway dim;
3. And when affliction's rod and heav-y hand Is laid up-on me sore,

But this I know, in ev - ery try- ing hour He is my rock and shield.
He is my rock and sure defense each day, My trust is all in Him.
I put my faith and trust in Him, for He Is life for- ev - er- more.

CHORUS.

He is my rock..... and sure de - fense;.....
He is my rock and sure de - fense;

My all to Him..... I yield, For this I know, in
To Him I yield,

ev - ery try - ing hour, He is my rock and shield.

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No. 51. Trust in the Lord.

Words and music by Rev. H. KATTERJOHN.

1. Trust in the Lord, And love His ho - ly Name, Trust in His word,
2. Trust in the Lord, And do His ho - ly will Trust in His word,
3. Trust in the Lord, Oh, come, ye peo- ple all, Trust in His word,

And help His praise proclaim, He is our God Who still-eth ev- ery woe,
His word he will ful - fill. He is our God, Whose blessings never fail,
And heed His earnest call; He is our God, Whose love will dry your tear,

CHORUS.

Oh, trust in Him, He'll conquer ev-ery foe.
Oh, trust in Him, His kingdom will prevail.
Oh, trust in Him, And do not doubt nor fear.

Trust..... in the Lord,..... And..... love His Name,.....
Trust in the Lord, And love His Name, And love His Name,

Trust..... in His word, His praise pro - claim.
Trust in His word, Trust in His word, His praise pro - claim.

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No. 52. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. STAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

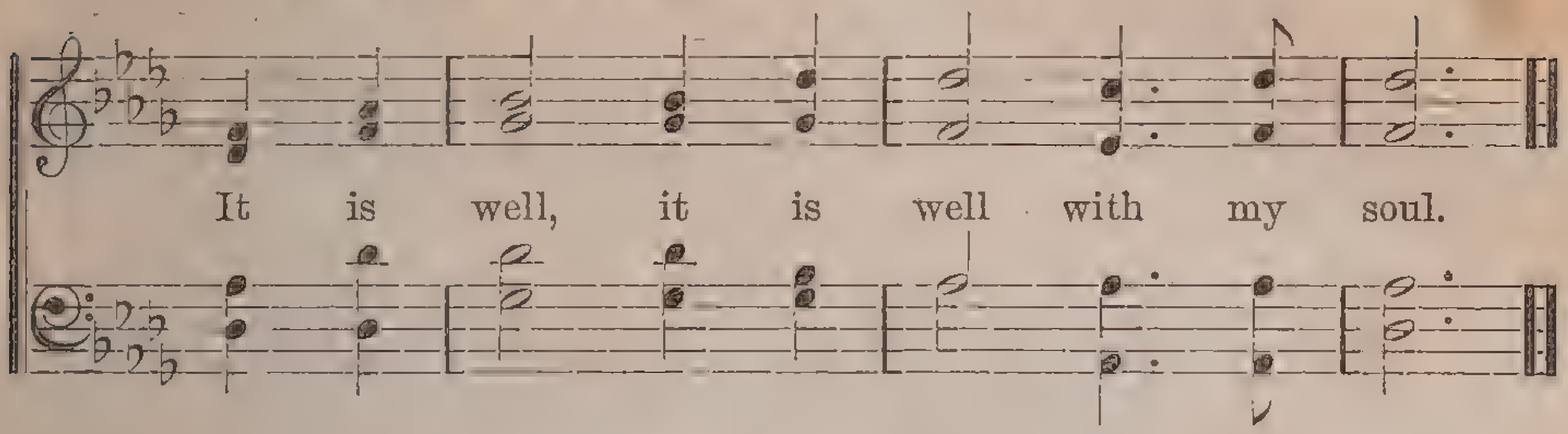
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like sea - bil-lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say: It is well, it is well with my soul.
2. Though sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con-trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought—My sin—not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall de-scend, "Ev - en so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well..... with my soul,.....
It it well with my soul,

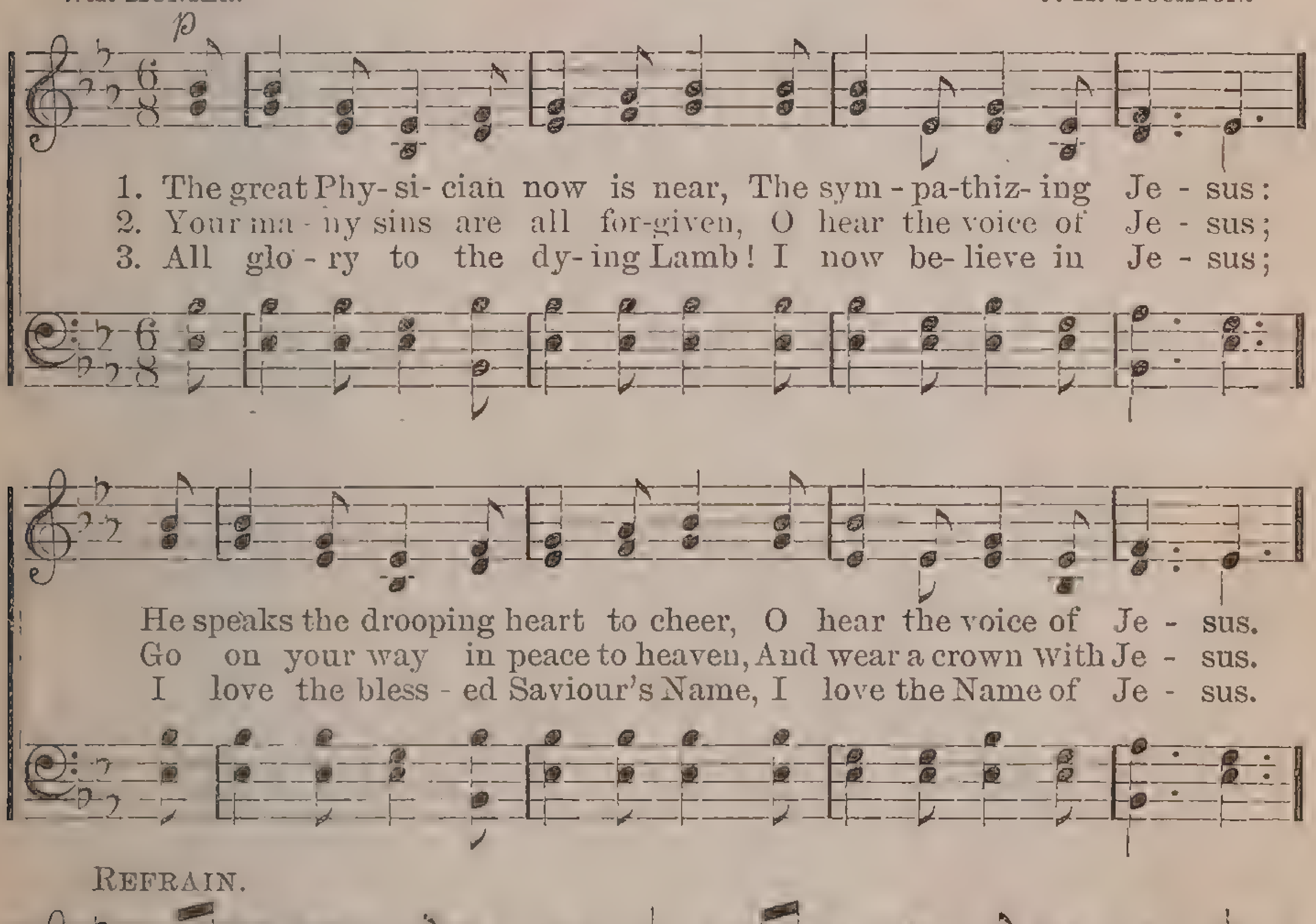
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It is Well with My Soul.—Concluded.

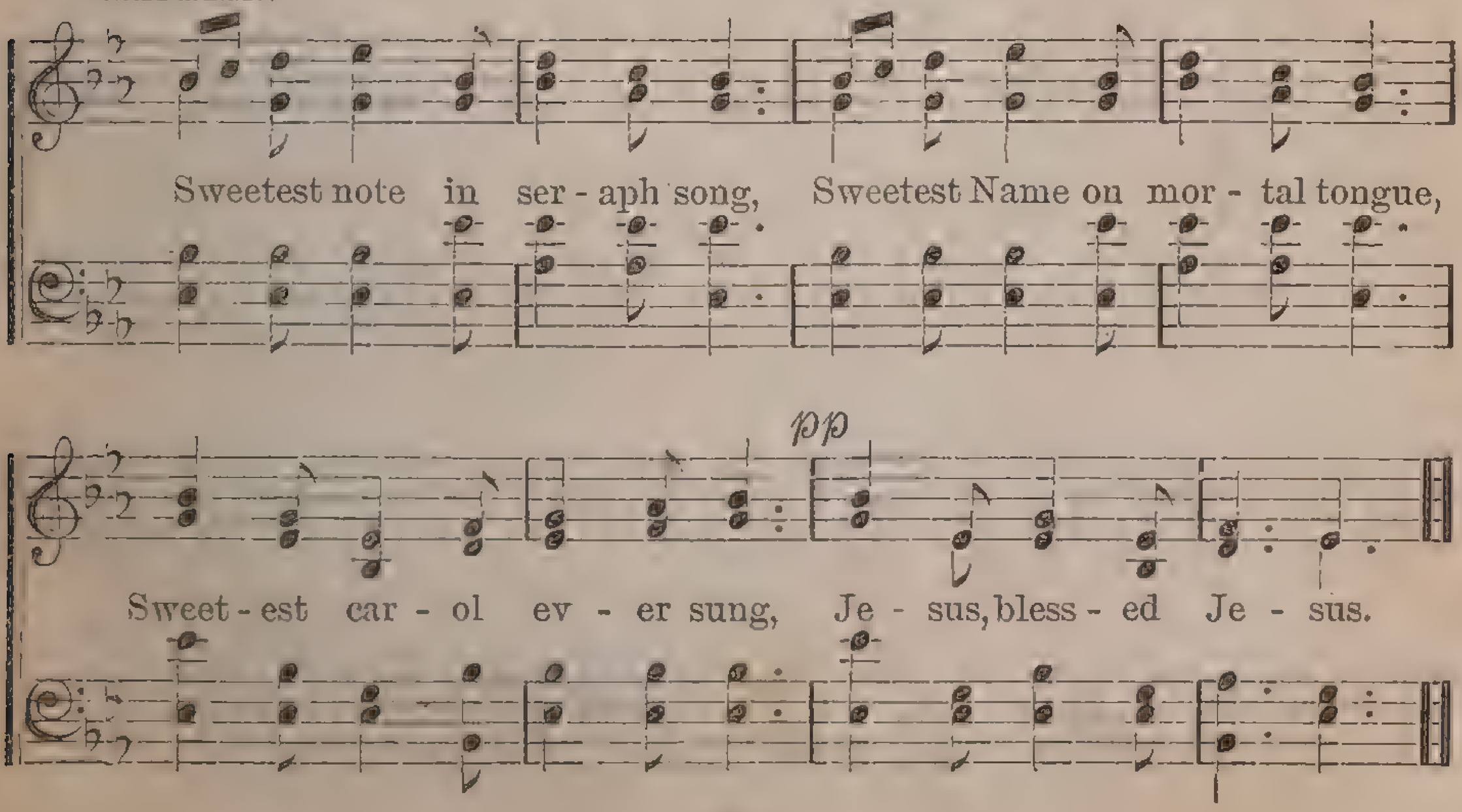


No. 53. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.

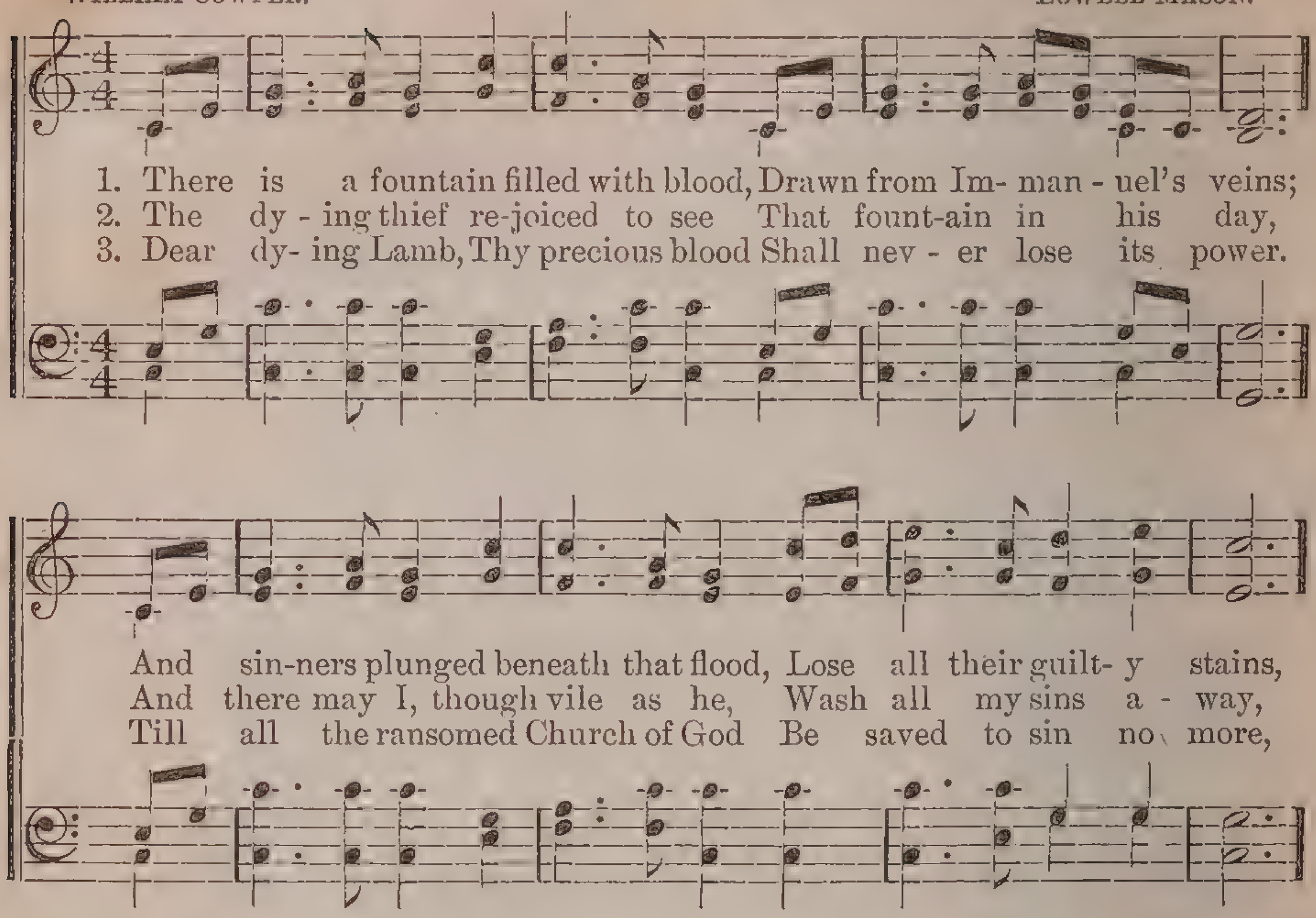


REFRAIN.



No. 54. There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



4 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 55. Stand up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD. GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol- diers of the cross;
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey:
3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this His glor - ious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle The next the vic - tor's song:

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar- my shall He lead,
Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un-num-bered foes;
Put on the gos- pel arm - or, And watch-ing un - to prayer,
To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be:

Till ev - ery foe is van-quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op- pose.
Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 56. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat- ter- ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat- ter- ing
2. Scat- ter- ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat- ter- ing
3. Scat- ter- ing pre-cious seed, doubt-ing nev - er, Scat- ter- ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat- ter - ing pre- cious seed
pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat- ter - ing pre- cious seed
pre-cious seed, trust- ing ev - er; Sow- ing the word with prayer

o'er the field wide, Scat-ter- ing pre-cious seed by the way.
trust- ing, know - ing, Surely the Lord will send it the rain.
and en- deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

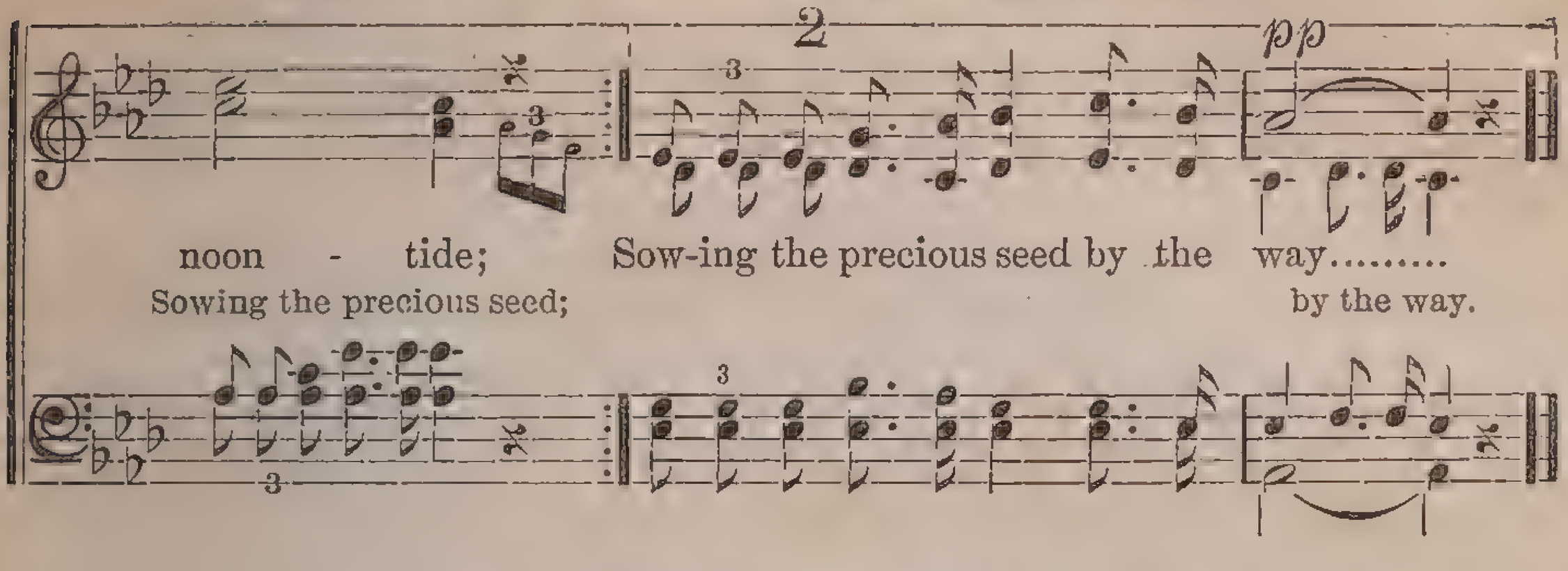
CHORUS.

{ Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
{ Sow - ing in the eve - ning,

Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed.

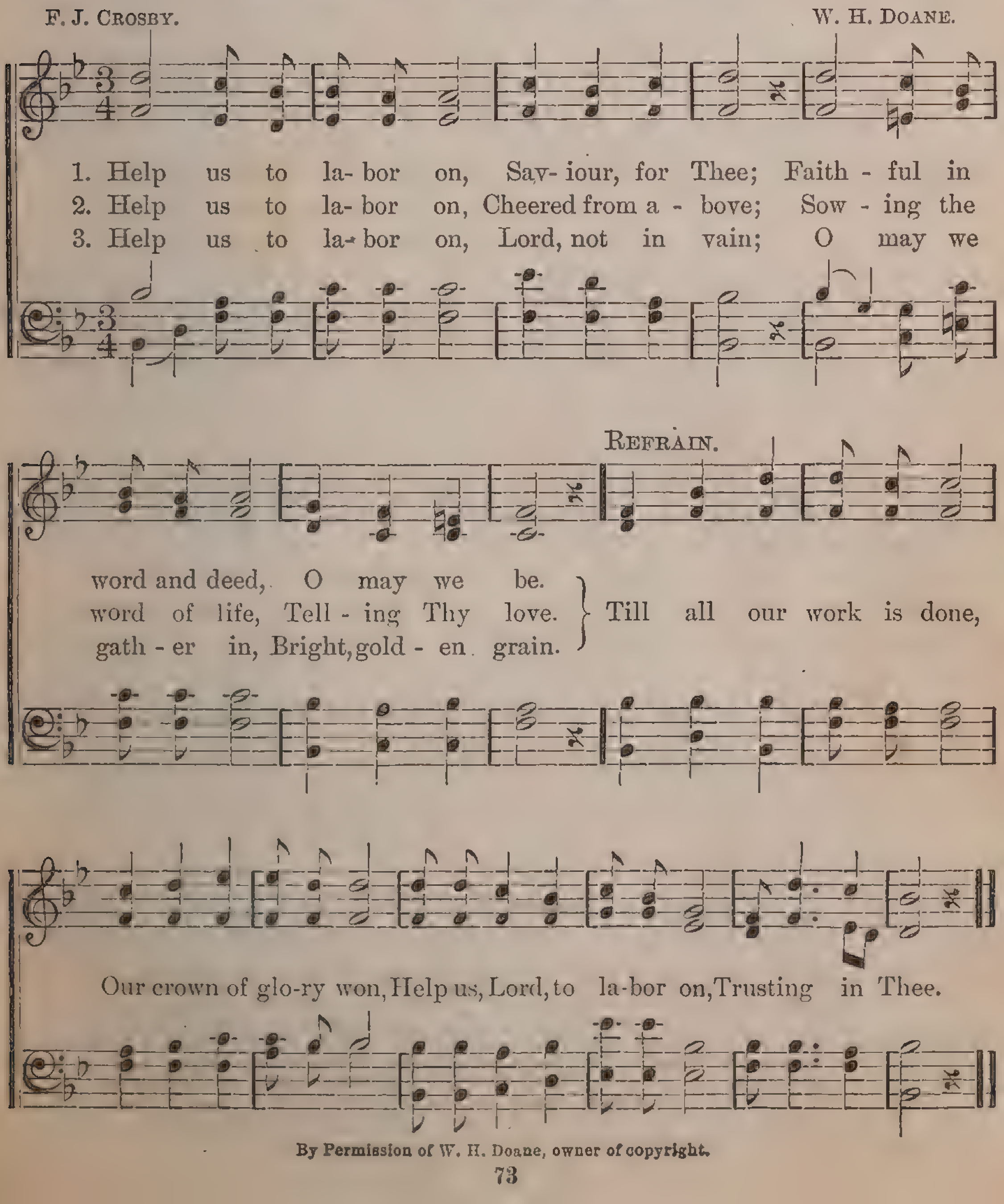
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Scattering Precious seed.—Concluded.



No. 57. Help Us to Labor On.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 58. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear Out in the des - ert
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit - tle
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
wild and high; Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee;

CHORUS.

Far from the Shep-herd's fold a - way.
Where they'll be shel - tered from the cold?
"Go, find my lambs, wher- e'er they be."
} Bring them in,

Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

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No. 59. Battling for the Right.

ADA BLENKHORN. E. E. MEYER.

With vigor.

1. Press- ing for - ward our cause to win, Con- quering ev - er the
2. Press- ing on 'neath the noontide's glow, Car - ing not though the
3. Press- ing for - ward, a fear- less band, Al - ways un - der the
4. With our ban - ner of love and light Foes of Christ we will

hosts of sin, God's strong arm we are trust - ing in,
winds may blow, Paus - ing not till the foes lie low,
Lord's com - mand; Till as vic - tors we take our stand,
put to flight; Brave - ly march - ing from dawn till night,

CHORUS.

Bat - tling for the right. For - ward all! let our
watch- word be, Let it ech - o from sea to sea;
In His strength we shall victors be, Bat- tling for the right.

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No. 60. Hark to the Sound of Voices!

COLIN STERNE. ERNEST NICHOL.

pp

1. Hark to the sound of voic - es! Hark to the tramp of feet!
2. Out of the midst of er - ror, Out of the realms of night,
3. On, then, ye gal - lant sol-diers, On to your home a - bove!

p

Is it a might - y ar - my Tread - ing the bus - y
Out of the pride of learn-ing, Seek - ing the home of
Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the power and

mf

street? Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re -
light; Out of the strife for pow - er, Out of the greed for
love. Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the

f

frain; List what they say as they haste a - way To the
gold, On - ward they roam to their heaven-ly home, And the
King; March to the light 'neath the ban - ner white, With the

Hark to the Sound of Voices!—Concluded.

f REFRAIN.

sound of a mar - tial strain:—
treas - ure that grows not old.
song that ye love to sing:—

"Marching beneath the ban - ner,

Fight - ing be- neath the cross, Trust - ing in Him who saves us,

Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss: Sing - ing the songs of

ff

home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings; We march to the

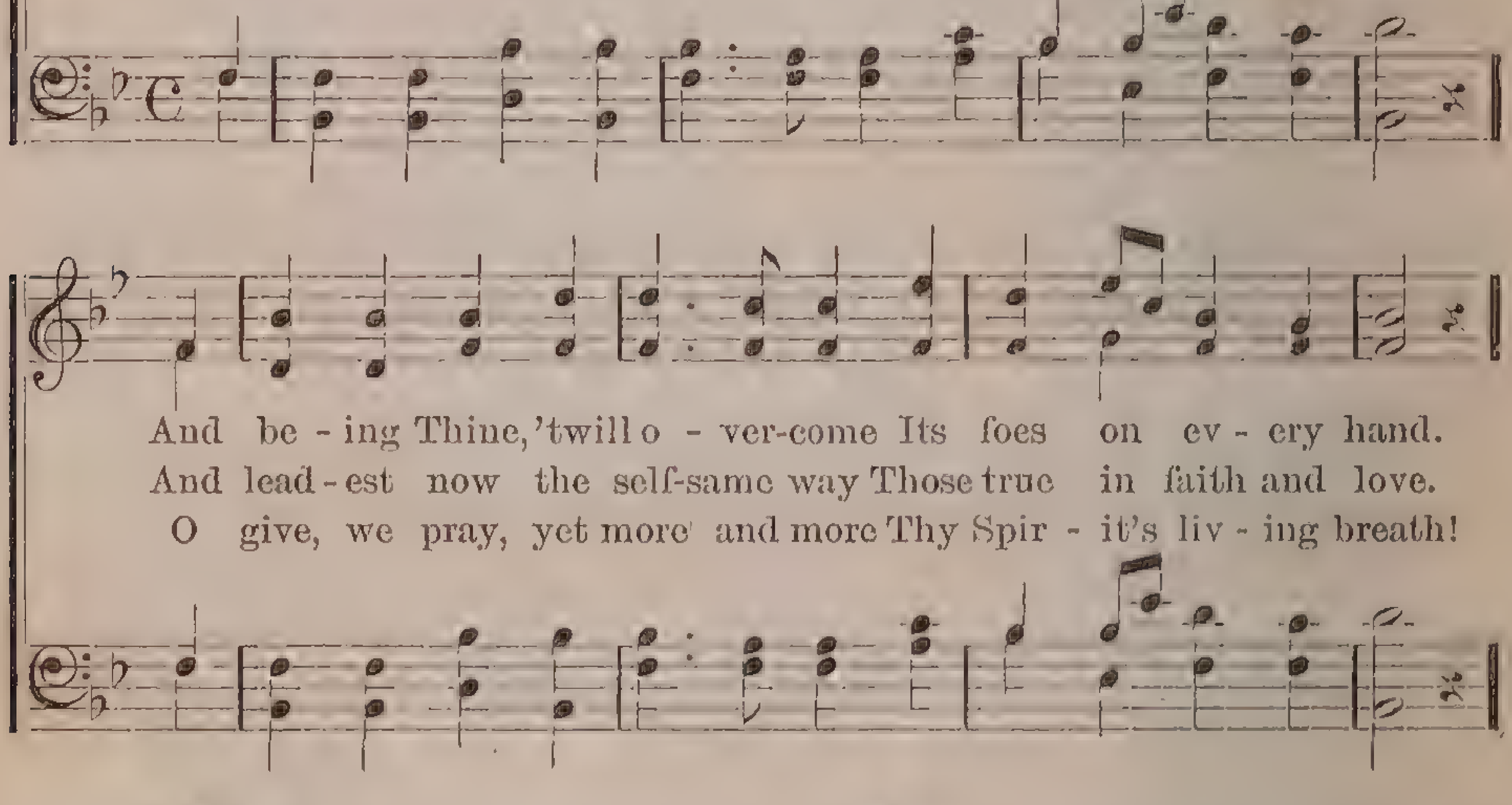
fight in our ar - mor bright At the call of the King of kings!"

No. 61. The Work is Thine.

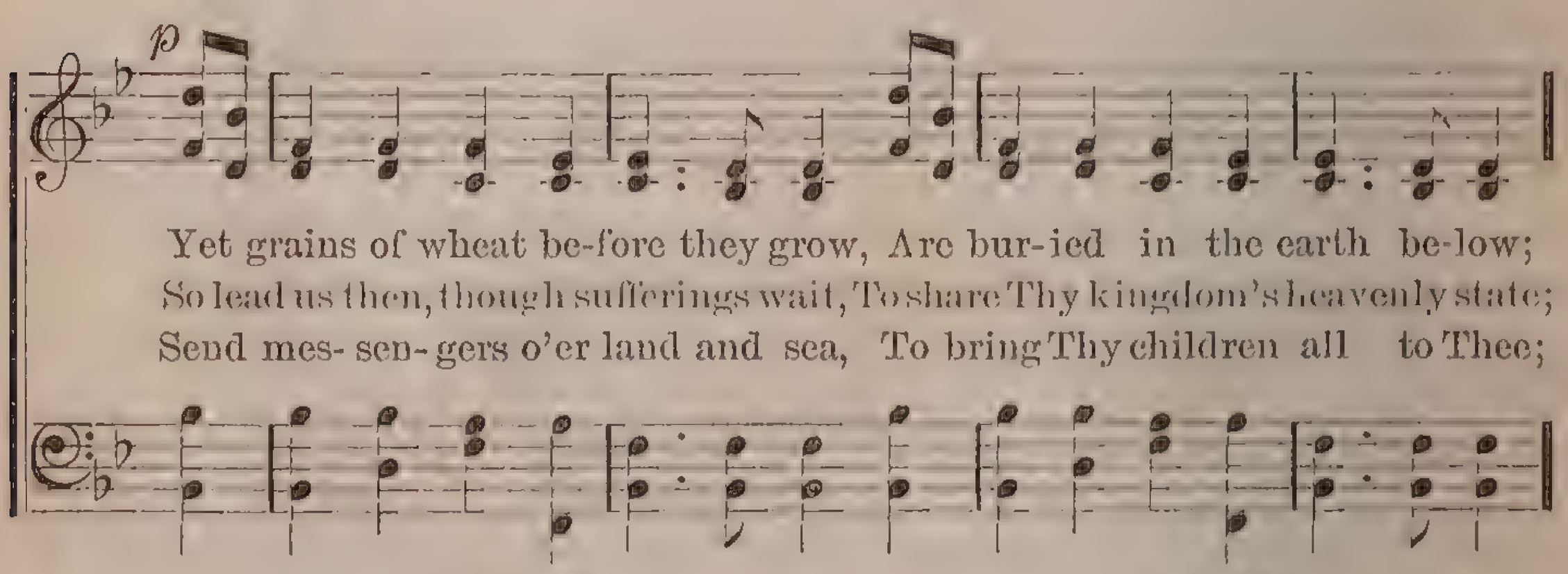
Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. J. HAYDN.



1. The work is Thine, O Christ, our Lord, The cause for which we stand;
2. Through suffering, Thou, O Christ, didst go Un - to Thy throne a - bove,
3. Thou hast, O Sav - iour, led the way Through ag-o - ny and death;



And be - ing Thine, 'twill o - ver-come Its foes on ev - ery hand.
And lead - est now the self-same way Those true in faith and love.
O give, we pray, yet more and more Thy Spir - it's liv - ing breath!
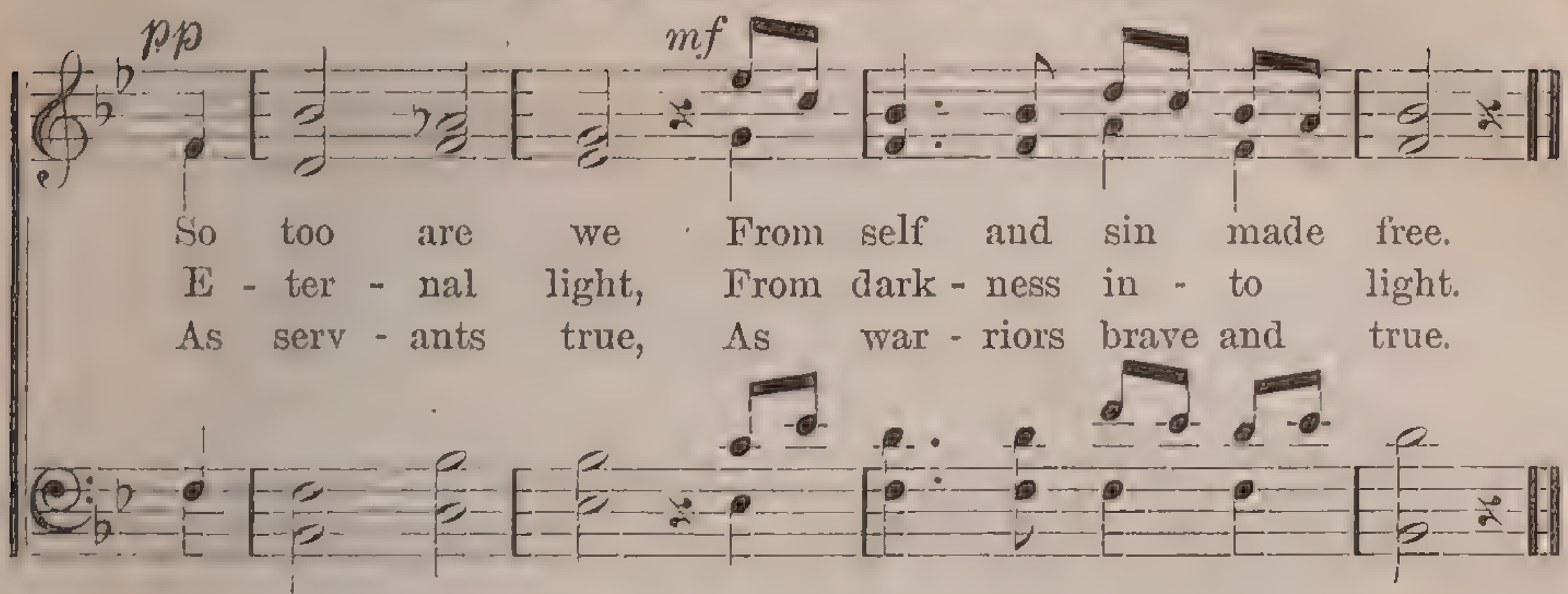


Yet grains of wheat be-fore they grow, Are bur-ied in the earth be-low;
So lead us then, though sufferings wait, To share Thy kingdom's heavenly state;
Send mes - sen - gers o'er land and sea, To bring Thy children all to Thee;



All that is old doth per - ish there To form a life both new and fair:
Thy death has bro - ken sa-tan's might And leads the faithful to the light:
Thy Name can save, Thy Name makes free: We con-se-crate our-selves to Thee
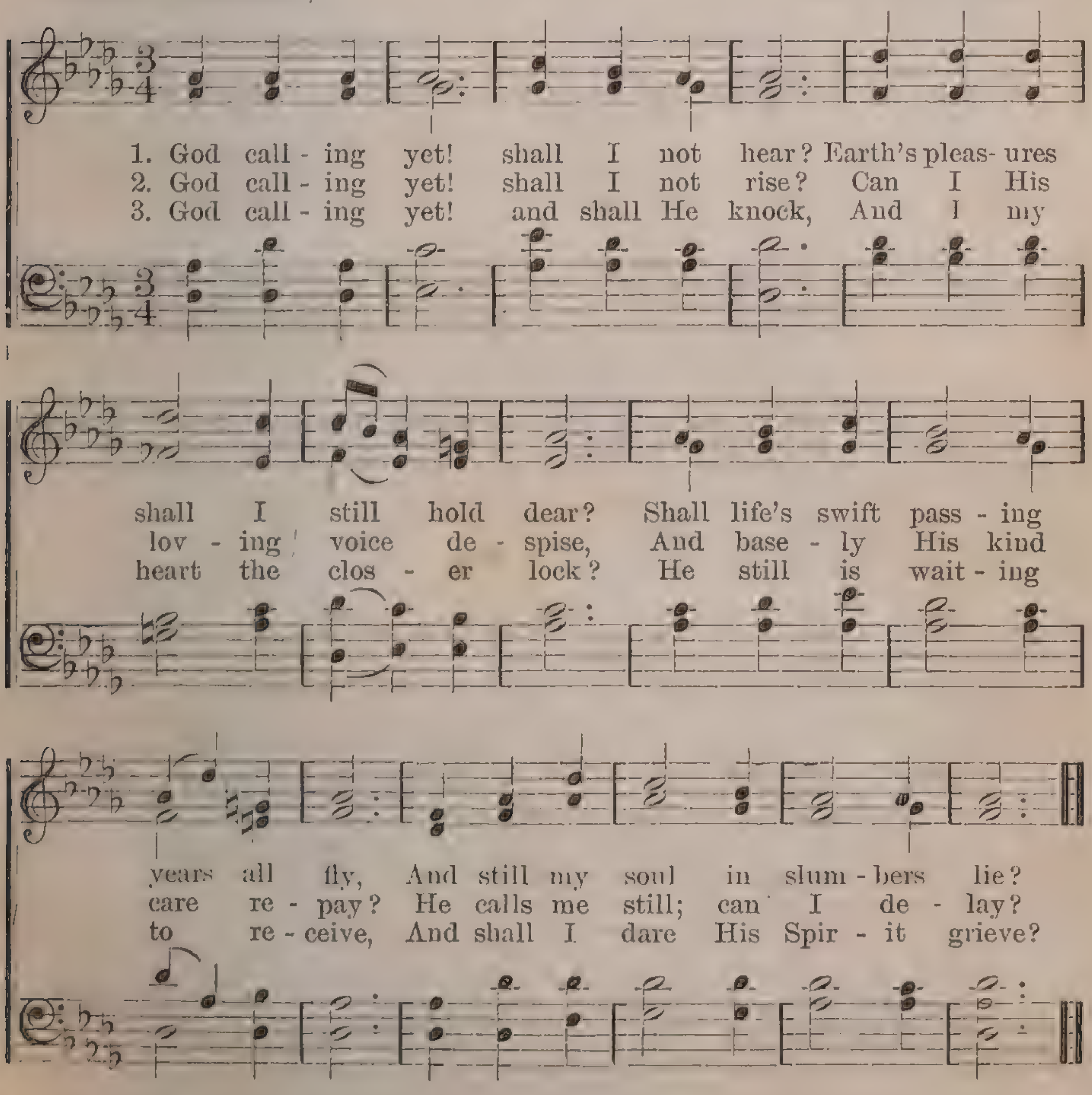
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The Work is Thine.—Concluded.



No. 62. God Calling Yet!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, tr. W. ST. CLAIR PALMER.



4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

No. 63. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. Barring-Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing

Go- ing on be- fore. Christ, the roy- al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's founda-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;

Chorus.

Forward in - to bat - tle See His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise!
One in hope and doctrine, One in char- i - ty.
} Onward, Christian sol- diers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

No. 64. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of white ar-rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
They climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through per-il, toil and gain;

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in His train?
O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train!

No. 65. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow- ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the
Fear- ing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill- ing breeze; By and by the
Though the loss sustained our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's

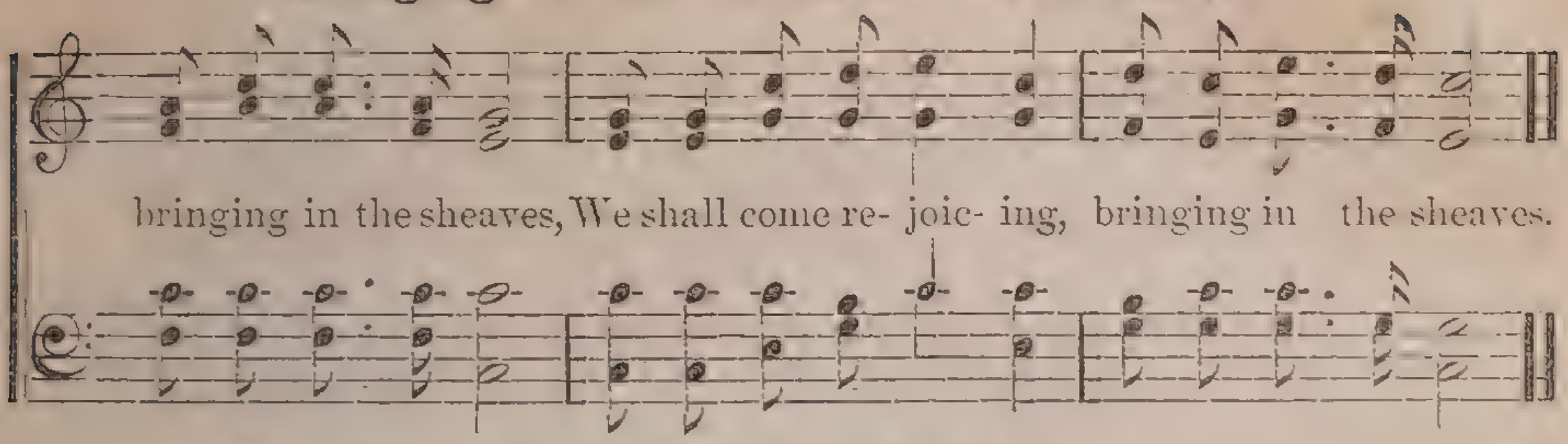
har - vest and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed. We shall come re - joic - ing,
o - ver He will bid us wel- come: We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
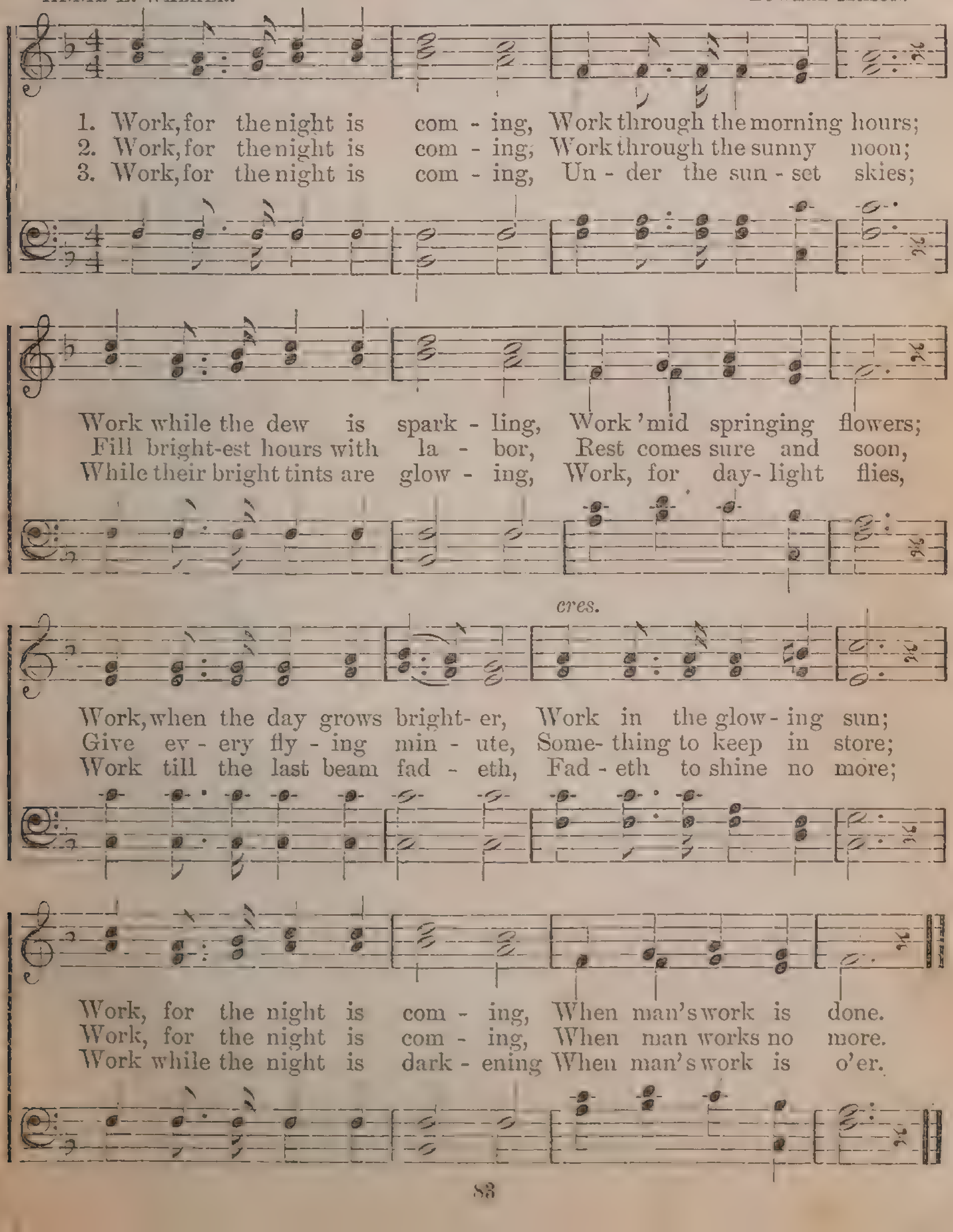
We shall come re-joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.



No. 66. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 67. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

THOMAS J. POTTER. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's sol-diers To their home on high:
2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa- cred feet, Here with hearts re- joic- ing See Thy children meet:
3. All our days di- rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic- to- rious O - ver ev- ery foe;
4. Then with saints and an-gels, May we join a - bove, Offering prayers and praises At Thy throne of love;

Marching through the des-ert, Glad- ly thus we pray,
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a- stray;
Bid Thine an-gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower;
When the toil is ov - er, Then comes rest and peace,

Still with hearts u- nit - ed Sing-ing on our way,—
Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the narrow way.
Par- don, Lord, and save us In that last dread hour.
Je - sus in His beau- ty, Songs that nev-er cease.

Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,
Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high.

No. 68. One More Day's Work For Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me!
2. One more day's work for Je - sus! How sweet the work has been,
3. One more day's work for Je - sus! Oh, yes, a wea - ry day;
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet!

But heaven is near - er, And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter- day, to me;
To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's flock enter in!
But heaven shines clearer And rest comes near- er, At each step of the way;
There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain for Him is sweet;

His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
And Christ in all, Be - fore His face I fall.
Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day!

CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je- sus,
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me!

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No. 69. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear- nest - ly,
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the temp - ter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re- store: Touched by a lov - ing heart,
4. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar - row way,

Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
Plead with them gently: He will for- give if they on - ly be- lieve.
Wak-ened by kind- ness, Chords that were bro- ken will vi- brate once more.
Pa- tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.

CHORUS.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing;
Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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No. 70. A Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Am I a sol- dier of the cross— A fol- lower of the Lamb ?
2. Must I be car- ried to the skies, On flow - ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face ? Must I not stem the flood ?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In- crease my cour- age, Lord !

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name ?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God ?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup- port - ed by Thy Word.

CHORUS.

In the Name..... of Christ the King,
In the Name of Christ the King,

Who hath pur - chased life for me, Through grace I'll

win the prom- ised crown, What - e'er my cross may be.

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No. 71. We March to Victory.

GERARD MOULTRIE. Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the

Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky,

And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread

His

His arm spread

1st, 2d, 3d. | *Last verse.* FINE.

o'er us, o'er us.

1. We come in the might of the
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of
3. And the choir of an - gels with
4. Then on - ward we march, our

We March to Victory.—Concluded.

Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to meet Him
God on high, Our hel - met His sal - va - tion;
song a - waits Our march to the gold - en Zi - on;
arms to prove, With the ban - ner of Christ be - fore us,

And we put to flight the ar - mies of
Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va -
For our Cap - tain has bro - ken the bra - zen
With His eye of love look - ing down from a -

night That the sons of the day may greet Him,
ry, Our watch - word—the In - car - na - tion,
gates, And burst the bars of i - ron,
bove, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,

D.S.

The sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watchword— the In - car - na - tion.
And burst the bars of i - ron.
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

} We

No. 72. Faithful Unto Death.

Tr. Rev. J. H. Horstmann. Old Melody.

1. "Be thou faithful un - to death, Be thou faith-ful un - to death;"
2. "Be thou faithful un - to death, Be thou faith-ful un - to death;"
3. To be faithful un - to death, To be faith-ful un - to death;

Let not pain or sor - row ev - er From the cross of Christ thee sev-er;
Yon-der gleams the crown of glo - ry, And the an- gels tell the sto - ry,
I will constant - ly en - deav-or; Thou, O Sav-iour, help me ev - er,

Suffering till thy dy - ing breath: Faithful al - ways un - to death.
Echoing what the spir- it saith: "Be thou faithful un - to death."
While I draw this fleet- ing breath, To be faith-ful un - to death.

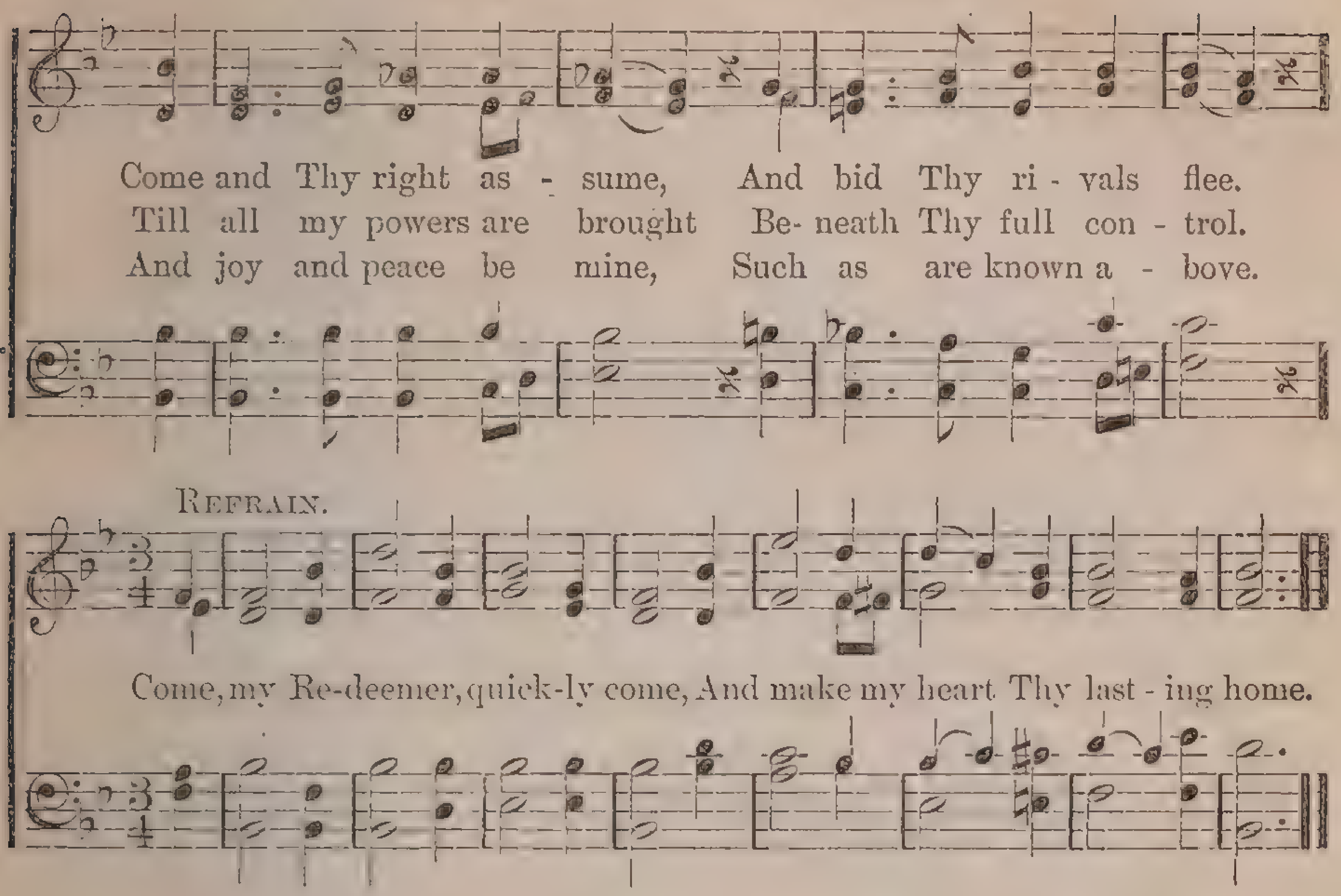
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No. 73. Come, My Redeemer.

Andrew Reed. Johanna Kinkel.

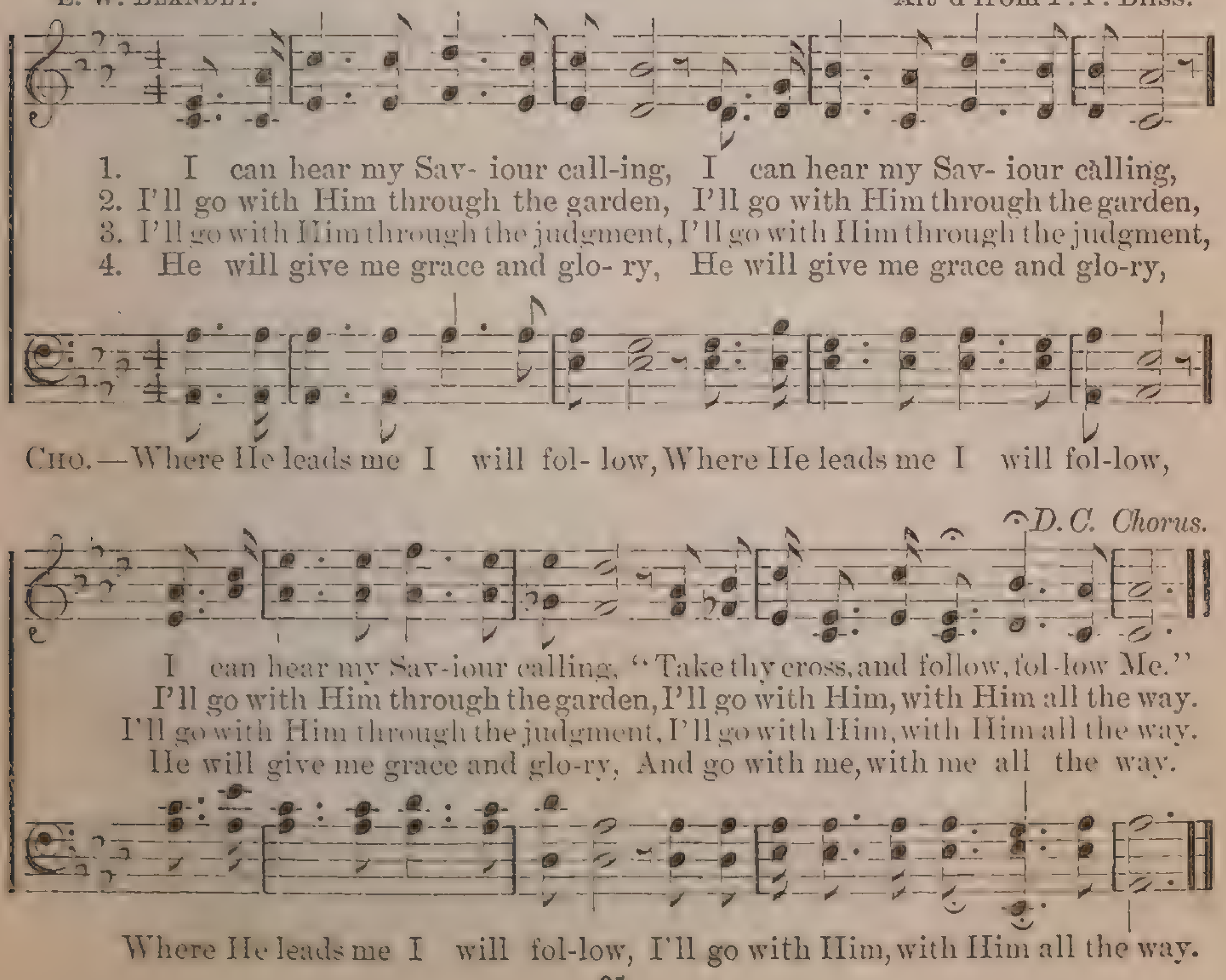
1. Come, my Re-deem - er, come, And deign to dwell with me;
2. Rule Thou in ev - ery thought And pass- ion of my soul,
3. Then shall my days be Thine And all my heart be love;

Come, My Redeemer.—Concluded.



No. 74. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. Alt'd from P. P. Bliss.



No. 75. Here is My Heart.

E. LIEBICH. D. RAPPARD.

1. Here is my heart! my God, I give it Thee; I heard Thee call and say
"Not to the world, my child, but un - to Me;" I heard and will o - bey.

2. Here is my heart! in Christ its long-ings end, Near to His cross it draws;
It says, "Thou art my por tion, O my Friend, Thy blood my ransom was!"

Here is love's offering to my King, Which, a glad sac- ri -
And in the Saviour it has found What bless- ed- ness and

fice, I bring Here is my heart! Here is my heart!
peace a - bound— My trust- ing heart! My trust - ing heart!

3 Here is my heart!—ah, Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart!

4 Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto Thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
"Welcome my God's decree."
Believing, all its journeys through,
That Thou art wise, and just and true—
My waiting heart!

No. 76. Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Through this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er;

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Saviour, More than Life.—Concluded.

Let Thy pre-cious blood applied, Keep me ev- er, ev- er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can- not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a- bove.

May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos- er, clos-er Lord, to Thee.

D.S.

REFRAIN.

Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,

No. 77. I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within,
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth- ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood applied;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va-ry;

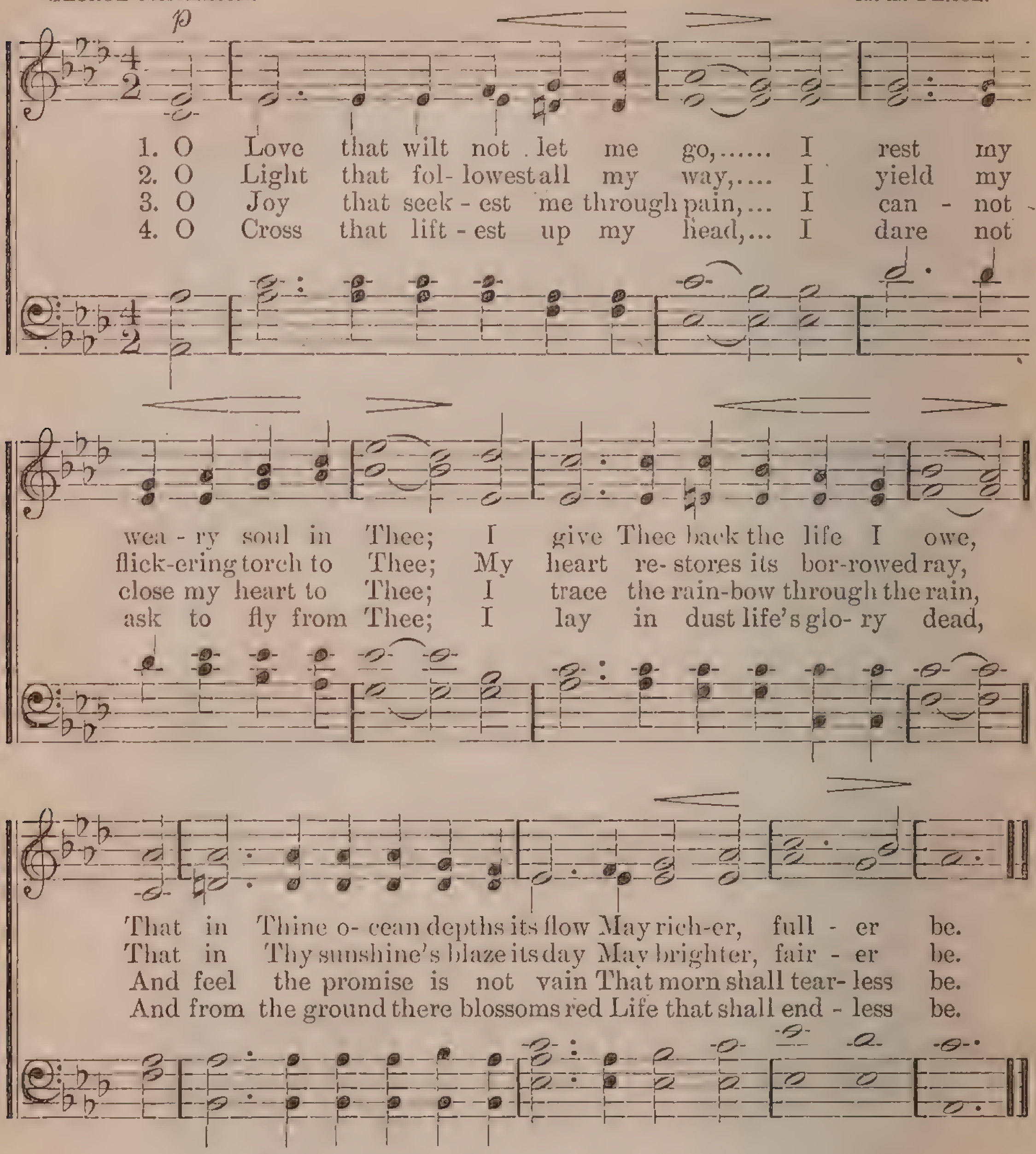
D.C.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol- ly Thine for - ev - er-more.
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci- fied.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now,

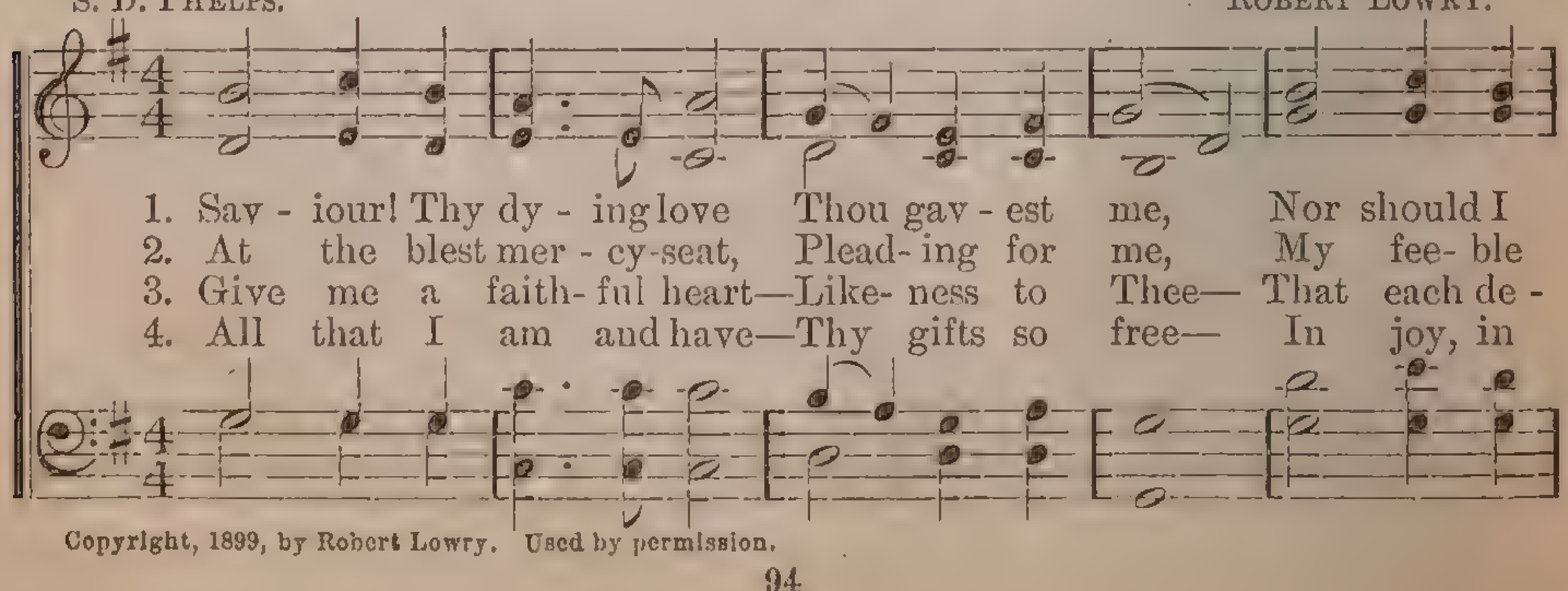
No. 78. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. A. L. PEACE.



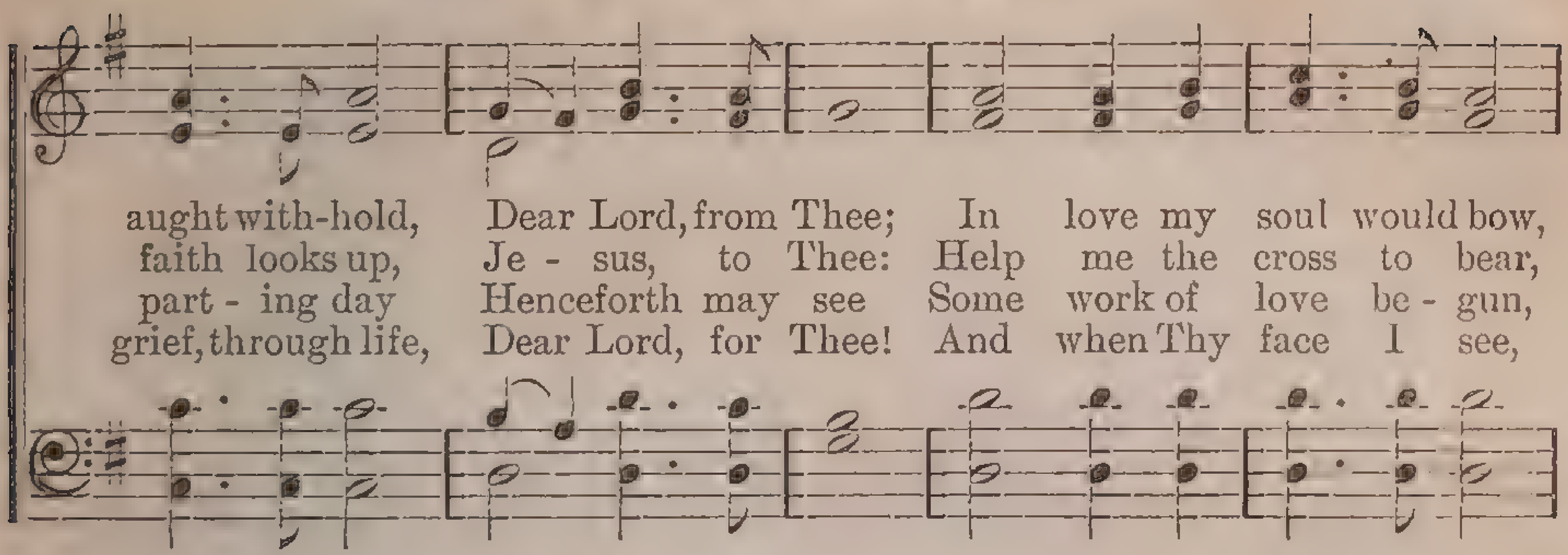
No. 79. Something for Jesus.

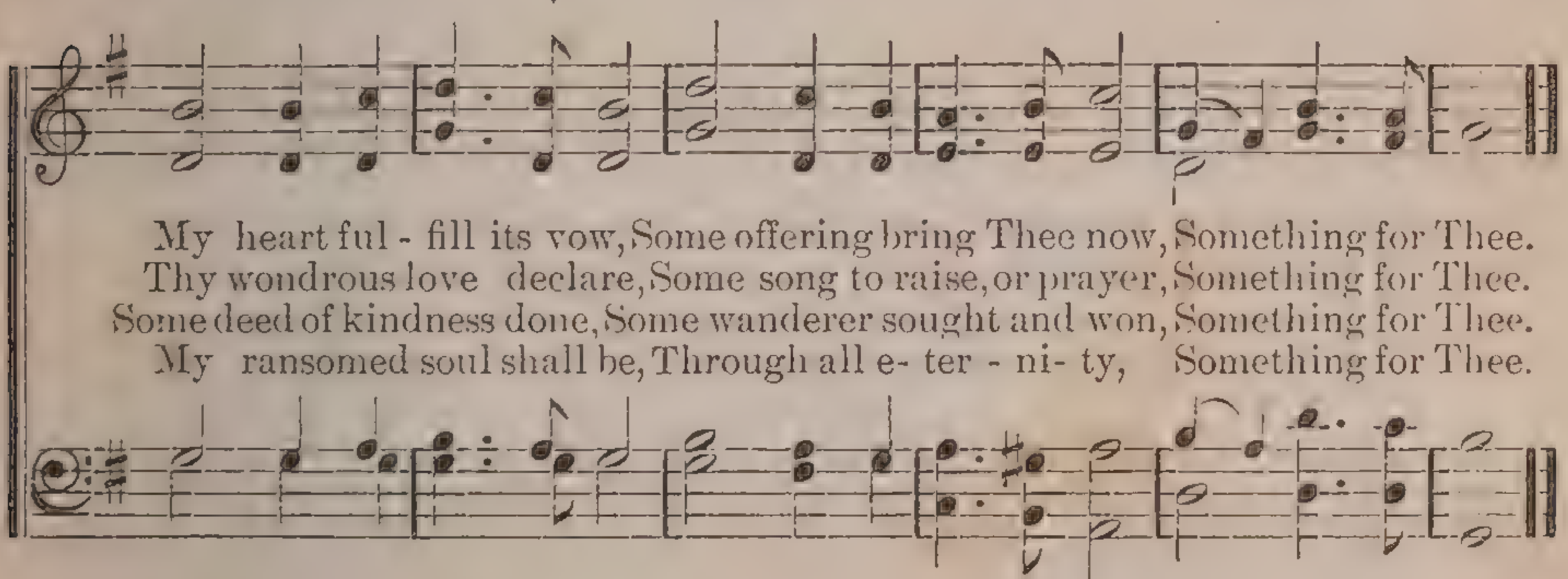
S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.



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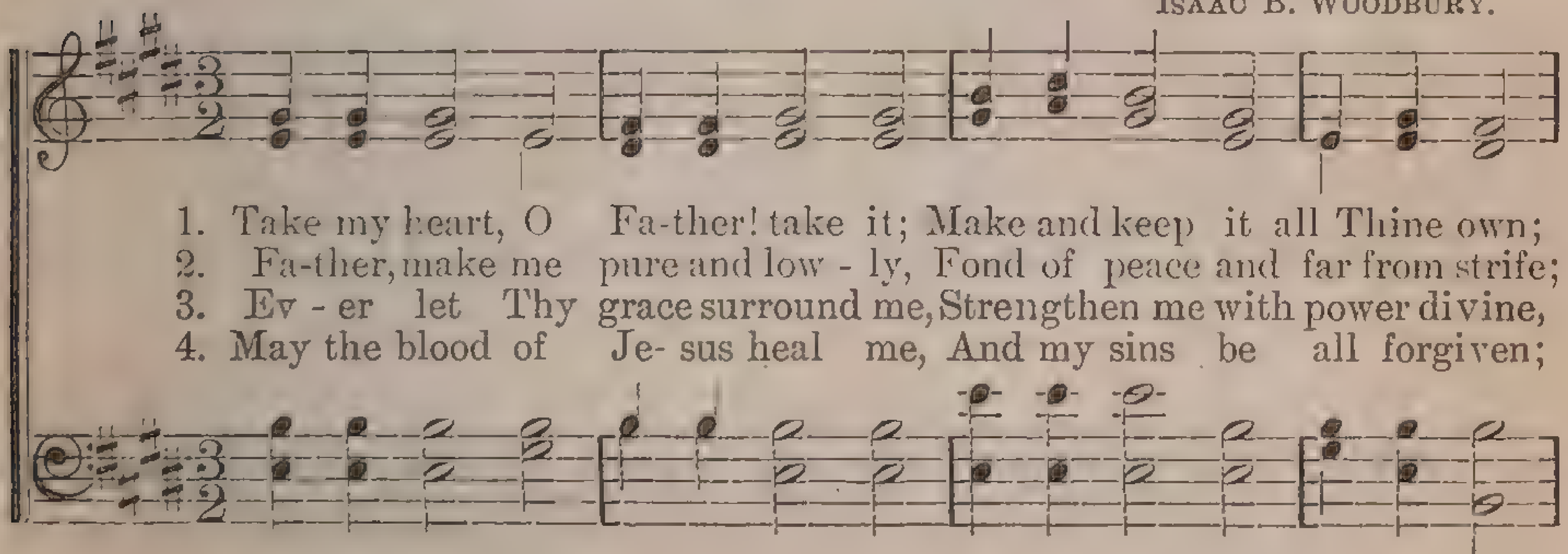
Something for Jesus.—Concluded.

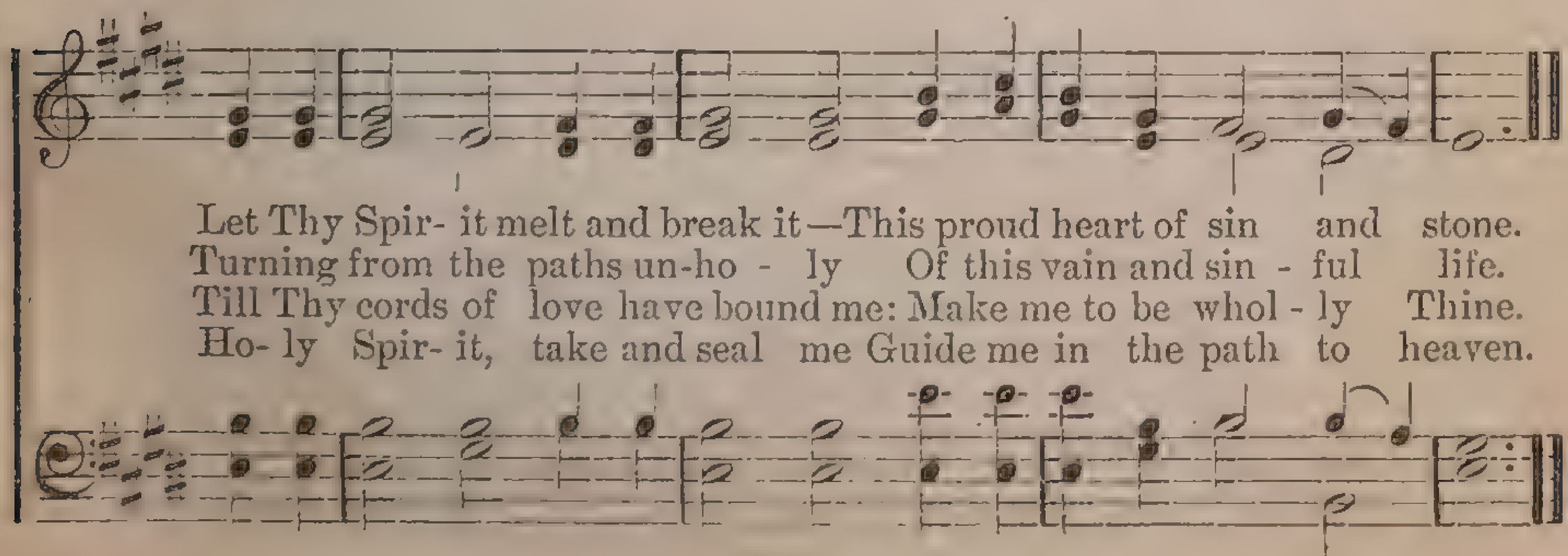




No. 80. Take My Heart.

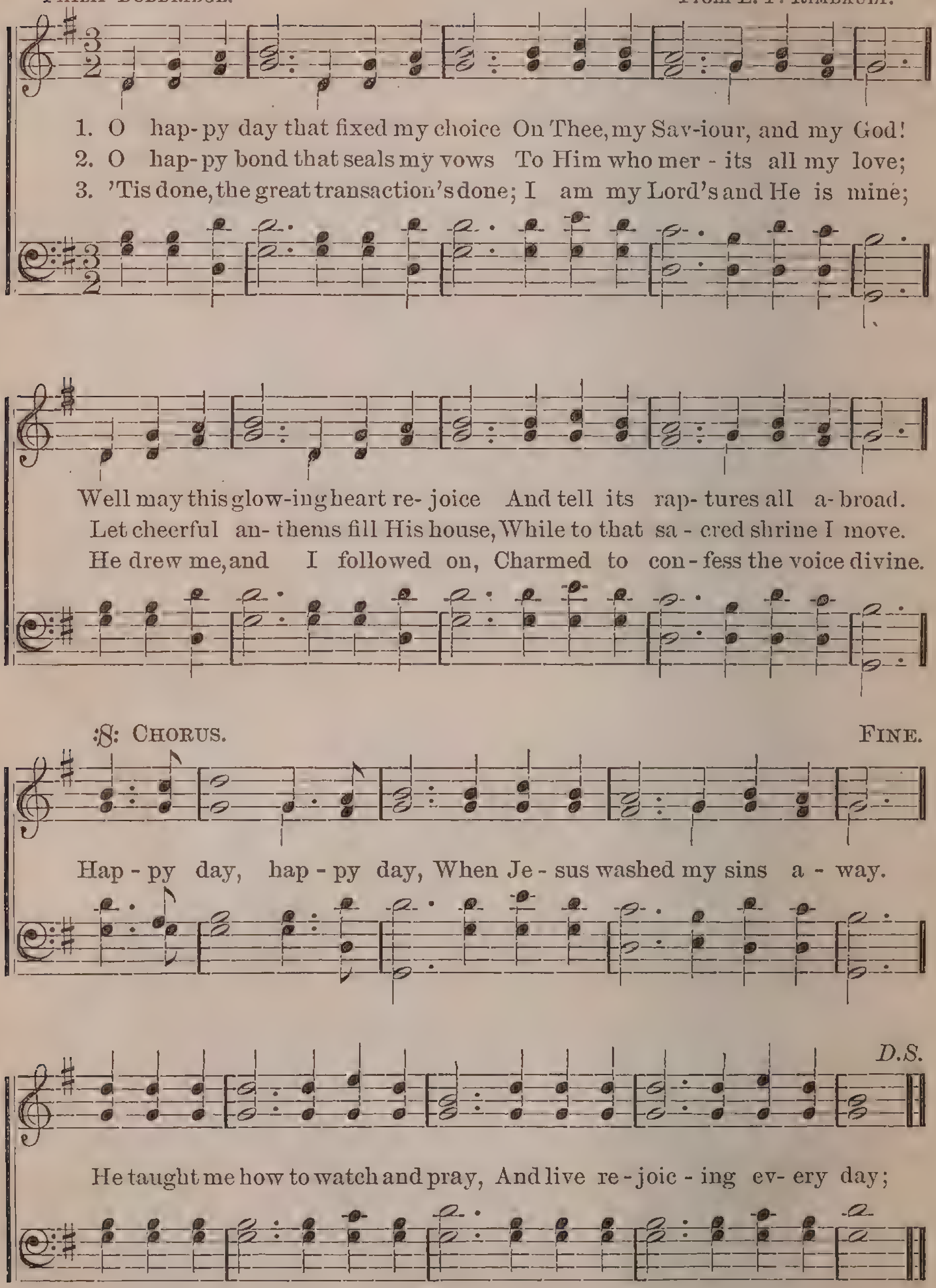
ISAAC B. WOODBURY.





No. 81. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.



4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 82. O Jesus, I Have Promised.

JOHN E. BODE. ARTHUR H. MANN.

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
3. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee

Be Thou for- ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt- ing sounds I hear;
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv- ant be;

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

No. 83. Take Thou My Hands and Lead Me.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. Horstmann. Fr. Silcher.

1. Take Thou my hands and lead me Over life's rough way; With heavenly
2. Take me, O Lord, and hide me In folds of grace, That I, what-
3. Full oft it seems Thou hid - est Thy wondrous might; Yet to the

mamma feed me From day to day. A - lone, I'm ev - er stray - ing
e'er be- tide me, May see Thy face; Draw me in Thy good pleas- ure
goal Thou guid-est Though dark the night. Then take my hands and lead me

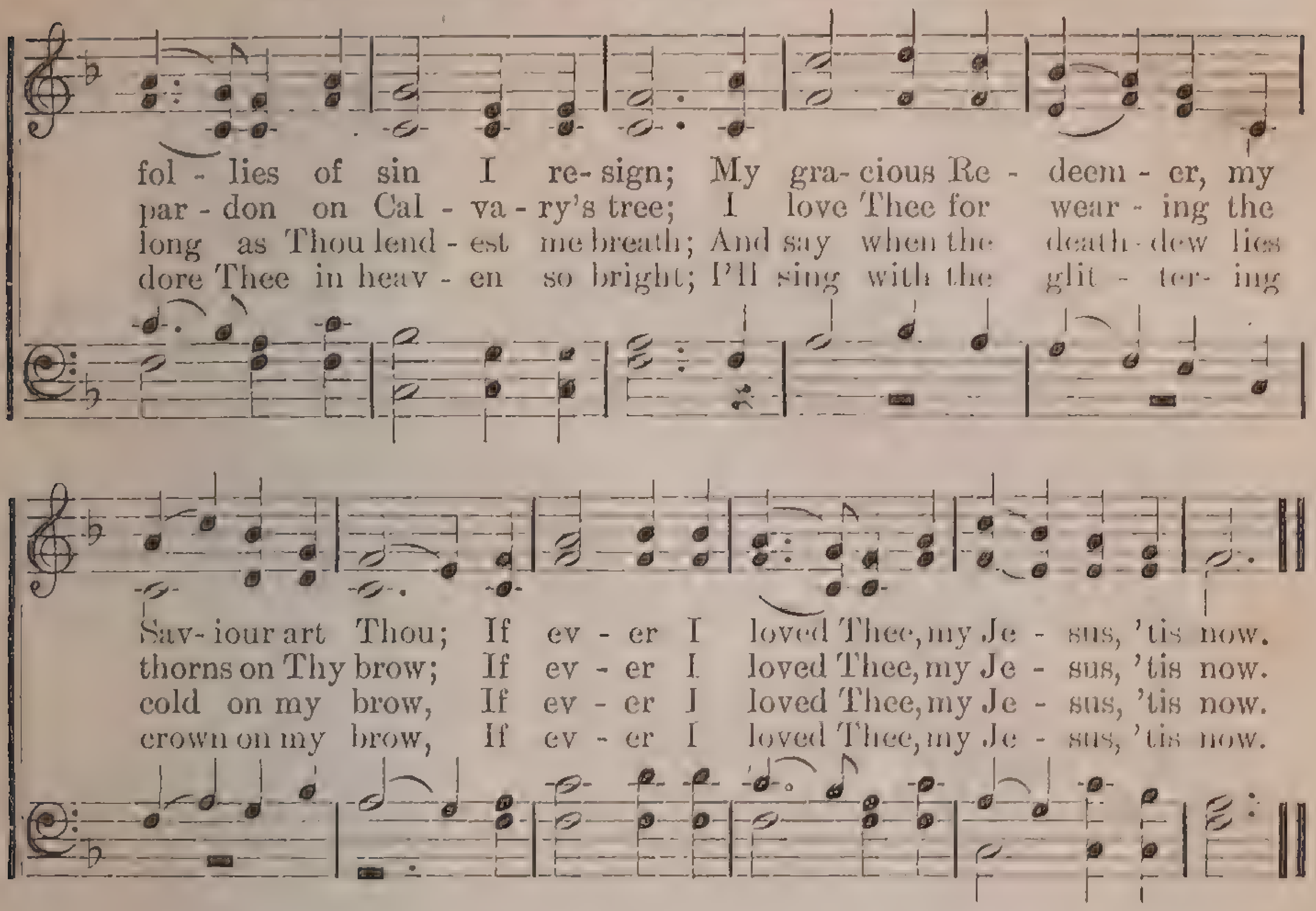
From Life a - way: With Thee beside me stay - ing I'm safe ad- way.
Near un - to Thee, And grant me faith's full measure, Though naught I see.
Till life is o'er; With heavenly mamma feed me For ev - er - more.

No. 84. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anon. Adoniram J. Gordon.

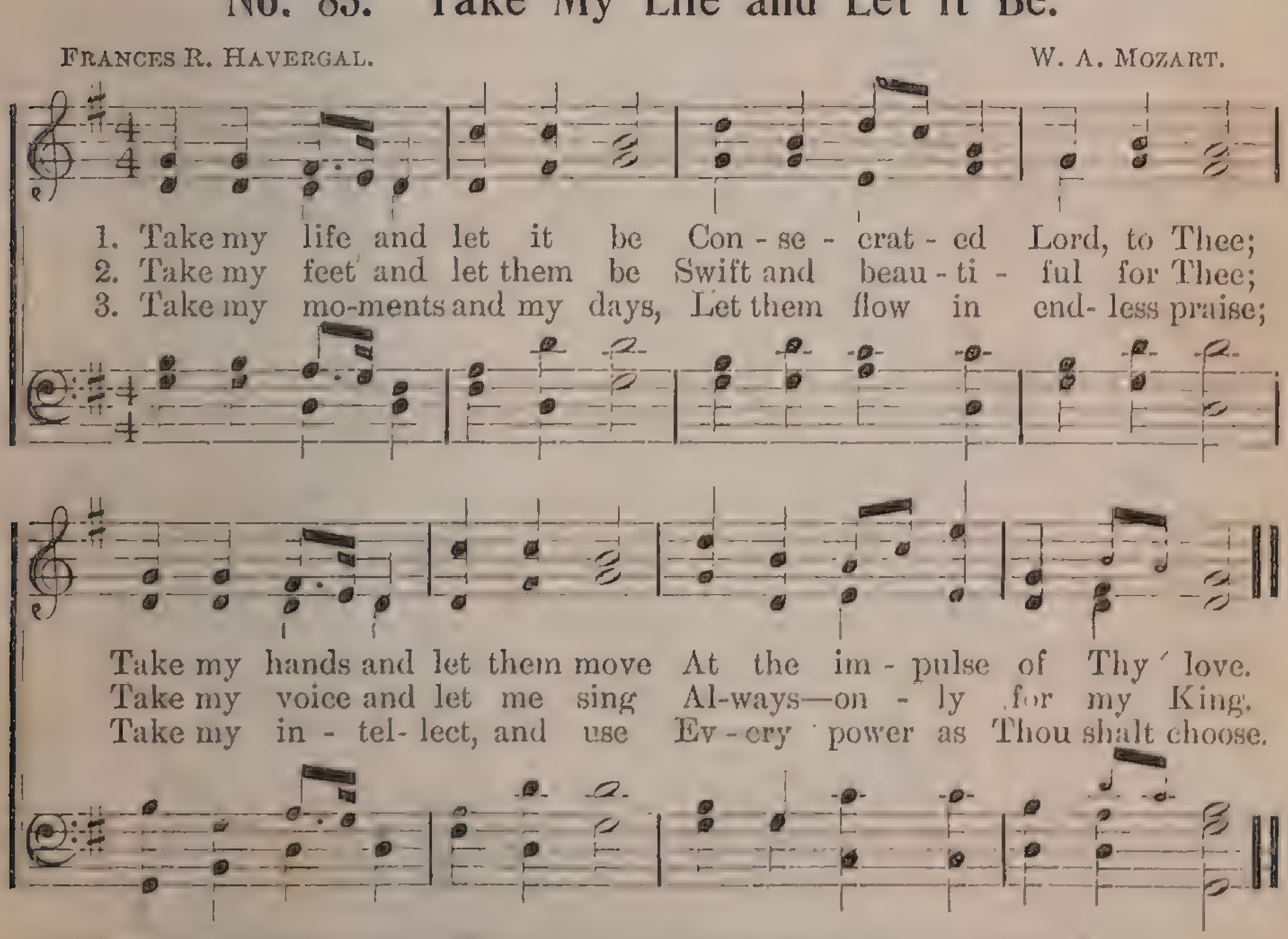
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov- ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end- less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.



No. 85. Take My Life and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. MOZART.



4 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store
Take my-self, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 86. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con- se- crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the power of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead- fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be- fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach

And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, near- er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near- er, near- er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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No. 87. Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth- er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold- en grain;
Follow- ing Him I know I'm right, Keeping His cross with-in my sight;
Beau- ti - ful life with such a friend; Beauti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun- shine and rain, and gold- en grain, He's my friend.
Fol- low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

No. 88. Come to the Saviour Now.

JOHN M. WIGNER. FREDERICK C. MAKER.

1. Come to the Sav - iour now! He gen - tly call - eth thee;
2. Come to the Sav - iour now! Ye who have wan- dered far,
3. Come to the Sav - iour, all! What- e'er your bur - dens be;

In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee.
Re - new your sol - emn vow, For His by right you are.
Hear now His lov - ing call—"Cast all your care on me."

He wait - eth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace and love,
Come, like poor wander-ing sheep Re - turn - ing to His fold;
Come, and for ev - ery grief In Je - sus you will find

True joy on earth be - low, A home in heaven a - bove.
His arm will safe - ly keep, His love will ne'er grow cold.
A sure and safe re - lief, A lov - ing Friend and kind.

No. 89. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

BENJ. SCHMOLK, tr. WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine!
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' ma - ny a tear,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well with me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;
Each chang-ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

Through sor - row or through joy Con - duct me as Thine own,
Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 90. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed about With ma - ny a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee: O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings and fears within, with-out: O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 91. My Life, My Love.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va- ry, To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee, And O how glad my soul should be,

D. C. for Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
That Thou didst give Thy- self for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

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No. 92. Come Unto Me Ye Weary.

WILLIAM C. DIX. SIGISMOND THALBERG.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un - to Me, dear chil-dren, And I will give you light."
3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint-ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who - so - ev - er com- eth I will not cast him out."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest;
O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night:
O peace - ful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife;
O pa - tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt:

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
The foe is stern and eag - er, The fight is fierce and long;
Which calls us,—ver - y sin - ners, Un- worth - y though we be

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.
But morn - ing brings us glad- ness, And songs the break of day.
But Thou hast made me might - y, And stron - ger than the strong.
Of love so free and bound - less,— To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

rit.

No. 93. He Leadeth Me.

JOS. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the victory's won,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa- ters still, o'er troubled sea, —Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, whatev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead- eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

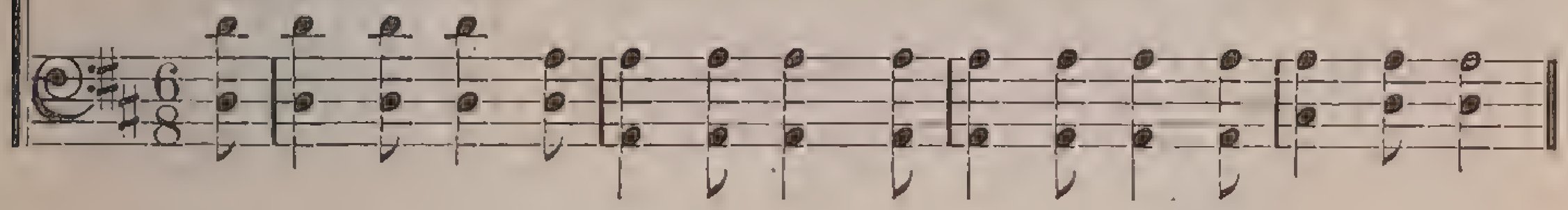
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead- eth me.

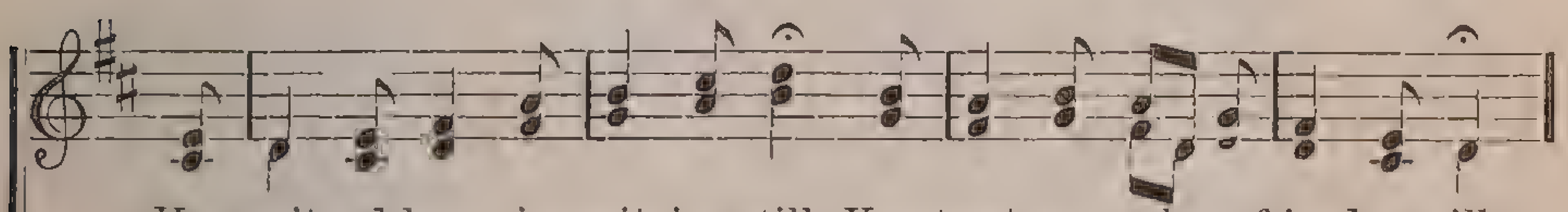
No. 94. At the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG. IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Be- hold a Stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before,
2. O! love - ly at - ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and lad-en hands;
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver - y friend you need—
4. Rise, touched with grat-itude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
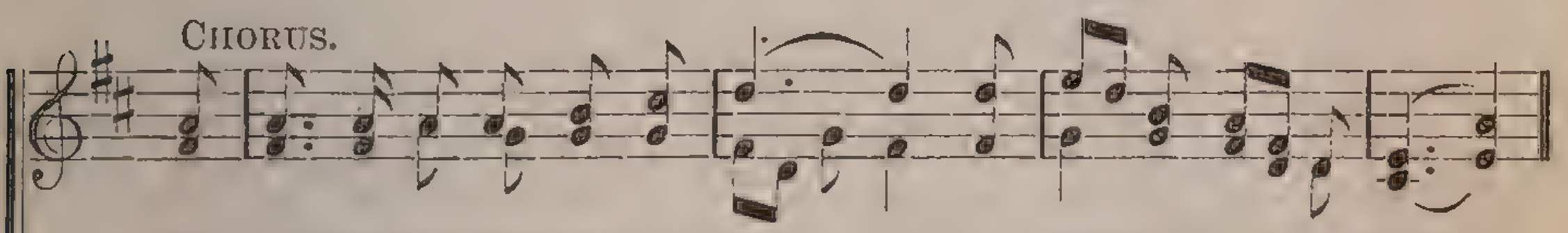




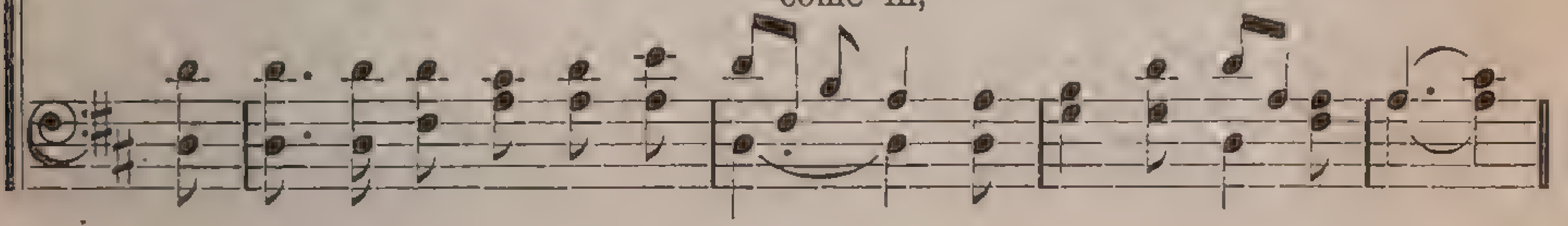
Has wait- ed long, is wait- ing still; You treat no oth- er friend so ill.
Oh! matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin- ners; yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de-stroy-ing mon-ster, sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.



CHORUS.

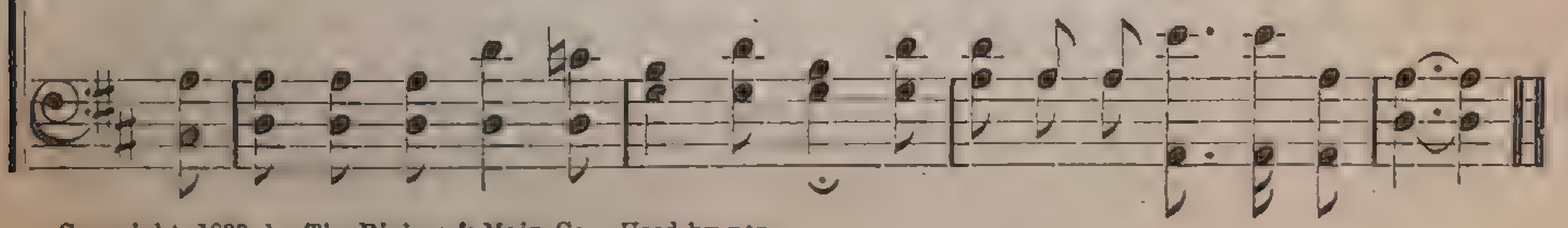


Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, ... He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
come in,





Oh, keep Him no more out - side the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.



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No. 95. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y- where?
3. Are we weak and heavy - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - erything to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis- cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Pre- cious Saviour, still our ref - uge! Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - erything to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev-ery weak- ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a - so-lace there.

No. 96. I Heard the Voice.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Arr. from L. SPOHR.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till traveling days are done.

No. 97. Sweet are the Promises.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word, Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten- der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to Me," Wea - ry, heav - y

a - ny mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
a - ny love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex- am-ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith- ful is He; He the great ex- am-ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith- ful and sure; Lean up- on thy Saviour and thy soul is se-cure.

Chorus.

Where.....He leads I'll fol - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1. Fol - - low all the way,
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way,

2. Follow Je- sus ev - ery day.

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No. 98. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. DUET. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up- on you roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He brings; Lean- ing on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
3. Though I pass through the night of sor- row, And the chil- ly waves of Jor- dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - iour is so near;
4. When at last to our home we gath-er, With the loved ones who have gone be- fore, We will sing up-on the shore, Praising Him for - ev - er more:

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je-sus ev-ery day, Je - - - sus, He will help you Je-sus all the way, when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus.

Copyright by P. P. Bilhorn. Used by permission.

No. 99. Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de- lay; Here in His word He's
2. "Suf - fer the chil - dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev - ery heart leap
3. Think once a- gain, He's with us to- day; Heed now His blest com-

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's stand- ing to - day,
forth and re - joice, And let us free - ly make Him our choice;
mands, and o - bey; Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say,

CHORUS.

Ten- der - ly say-ing, "Come!"
Do not de-lay, but come.
"Will you, my children, come?"
} Joy- ful, joy - ful will the meeting be,

When from sin our hearts are pure and free; And we shall
gath - er, Sav - iour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

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No. 100. Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him, dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je- sus I am not a - fraid.
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear- est ways, An - y-where with Je- sus is a house of praise.
3. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er more to roam, An - y-where with Je- sus will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know, An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner. By per.

No. 101. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *pp* *m*

1. Soft-ly and tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

m

Come home,..... come home,..... Ye who are wea-ry, come home,.....
Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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No. 102. Far Out on the Desolate Billow.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND. FERD. SILCHER.

1. Far out on the des-o-late bil - low, The sail - or sails the sea;
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo-som, The mi - ner mines the ore;
3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The stead-fast sol - dier goes,
4. Lord, grant as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe;

Alone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan - gers be.
Death lurks in the dark be-hind him, And hides in the rock be - fore.
No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His eyes to ten-der-ly close.
Or fight in its ter - ri - ble con- flict, This com - fort all to know;

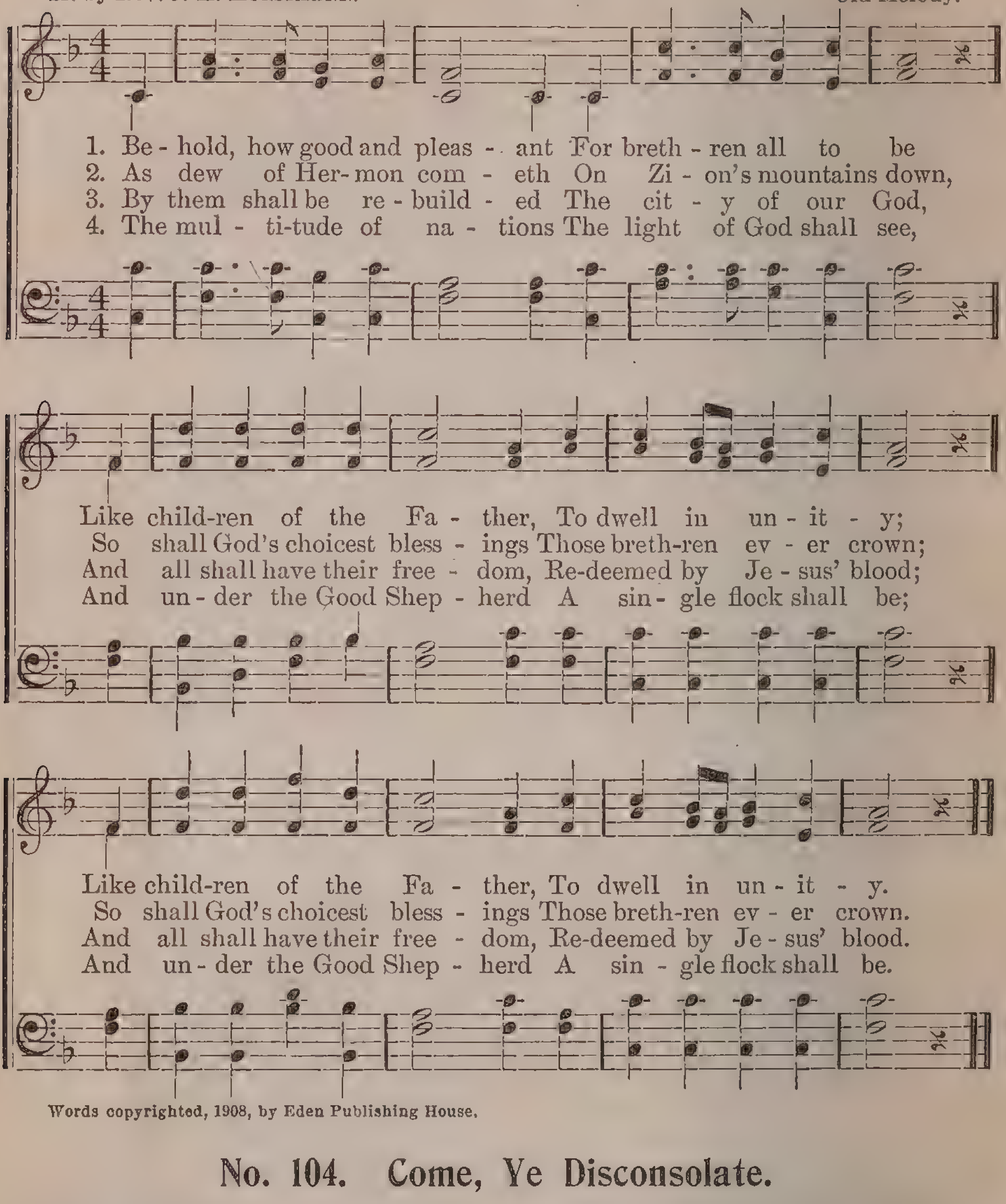
CHORUS.

Yet nev - er a- lone is the Chris-tian, Who lives by faith and prayer;
4th v. That nev-er a- lone is the Chris-tian, Who

For God is a friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.

No. 103. Brotherly Unity.

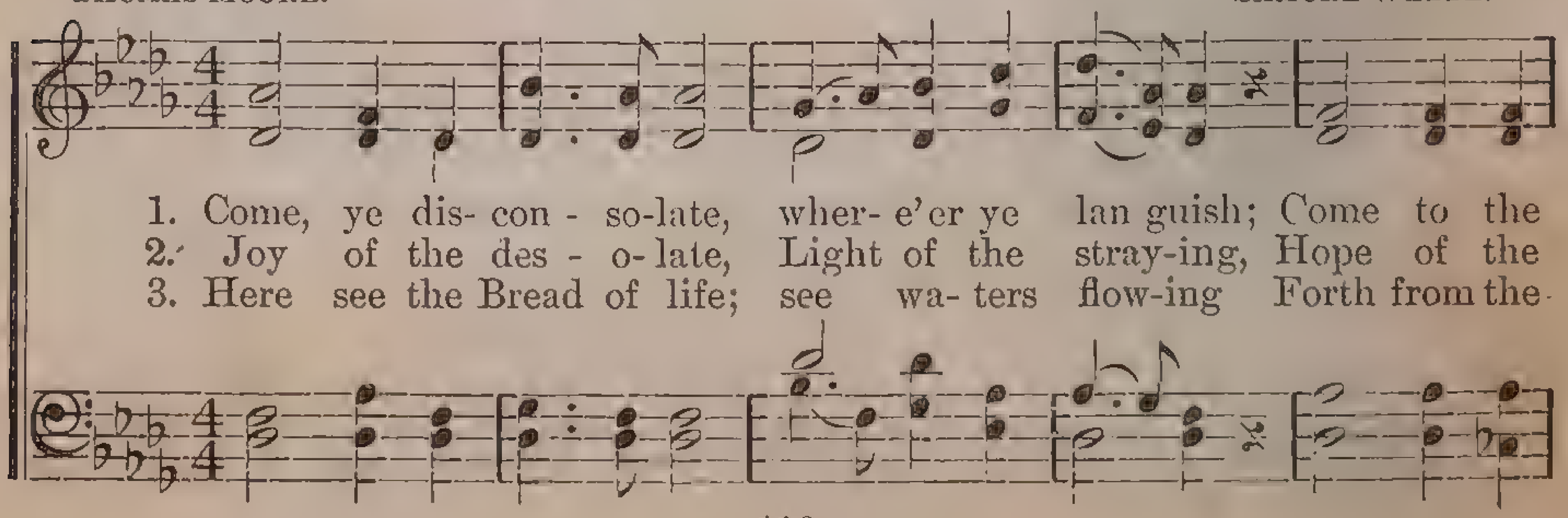
Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. Old Melody.



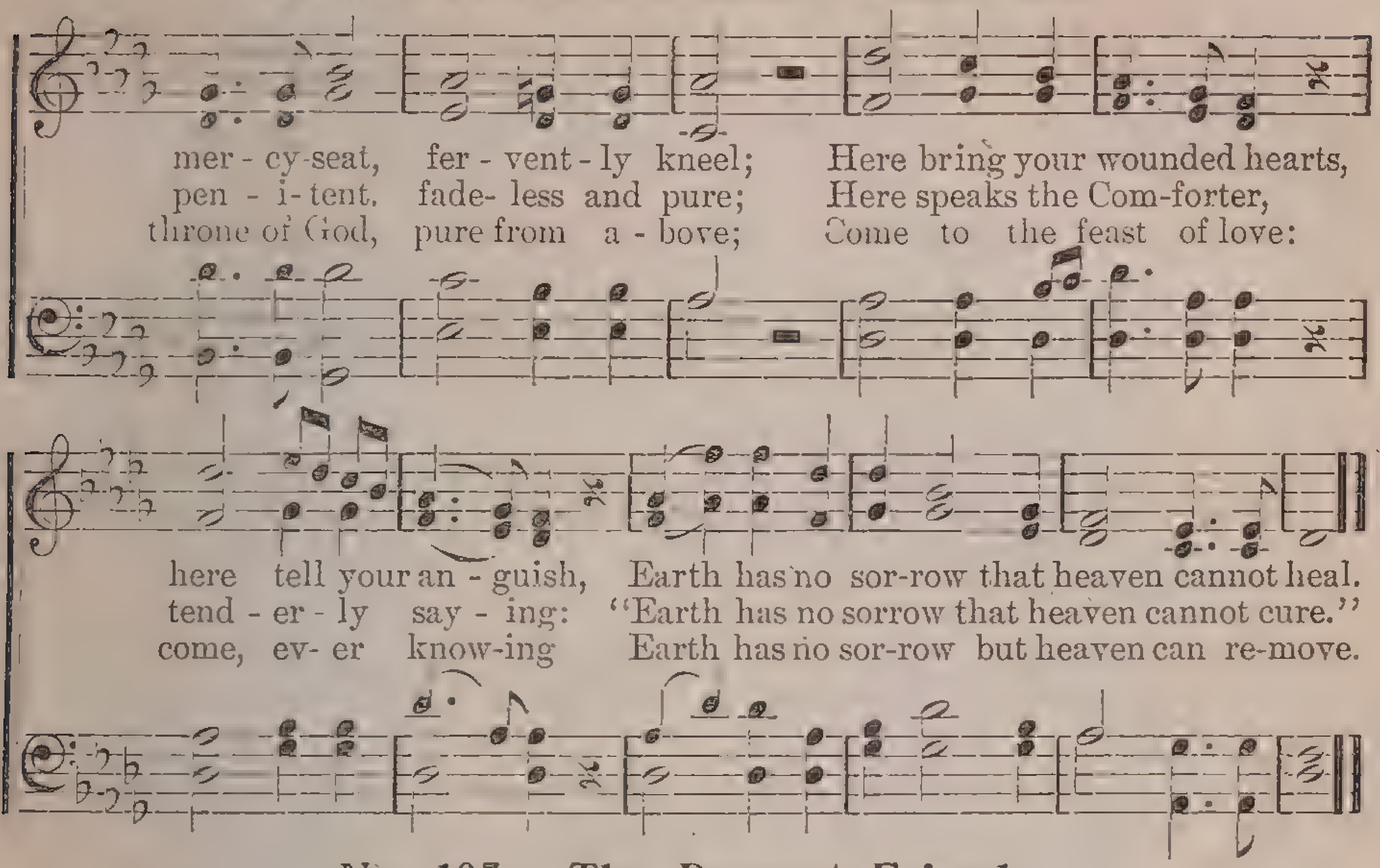
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No. 104. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

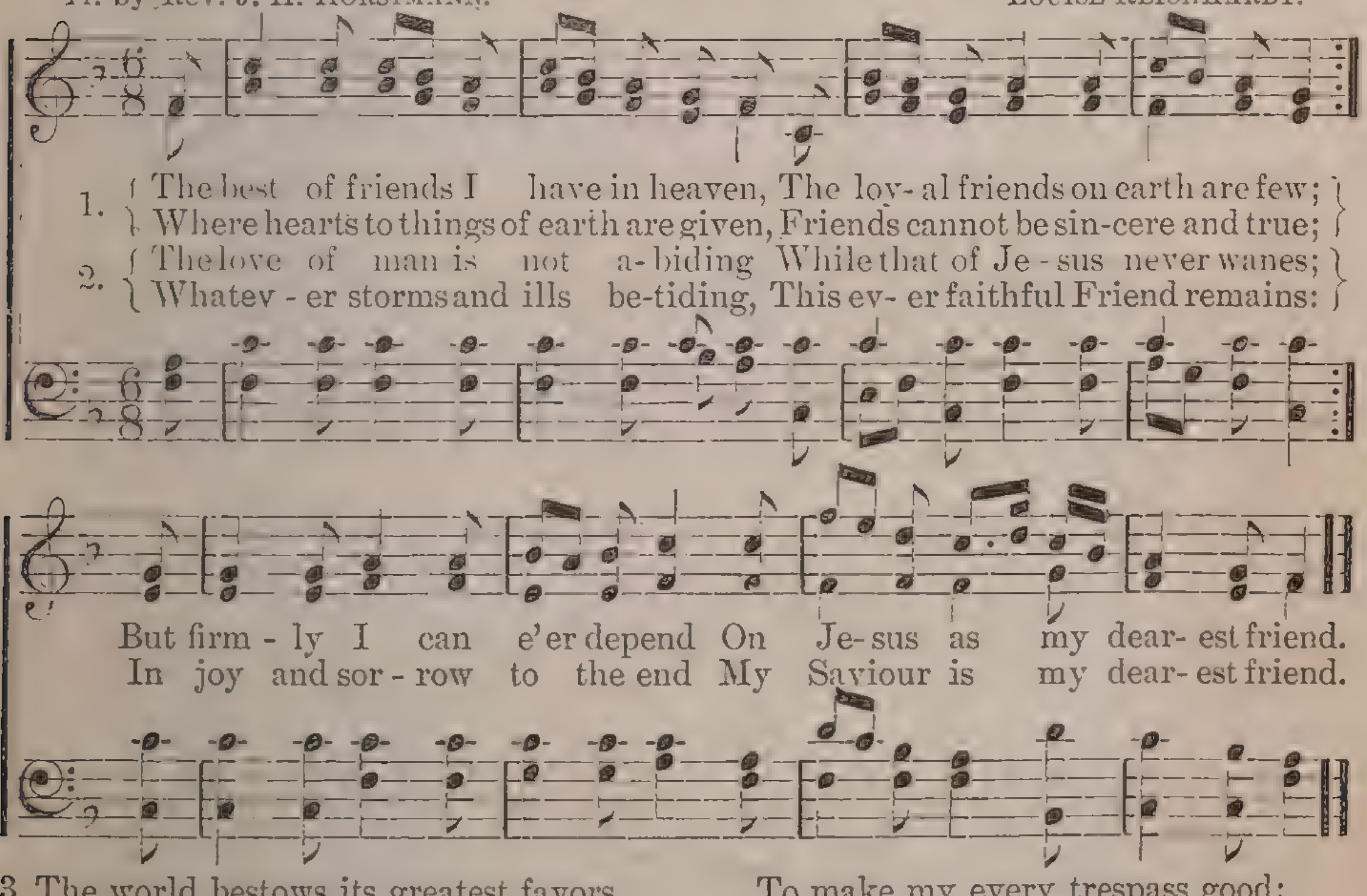


Come, Ye Disconsolate.—Concluded.



No. 105. The Dearest Friend.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. Horstmann. Louise Reichhardt.



3 The world bestows its greatest favors
On those who can and will repay;
Whenever fortune's friendship wavers,
Its favors too will pass away;
With Jesus such is not the end,
He always is the dearest friend.

4 'Twas love for me that made Him suffer
And shed for me His precious blood;
'Tis love alone that makes Him offer
To make my every trespass good;
From sin and death He can defend
And is indeed my dearest friend.

5 He is the friend above all others,
Whose heart and soul is wholly mine;
Whose love is stronger than a brother's,
And stands beyond the end of time:
Then praise with me unto the end
My Saviour as the dearest Friend.

Words copyright, 1908, by Eden Publishing Co.

No. 106. Jesus is Tenderly Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten- der - ly call- ing thee home— Call- ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call- ing the wea - ry to rest— Call- ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now— Wait-ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day,

call- ing to- day; Why from the sun- shine of love wilt thou roam
call- ing to- day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest;
wait-ing to- day; Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to- day; They who be - lieve on His Name shall re- joice;

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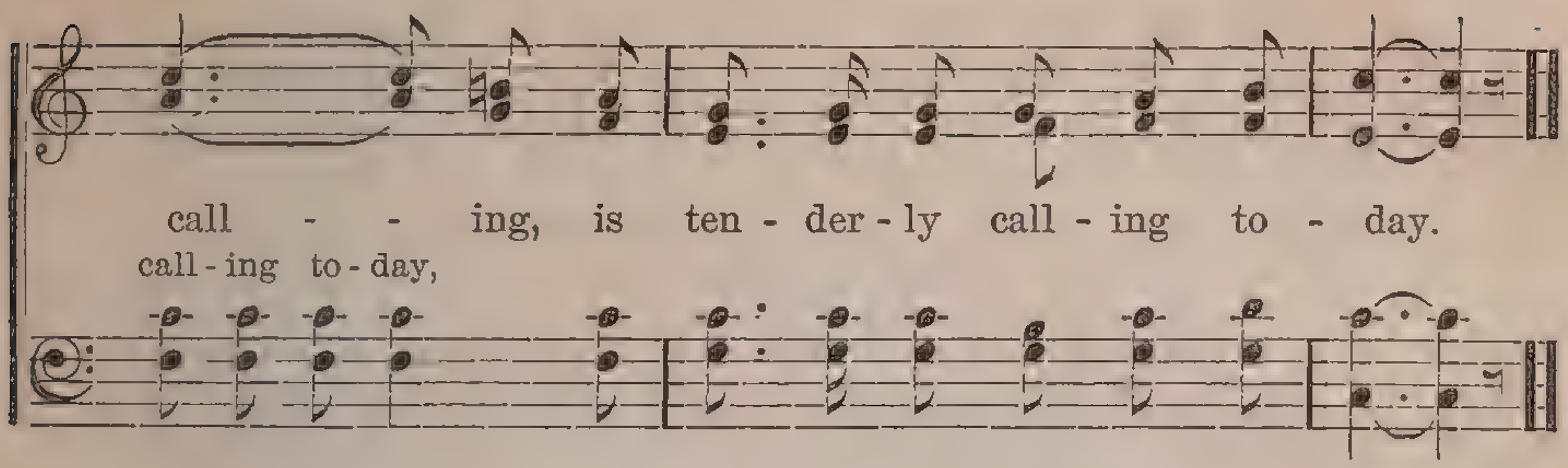
Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

Call - - ing to -
Call - ing, call - ing to -

day,..... call - - ing to - day;..... Je - - sus is
day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to- day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly

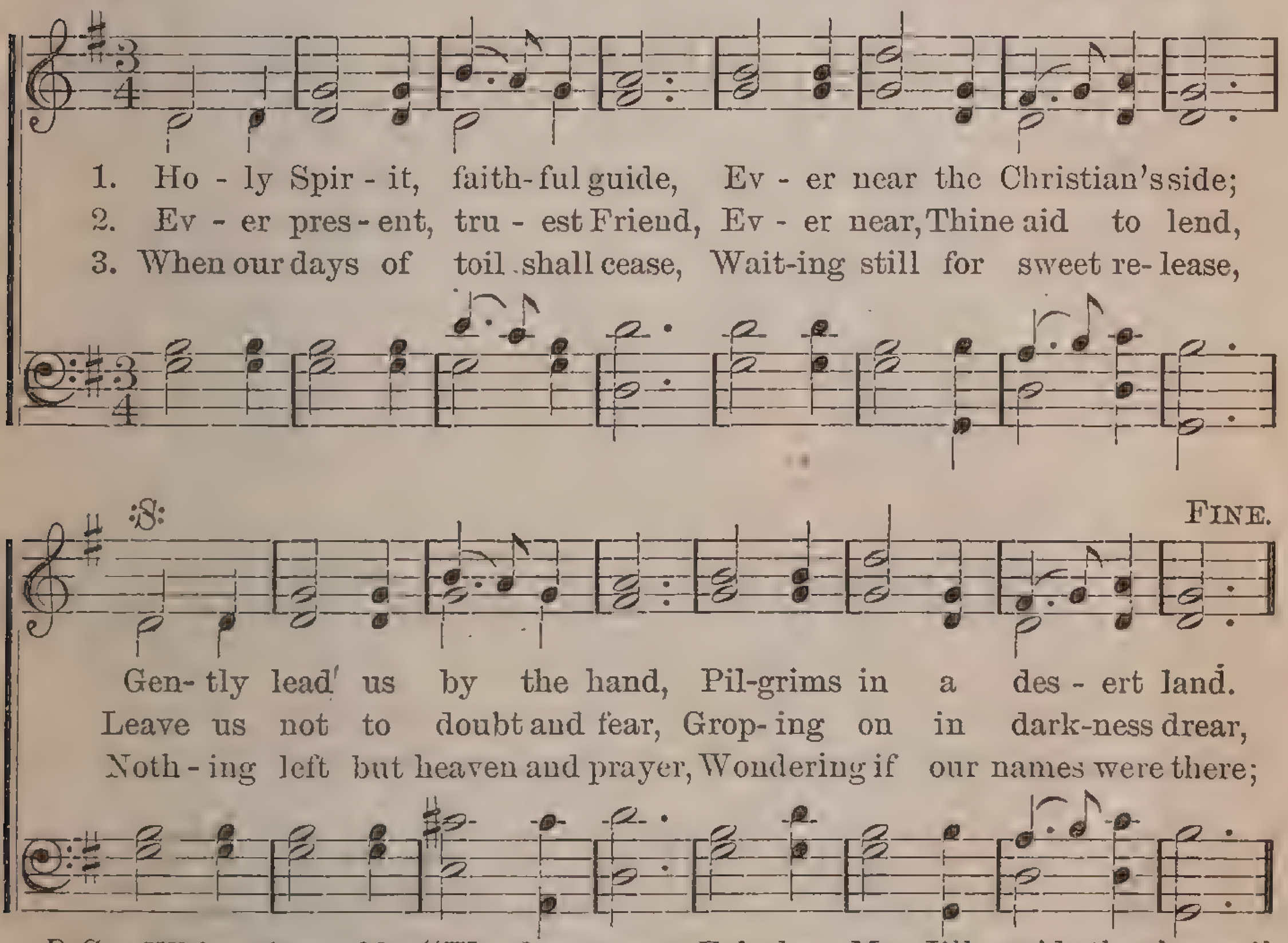
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Jesus is Tenderly Calling.—Concluded.



No. 107. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

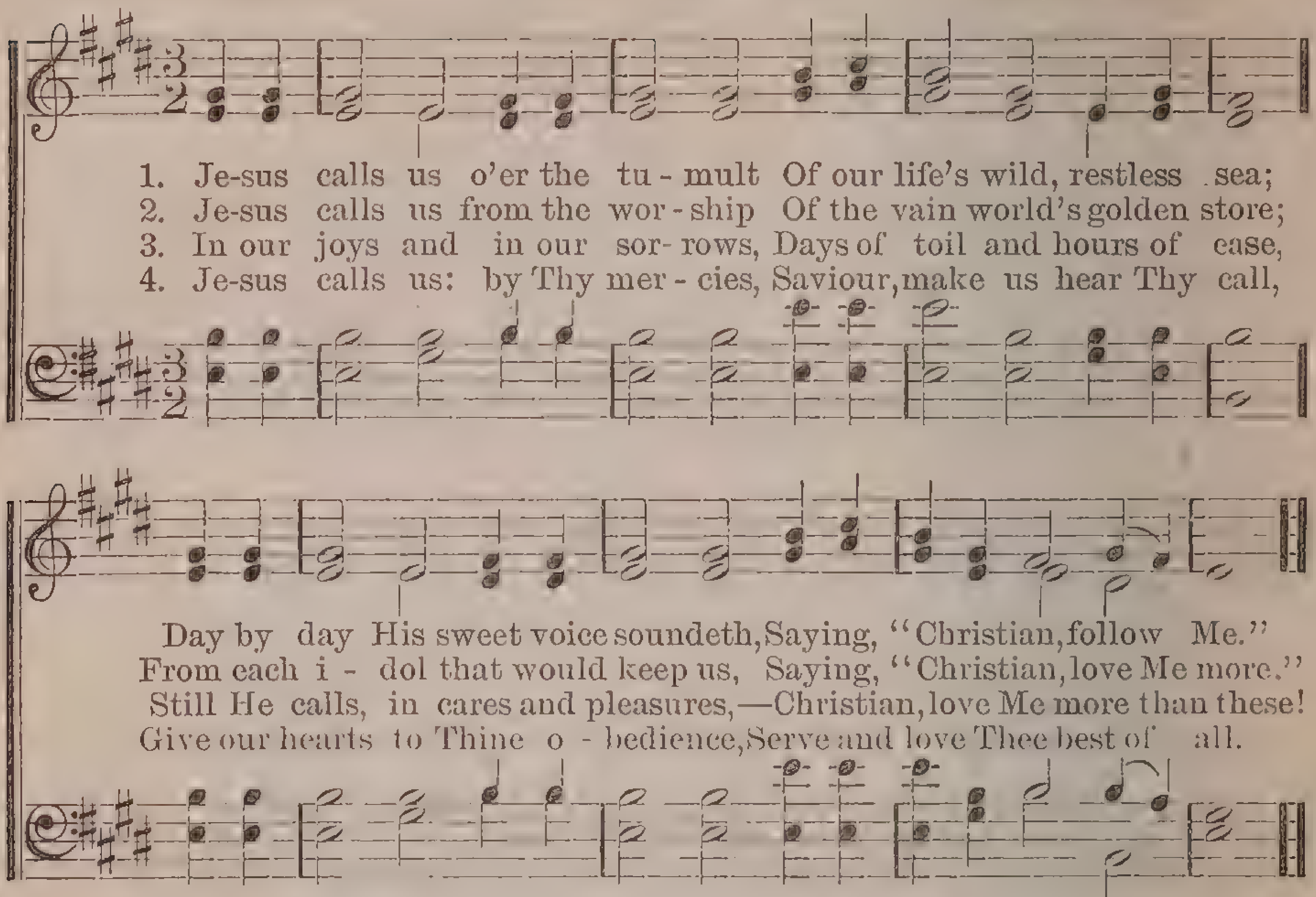
M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.



D.S.—Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come; Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
2. 3.—Whisper soft - ly,

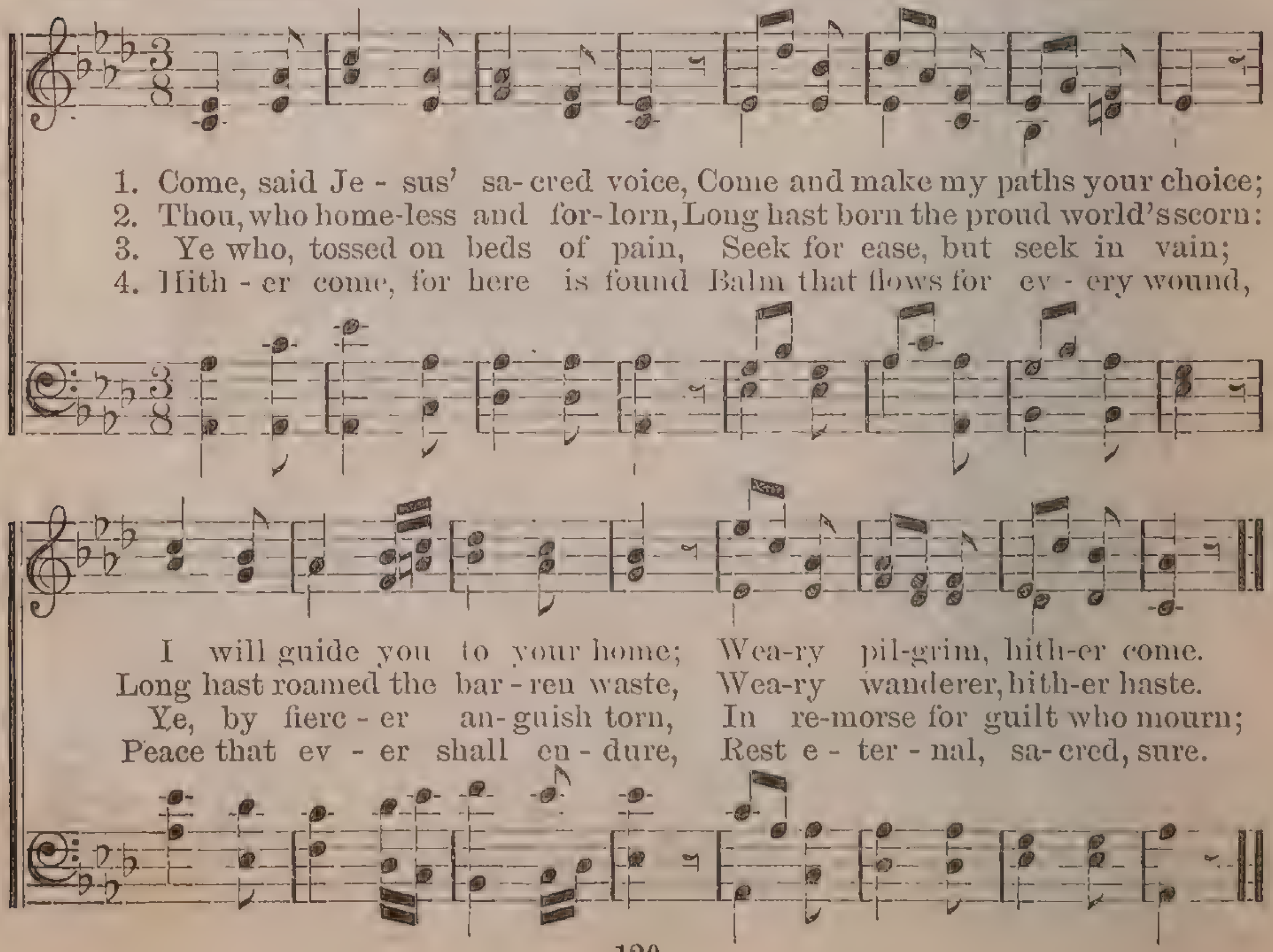
No. 108. Jesus Calls Us.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



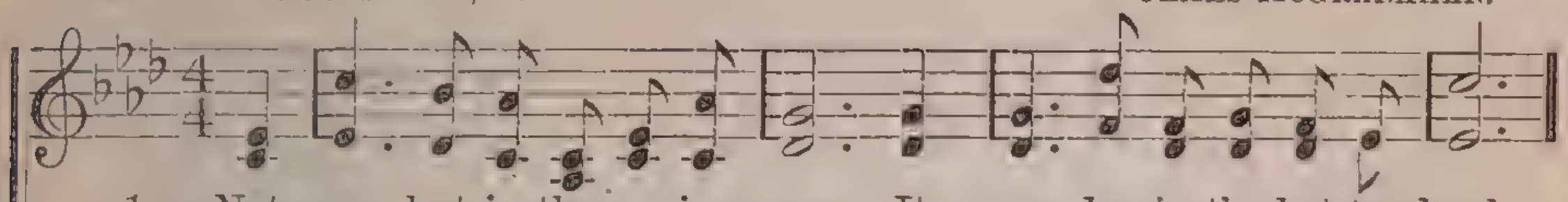
No. 109. Come, Said Jesus.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. XAVIER SCHNEIDER VON WARTENSEE.

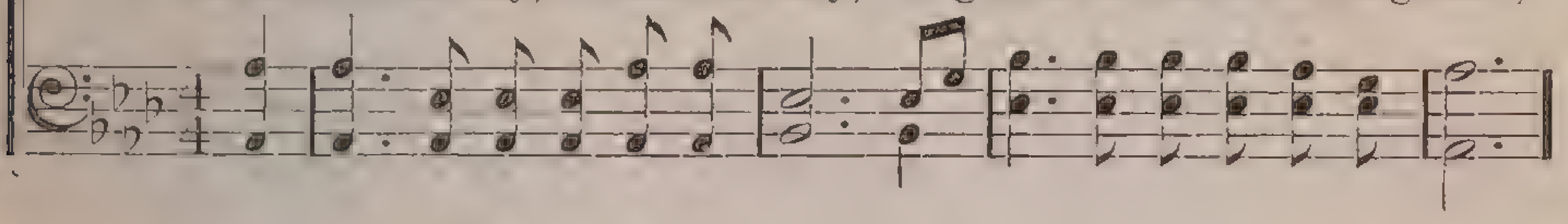


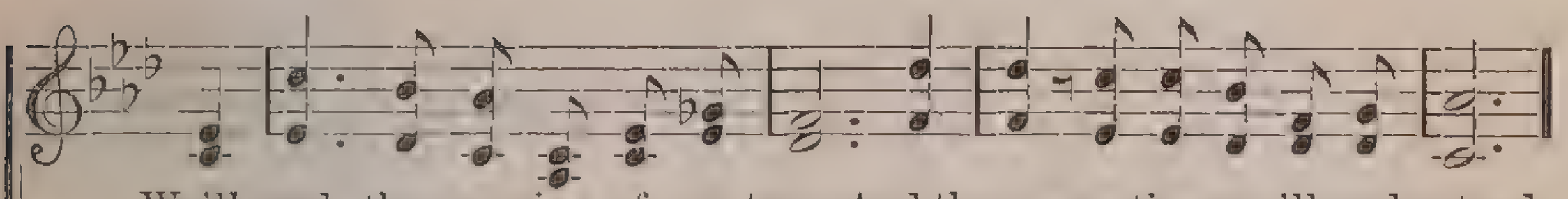
No. 110. Sometime We'll Understand.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

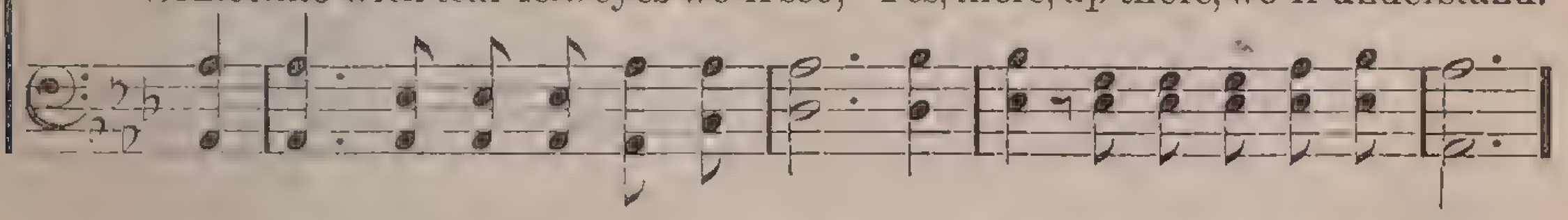


1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;
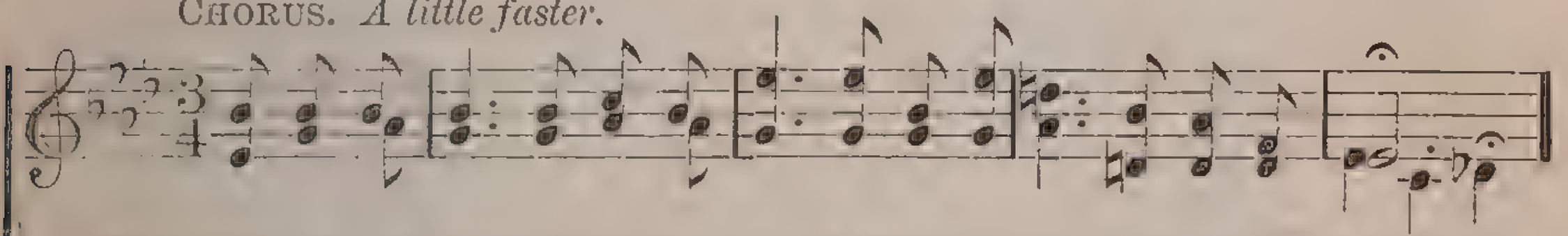




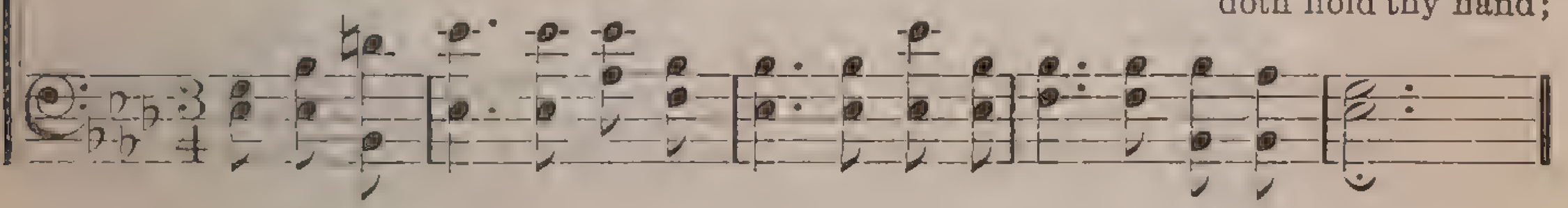
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Heaven will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
Sometime with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.



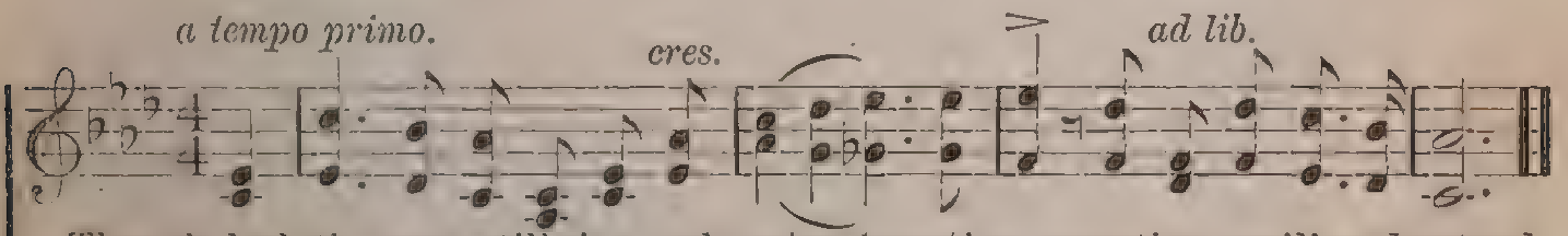
CHORUS. *A little faster.*



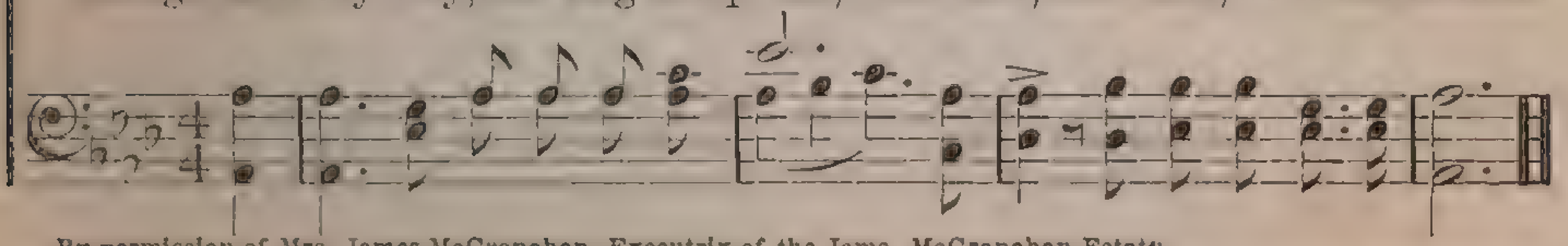
Then trust in God through all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold thy hand;



a tempo primo. *cres.* *ad lib.*



Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

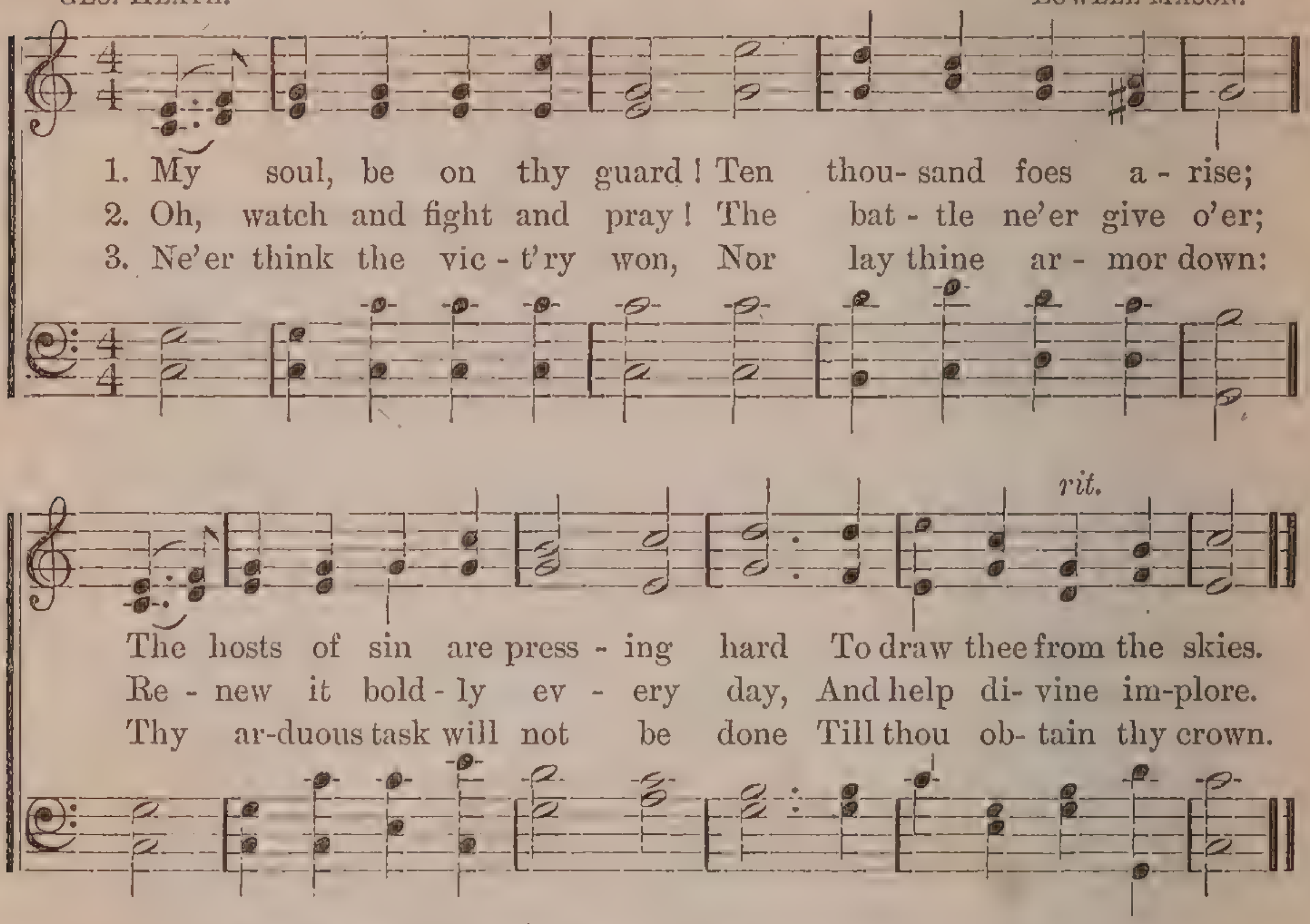


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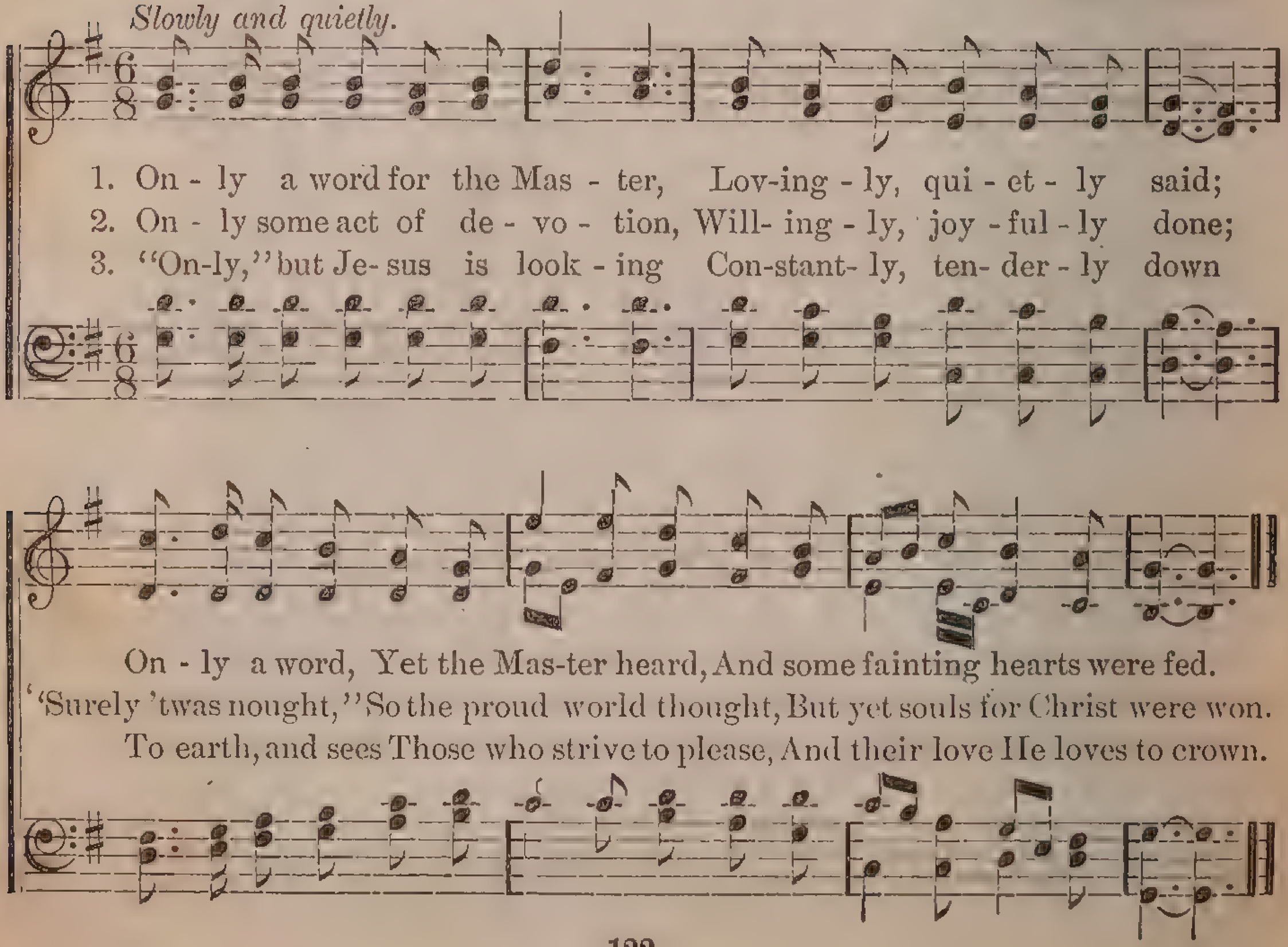
No. 111. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard!

GEO. HEATH. LOWELL MASON.



No. 112. Only a Word for the Master.

JOHN BRASH.



No. 113. Courage, Brother! Do Not Stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Cour - age, broth - er! do not stum - ble, Though thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the hum - ble: Trust in God and do the right.
2. Per - ish pol - i - cy and cun - ning, Per - ish all that tempts to sin; Light and truth thy foes will shun thee: Inward dark - ness comes within. Let the road be rough and drear - y, And its end far out of sight, Foot it brave - ly; strong or wea - ry, God and do the right.
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flat - ter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look a - bove thee: Trust in God and do the right. Trust no par - ty, sect, or fac - tion; Trust no lead - ers in the fight: But in ev - ery word or ac - tion Inward peace and in - ward might, Star up - on our path a - bid - ing And its light! Wheth-er los - ing, wheth - er win - ning, Trust in God and do the right. Sim - ple rule, and saf - est guid - ing, Inward light, and strength on high, Teach me thus to do in serv - ing As seeing Him who is unseen and nigh, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God and do the right.

No. 114. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA.

1. Flee as a bird to the moun - tain, Thou who art wea- ry of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev-ery fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear-flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so ten- der - ly there!

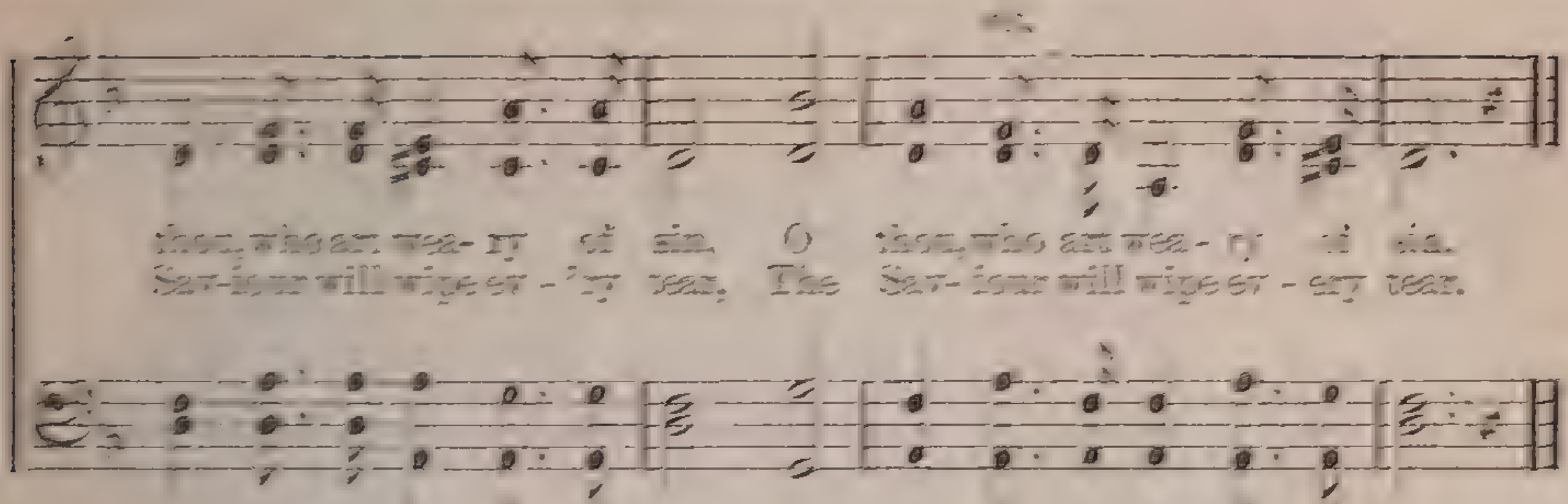
f agitato.

Fly, for th'a-ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Saviour will
Haste then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

a tempo.

hear thee; He on His bo - som will bear thee, O
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

Flee as a Bird.—Concluded.

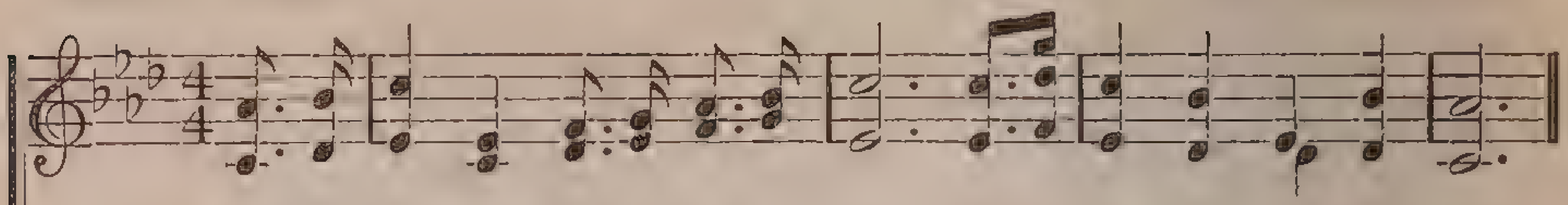


No. 115. Almost Persuaded.

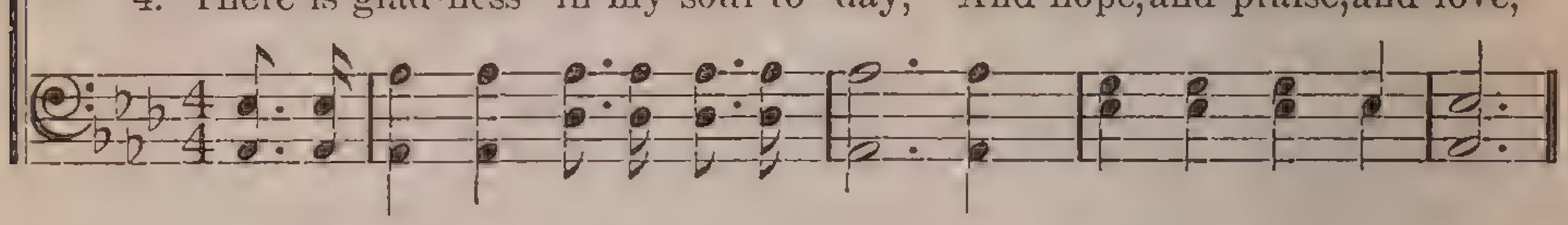
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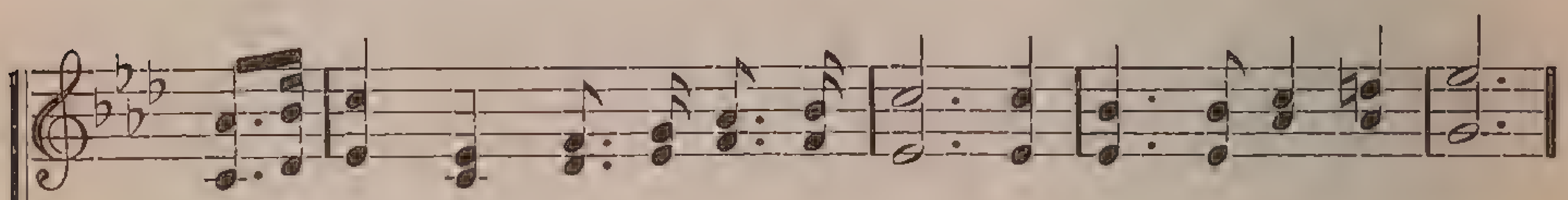
No. 116. There is Sunshine in the Soul.

ELIZA E. HEWITT. JOHN R. SWENEY.

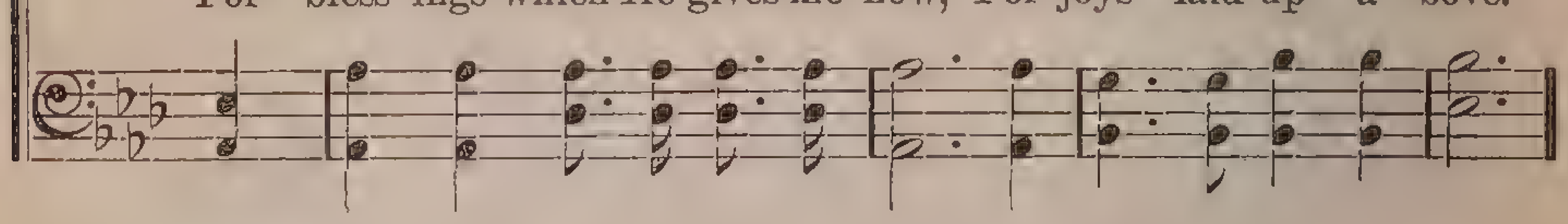


1. There is sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There is mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There is springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There is glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

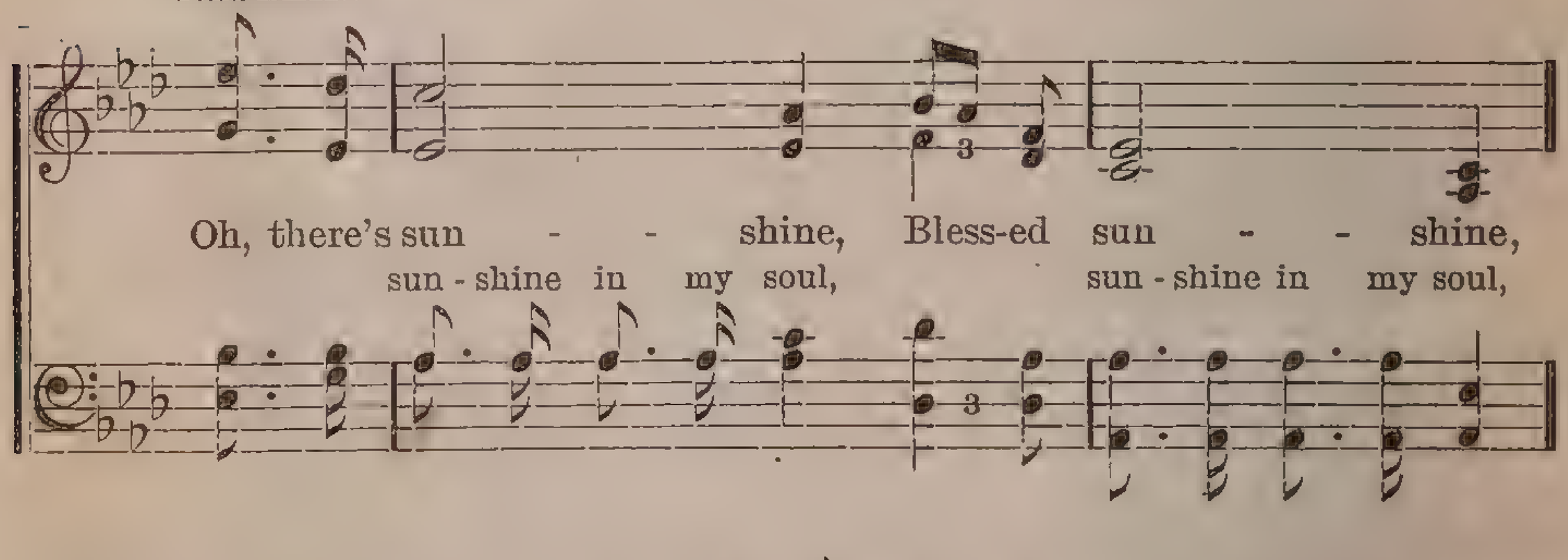




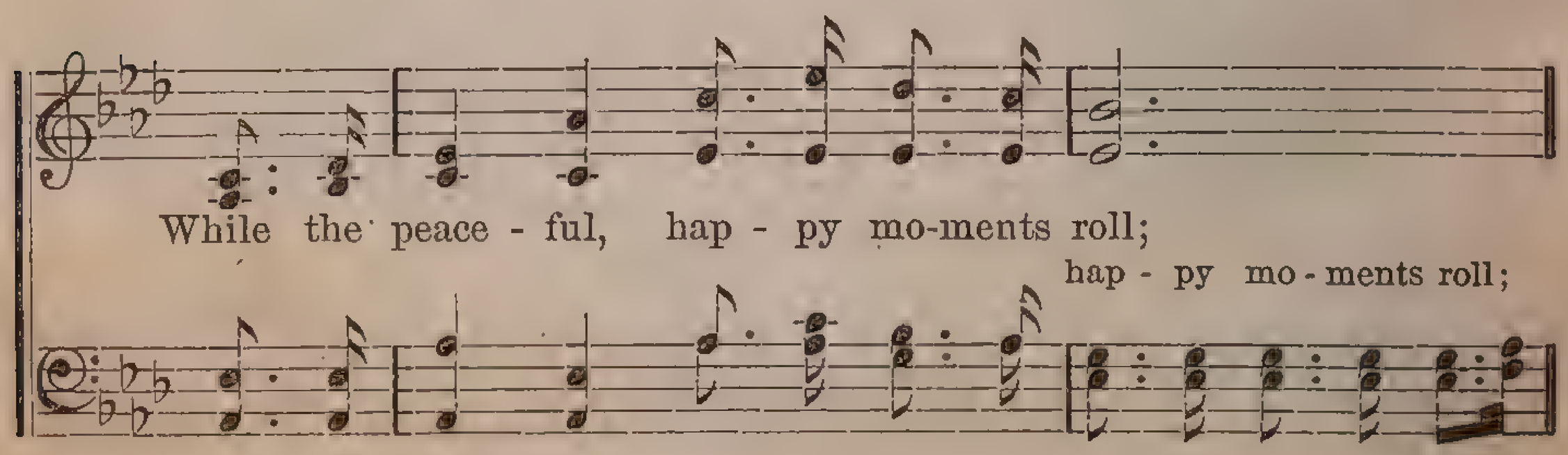
Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is the Light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear, The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a-bove.



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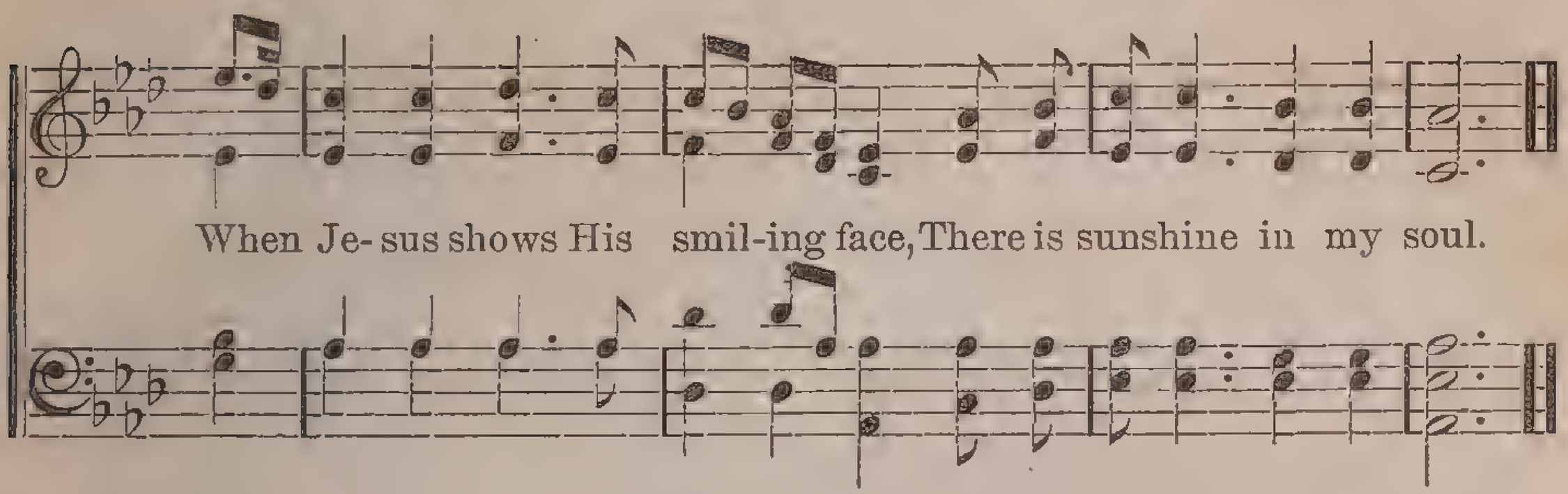
Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - shine,
sun-shine in my soul, sun-shine in my soul,



While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll;

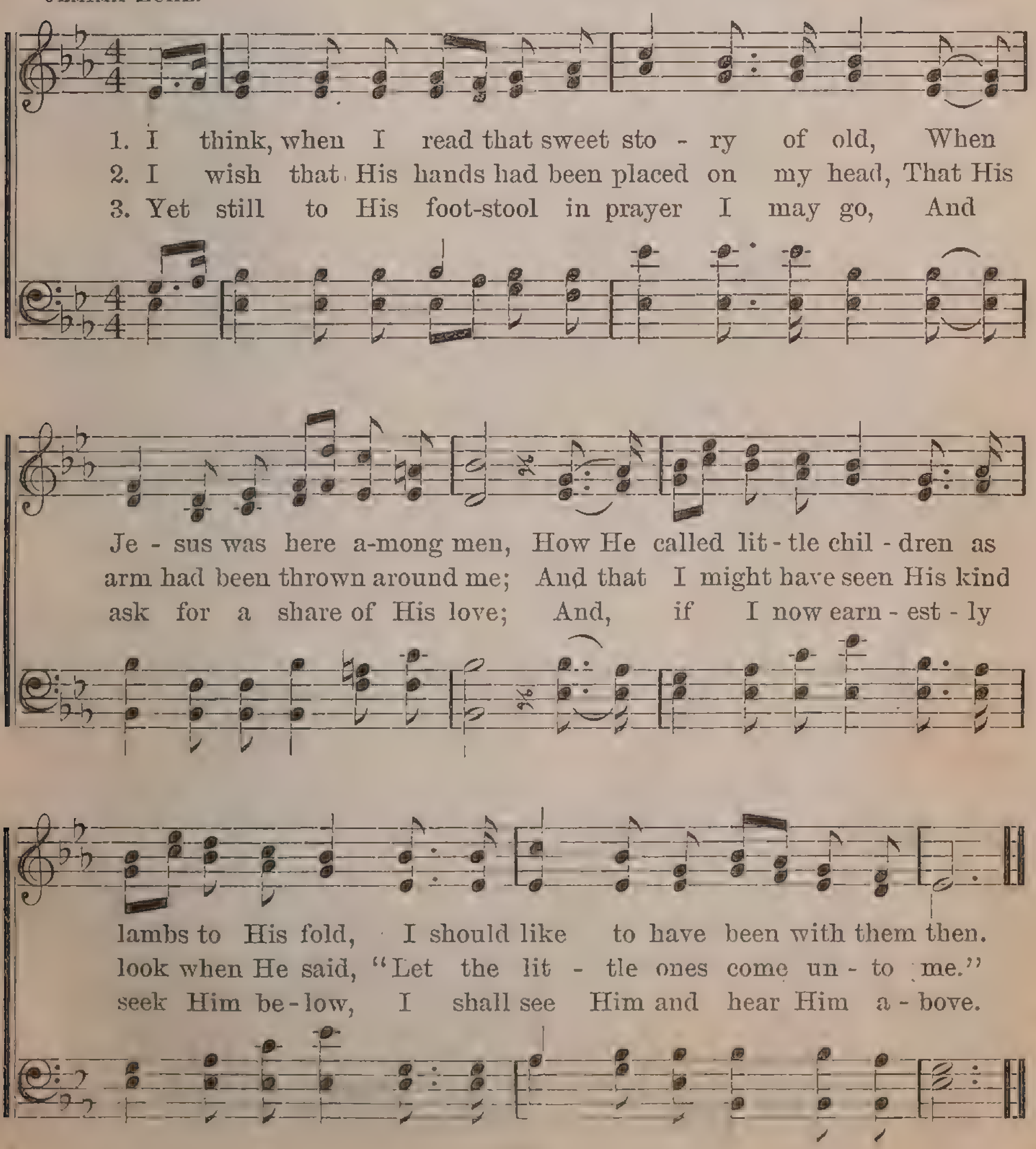
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There is Sunshine in the Soul.—Concluded.



No. 117. I Think, When I Read.

JEMIMA LUKE. Anon.



No. 118. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man- ful - ly on - ward
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's Name hold in rev-erence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
3. To him that o'er-com- eth God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall con - quer, Though oft-en cast down. He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
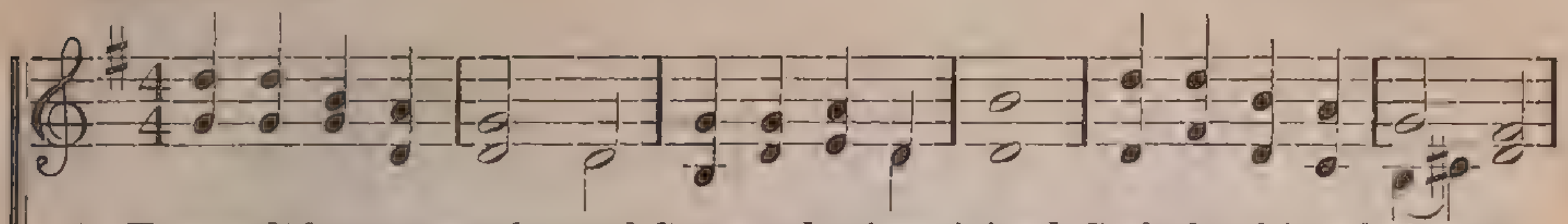
CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will- ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.
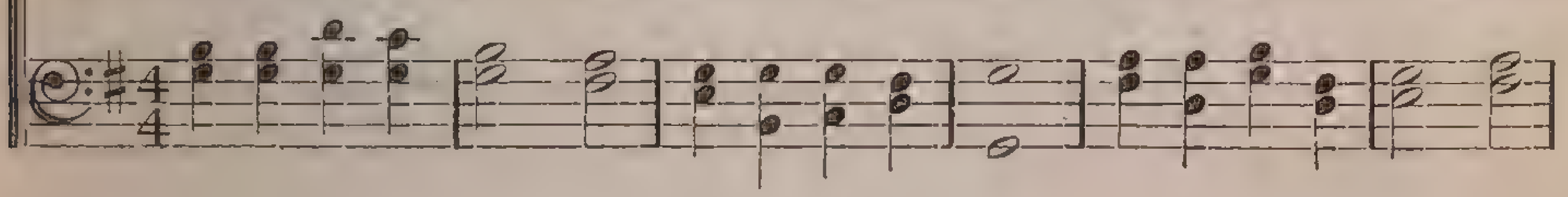
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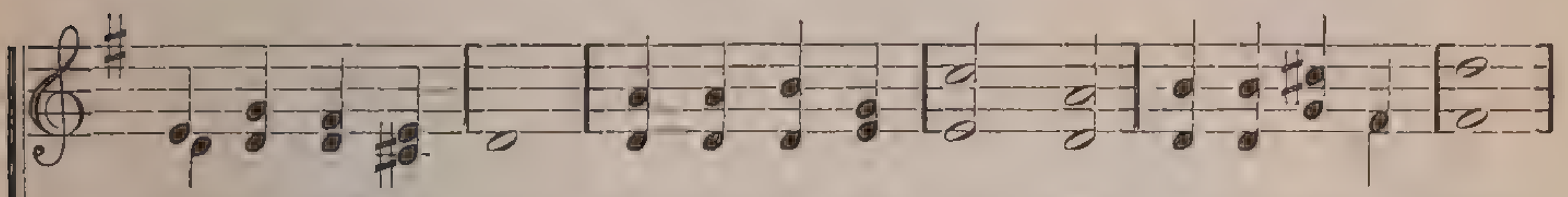
No. 119. Forward! be our Watchword.

HENRY ALFORD. HENRY SMART.
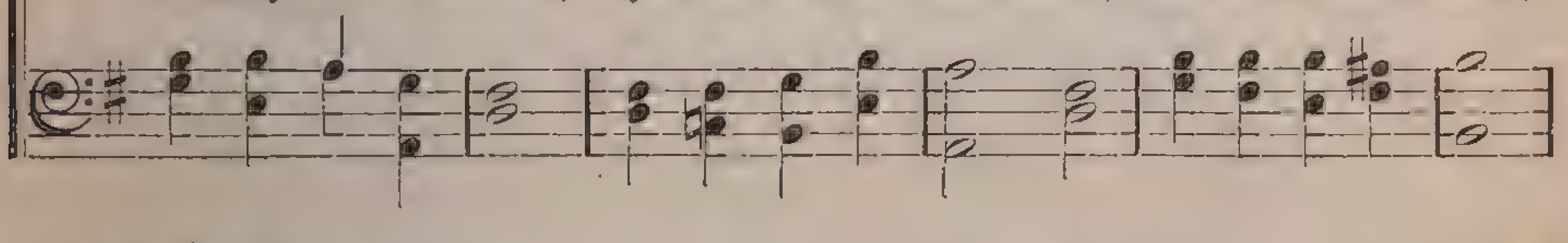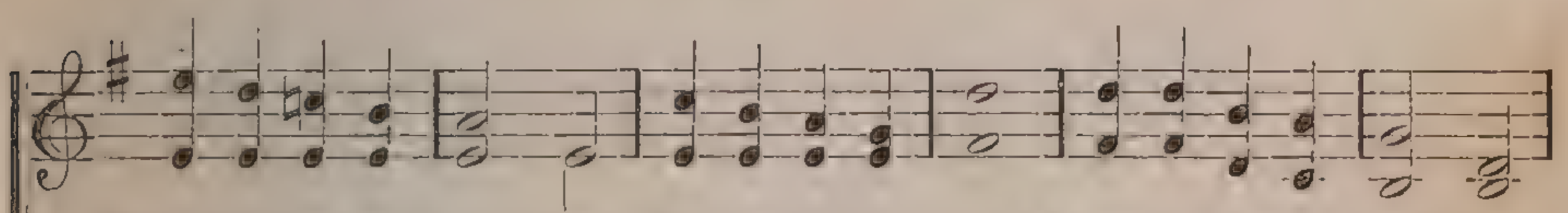


1. Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,
2. Forward, when in child-hood Buds the infant mind; All through youth and manhood,
3. Forward, flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth; Till each yearning purpose
4. Glo - ries up-on glo - ries Hath our God prepared, By the souls that love Him
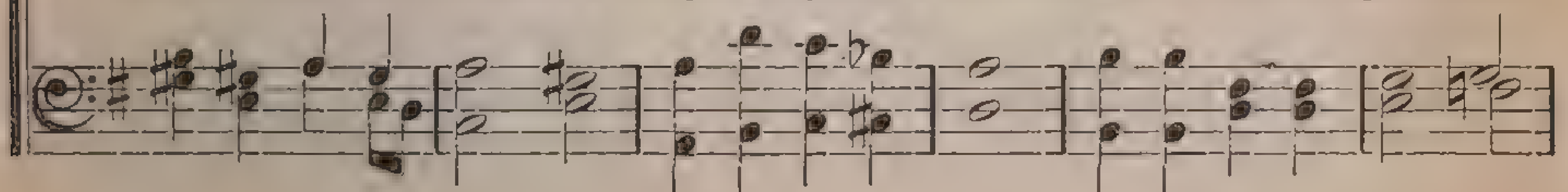




Not a look be- hind. Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our ar-my's head;
Not a thought behind: Speed through realms of nature, Climb the steps of grace;
Spring to glo-rious birth: Sick, they ask for heal - ing, Blind, they grope for day,
One day to be shared; Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath never heard;



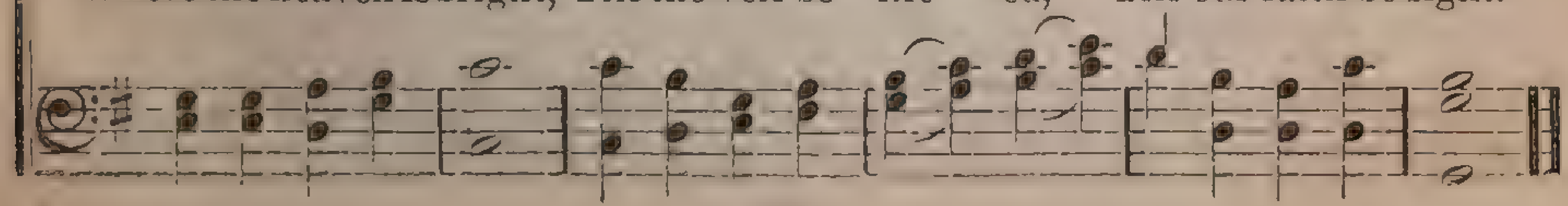


Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led? Forward, through the desert,
Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Father's face. Forward, all the life- time,
Pour up-on the na - tions Wisdom's loving ray. Forward, out of er - ror,
Nor of these hath ut-tered Thought or speech a word. Forward, marching eastward





Through the toil and fight! Jordan flows be - fore us, Zi on beams with light.
Climb from height to height, Till the head be hoar - y, Till the eve be light.
Leave behind the night; Forward. through the darkness, Forward, in- to light!
Where the heaven is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight.



No. 120. Will There be any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think - ing to- day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go - eth down; When through wonderful grace by my
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be- hold, Liv- ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the

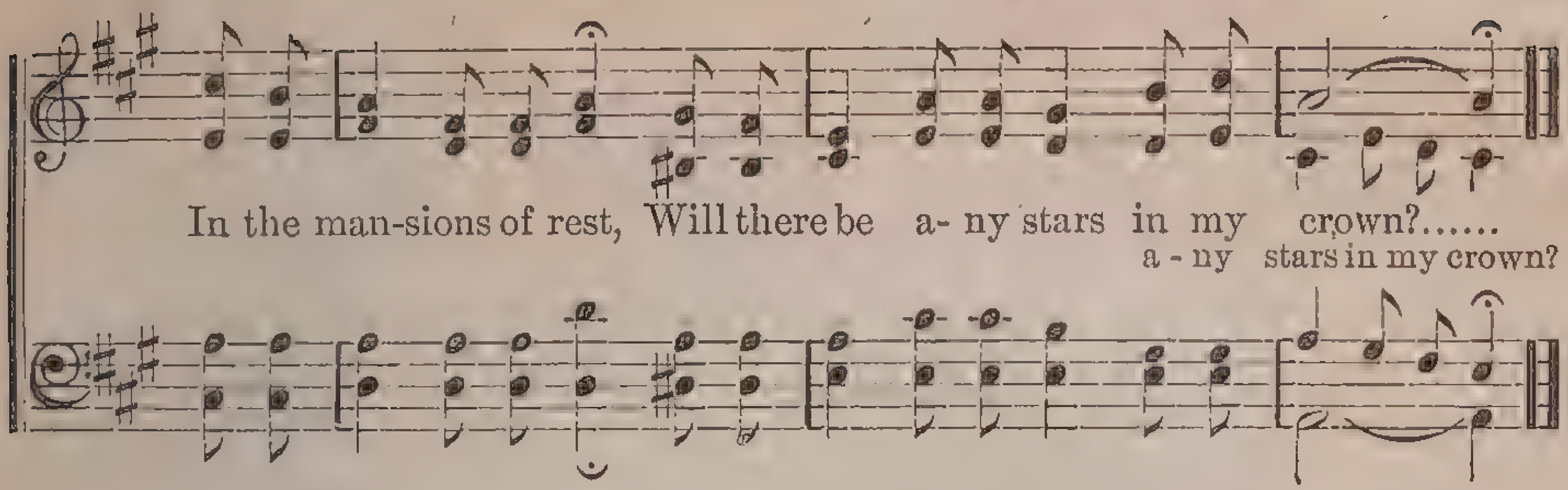
Sav - iour I stand, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
glo - ri - ous day, When His praise like the sea - bil- lows rolls.
cit - y of gold, Should there be a - ny stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be a - ny stars, a - ny stars in my crown? When at eve - ning the sun go - eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go- eth down?

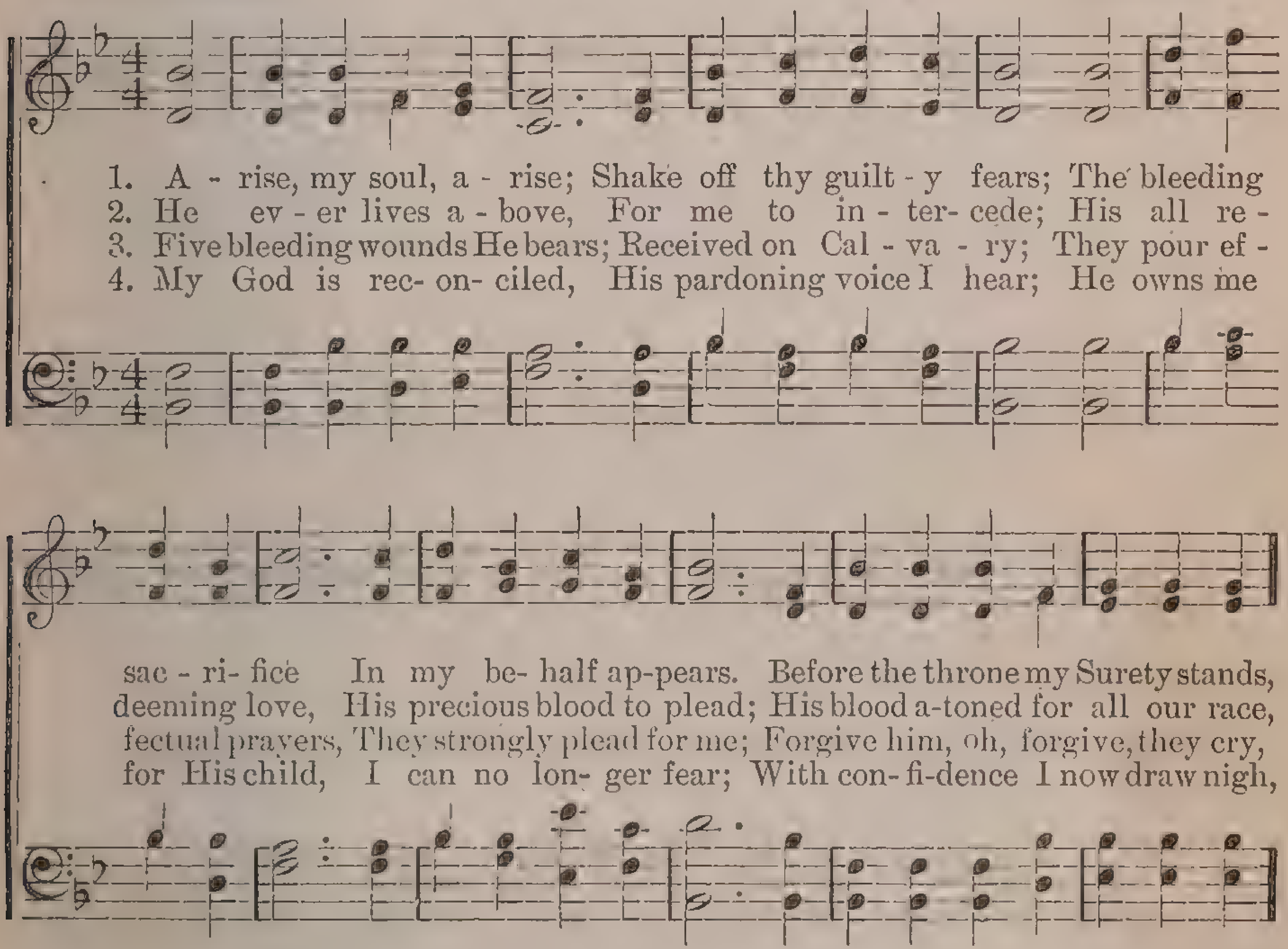
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Will There be any Stars?—Concluded.



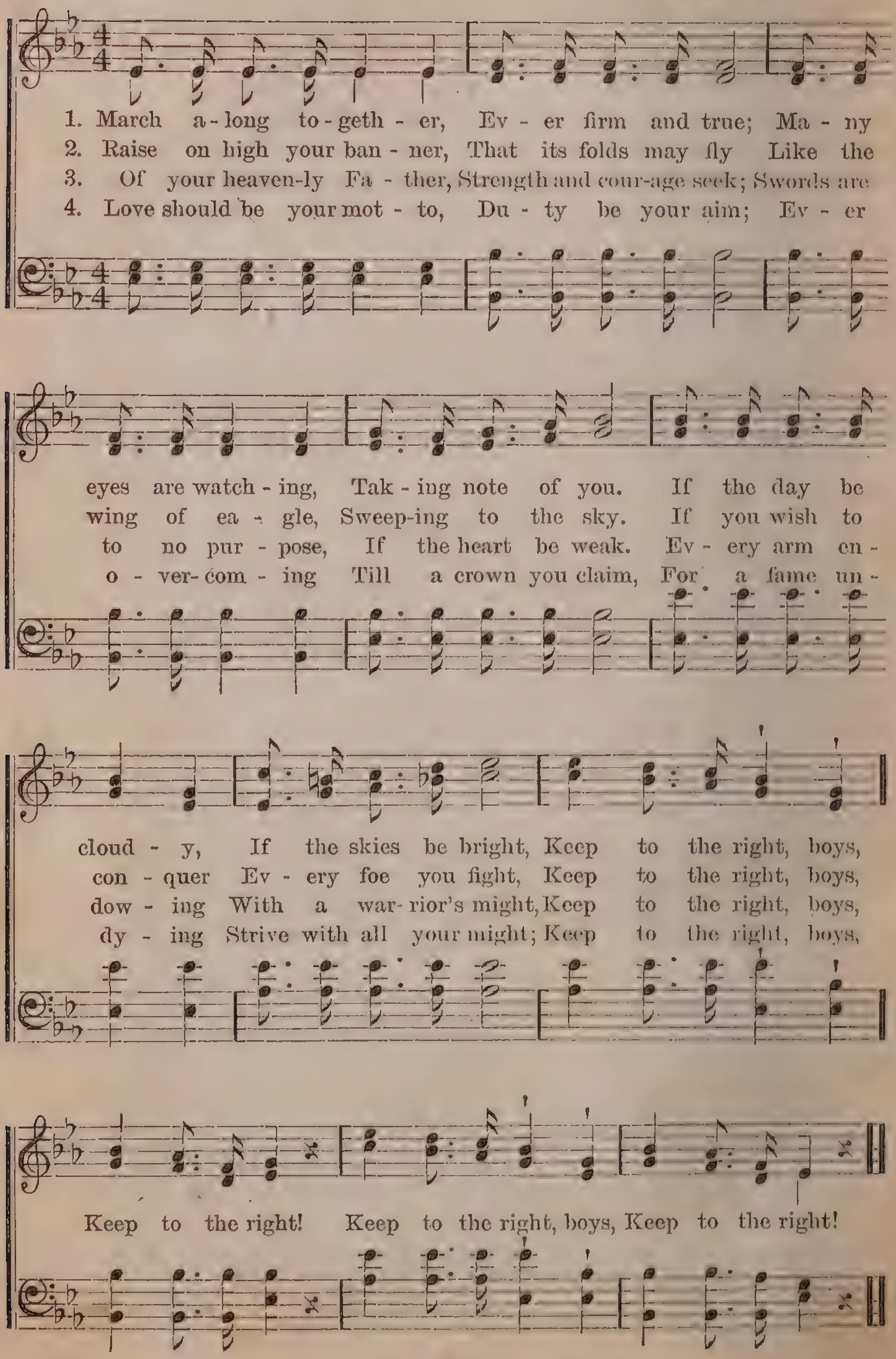
No. 121. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



No. 122. Keep to the Right.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 123. Kind Words Can Never Die.

Mrs. A. H. P. Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton.

1. Kind words can never die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet thoughts can never die, Though like the flowers, Their brightest hues may fly,
3. Our souls can never die, Though in the tomb We all may have to lie,

Stored in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,
In wintery hours. But when the gentle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapped in its gloom. What though the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace away,

Aye, in all years and climes Dis tant and near. Kind words can never die,
With ma-ny an add-ed hue They bloom again. Sweet thoughts can never die,
Live through e - ter- nal day With Christ a-bove. Our souls can nev-er die.

Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet thoughts can never die, no, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.

No. 124. Lead, Me Saviour.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray (lest I stray), Gen - tly
2. Thou, the ref- uge of my soul (of my soul) When life's
3. Sav - iour, lead me, till at last (till at last), When the

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen -

lead me all the way (all the way); I am safe when by Thy
storm-y bil-lows roll (bil-lows roll), I am safe when Thou art
storm of life is past (life is past), I shall reach the land of

tly lead me all the way; I am

side (by Thy side), I would in Thy love a - bide (love a - bide).
nigh (Thou art nigh), On Thy mer cy I re - ly (I re - ly).
day (land of day), Where all tears are wiped a - way (wiped a - way).

safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.

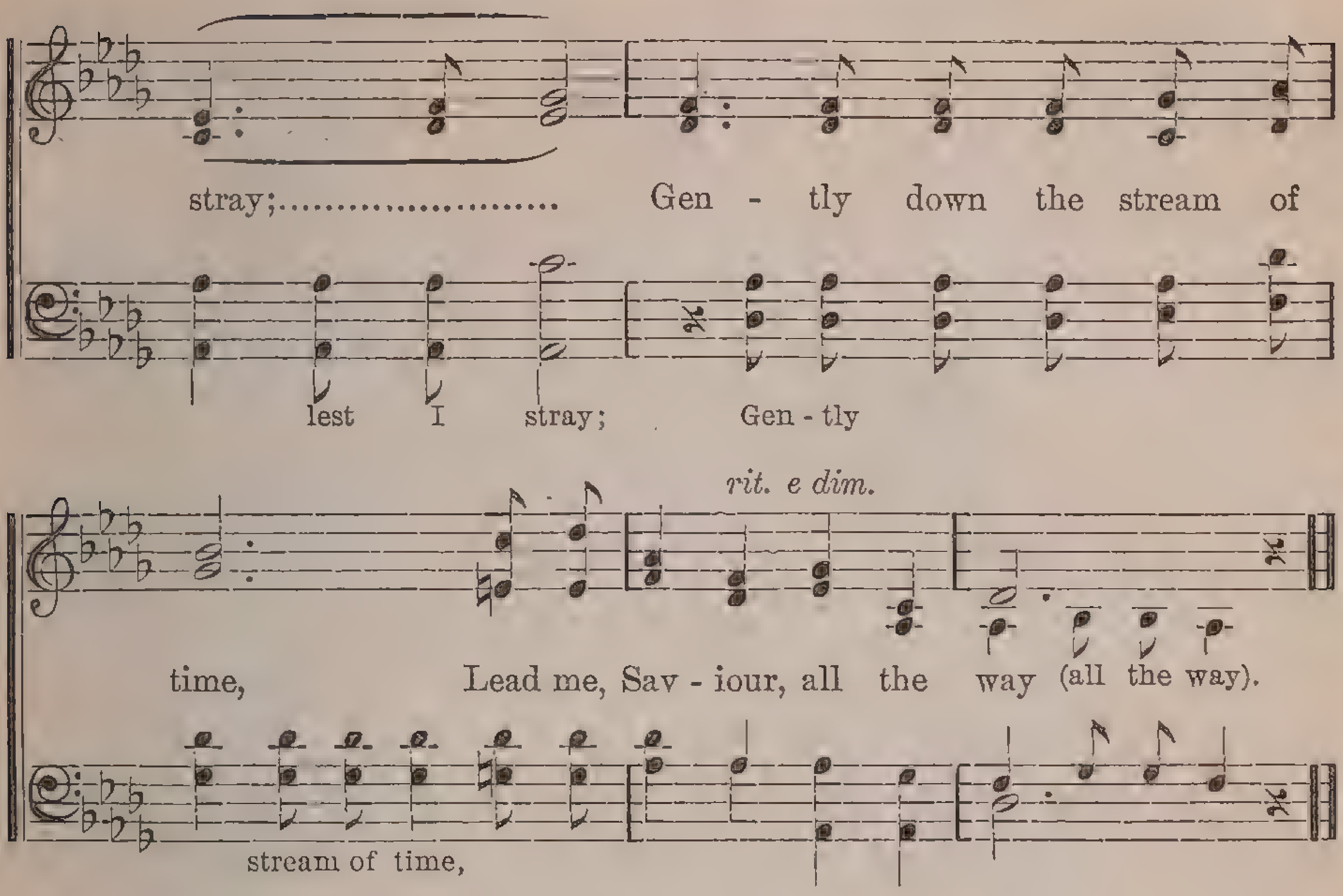
CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I

Sav - iour, lead me,

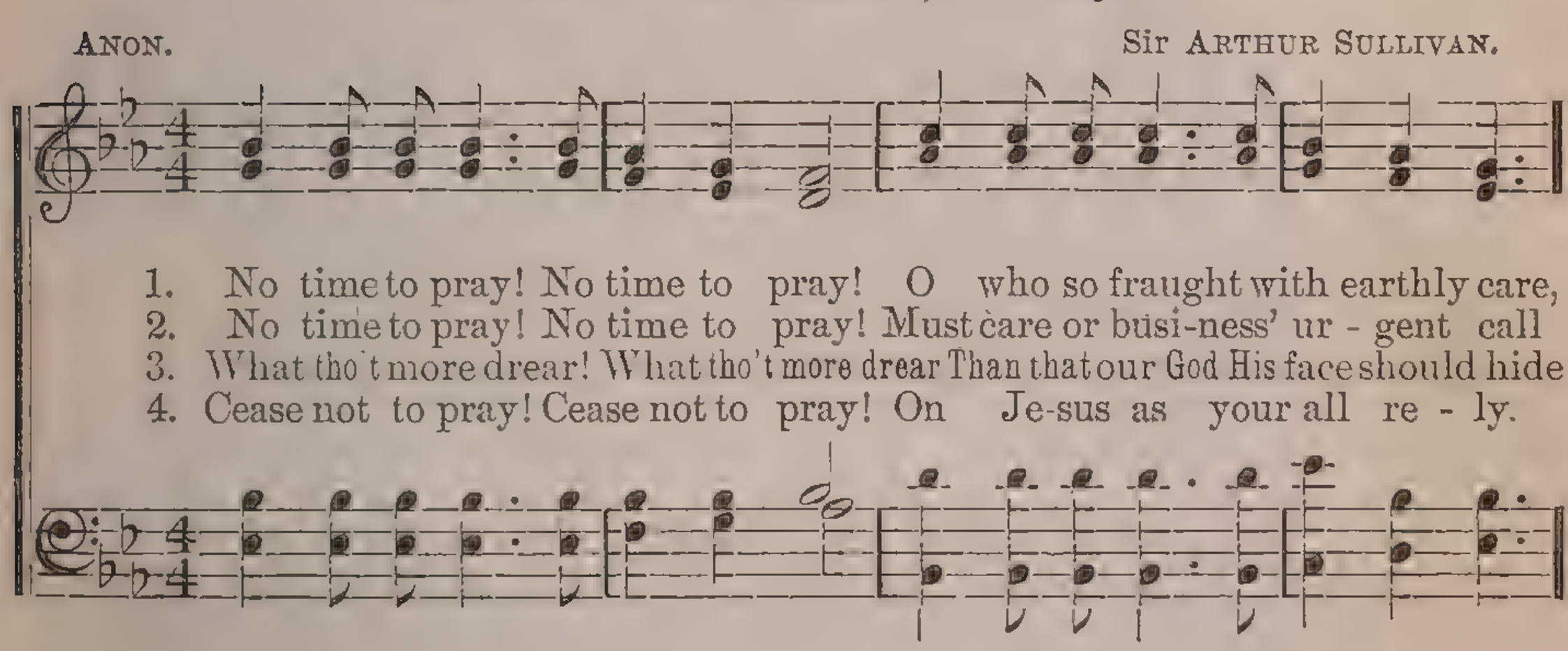
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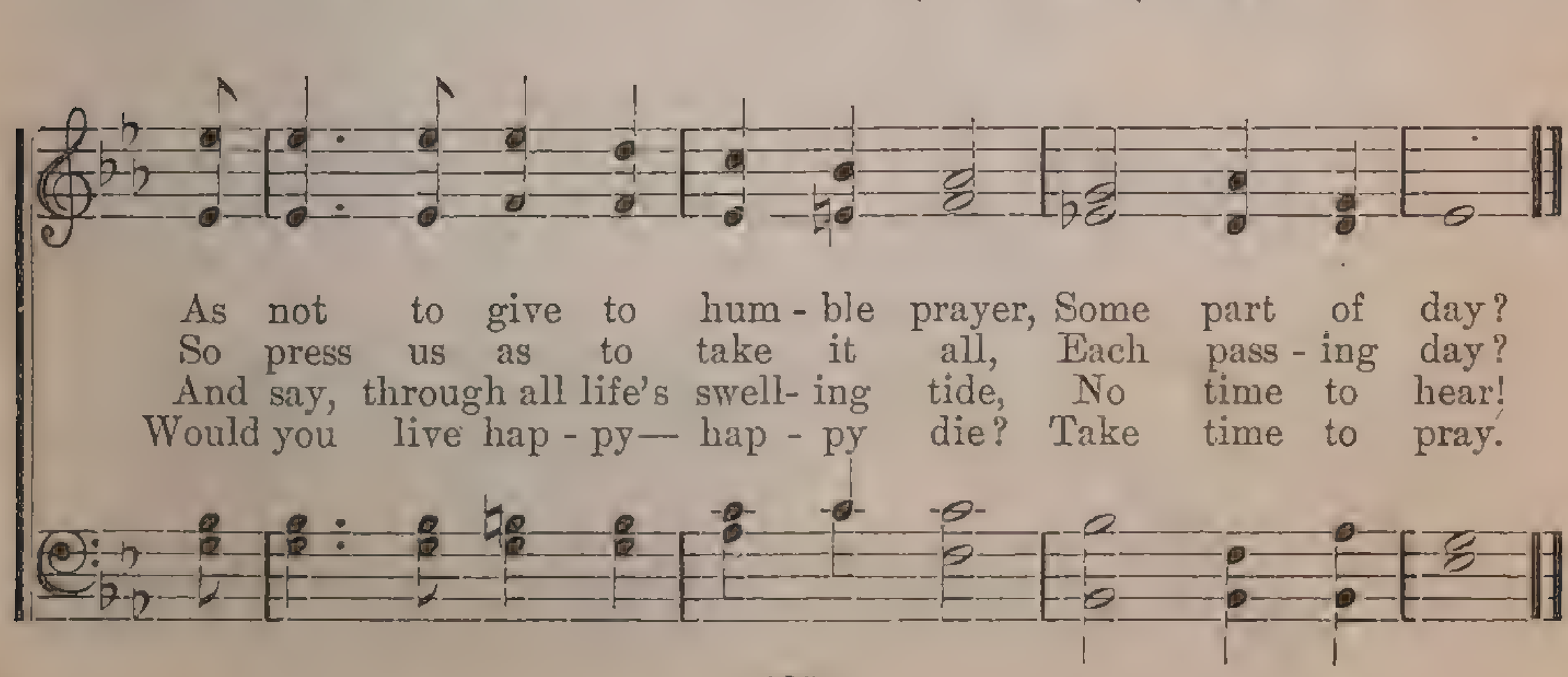
Lead, Me Saviour.—Concluded.



No. 125. No Time to Pray.

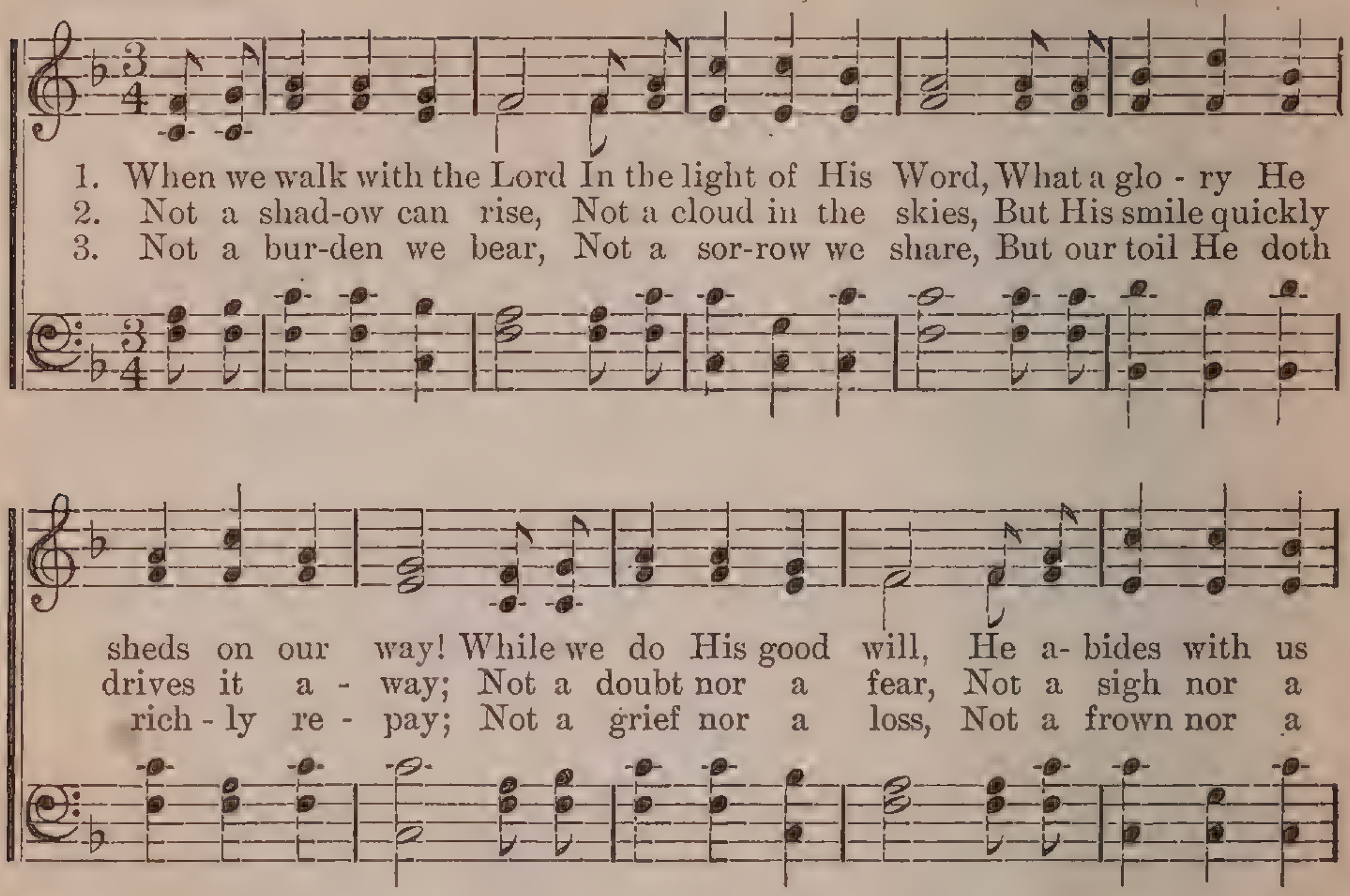
ANON. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.





No. 126. Trust and Obey.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says He will do,
Where He sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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No. 127. Purer Yet and Purer.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. J. B. DYKES.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
2. Calm- er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain,
3. High- er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night,
4. Swift- er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run,

Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - ery du - ty find;
Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;
Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light;—
Firm - er yet and firm - er Step as I go on;

Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,
Suf-fering still and do - ing To His will re - signed,
Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,
Oft these ear - nest long - ings Swell with - in my breast,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.
Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be expressed.

No. 128. Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the val-ley, with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flowers are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-ery-where He leads me I would fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley, with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev- er, nev- er fear, Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol- low Je - sus! An - y- where, ev - ery-where, I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low!

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Follow On!—Concluded.

I would fol-low Je - sus! Every where He leads me, I would fol-low on!

No. 129. Pass It On.

HENRY BURTON. J. FREDERICK SWIFT.

Moderato.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not given for thee a-lone, Pass it on; Let it trav - el down the years, Let it
2. Did you hear the lov - ing word? Pass it on; Like the sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu - sic live and grow, Let it
3. Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop-ing in the night, Day-light gone; Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a
4. Be not self - ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up - on thy brother's need, Pass it - on; Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

wipe an - oth-er's tears, Till in heaven the deed appears—Pass it on.
cheer an - oth-er's woe, You have reaped what others sow, Pass it on.
star in some-one's sky, He may live who else would die—Pass it on.
Christ, you live a-gain; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

No. 130. Striving Onward.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. Old Choral.

1. Striv - ing on- ward, Press - ing for-ward, Life di- vine to gain,
2. While con - tend-ing, And with-standing For the truth and right;
3. In the sor - row Which the mor-row May a - round us roll,

We will ev - er Make en - deav-or Un - til we at - tain;
Draw us near- er, Show us clear-er, Lord, Thy Spir - it's might;
Hold us ev - er, Leave us nev - er, Save, O save the soul!

What de-tains we'll cast a - side, By that prom - ise to a - bide:
Let Thy Word its strength impart To each sad and yearn-ing heart;
Through temp- ta - tion's dai - ly strife, Through the van - i - ties of life,

Who en - dur - eth, Life se - cur-eth, And the prize shall gain.
Praise a - bound-ing, Shall be sounding At Thy throne of light.
Lead us on - ward, For-ward, up- ward, To our glo - rious goal.

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No. 131. Hear the Saviour Say.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power and Thine a - lone,
3. Since noth-ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim,
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar-ments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 132. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Unknown.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;

3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow;

4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,
I will not. I will not de - sert to his foes;

What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
For I will be with thee thy tri - als to bless,
That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled,
Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand,
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress,
I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake,

How Firm a Foundation.—Concluded.

To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand."
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

No. 133. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, If the
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, Light and

treas - ure, thou art mine; Mine to tell me
show a Sav - iour's love; Mine art thou to
Ho - ly Spir - it bless; Mine to show by
life be - yond the tomb; Ho - ly Bi - ble,

whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.
guide my feet, Mine to judge, con- demn, ac - quit.
liv - ing faith Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

No. 134. Lo, On a Mount.

1. Lo, on a mount a tree doth stand; It bends with weight of gold;
2. Yet ev - er full the tree is found, Its rich- es all re - main;

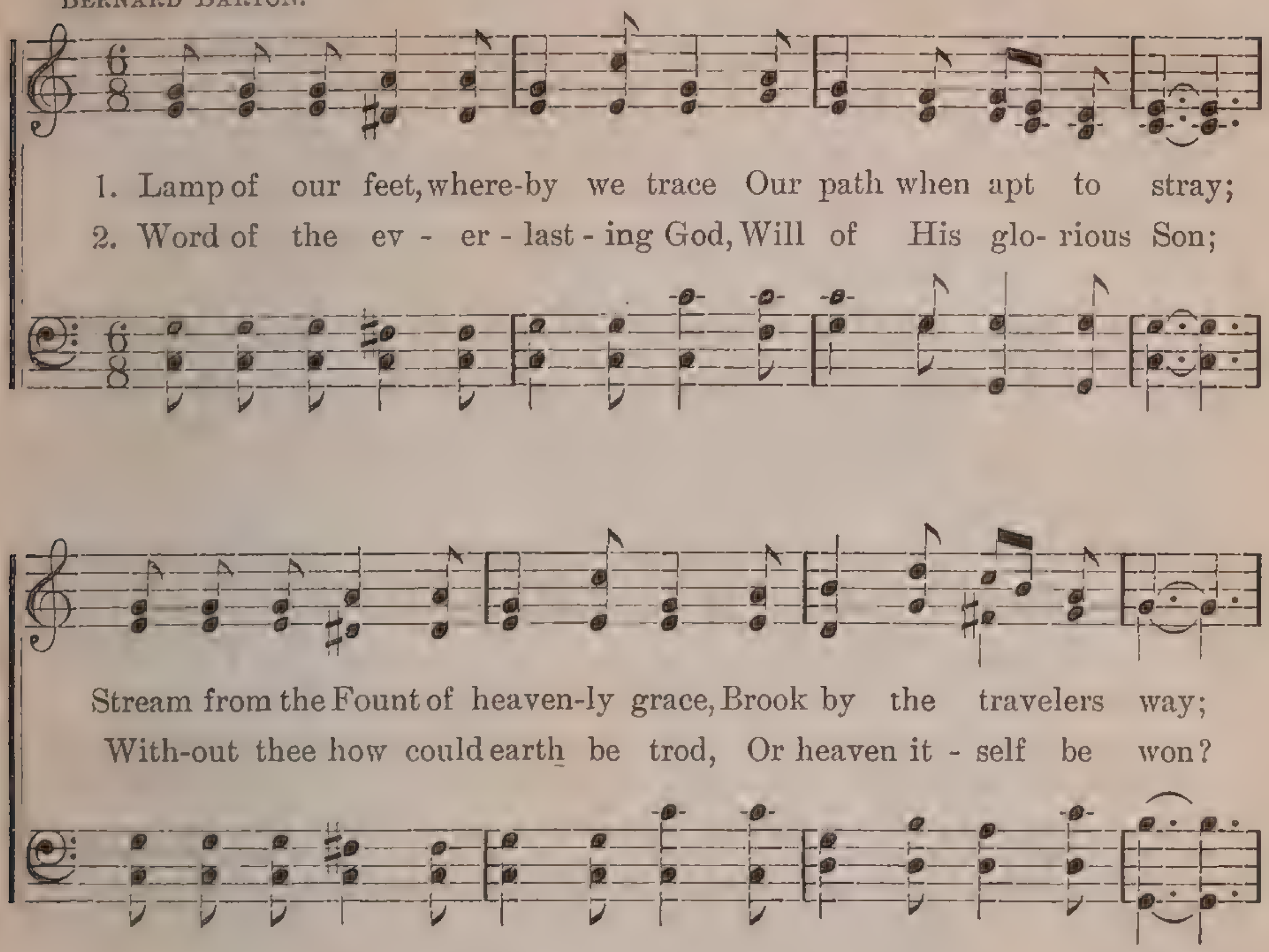
And ev - ery one throughout the land Its glo- ries may be - hold.
How- ev - er much falls to the ground, The fruit still grows a - gain.

Ear - ly and late, come count-less bands In search of treasures rare;
What is its name, and can you tell Where it on earth may be?

They shake the tree with eag - er hands To gath-er fruit so fair.
Who knows it? Who can an - swer well? The Bi - ble is the Tree.

No. 135. Lamp of Our Feet.

BERNARD BARTON.



No. 136. Thy Word, O Lord.

ALBERT MIDLANE. A. L. PEACE.

1. Thy Word, O Lord, Thy pre - cious Word a - lone
2. What - e'er my path, led by the Word, 'tis good,
3. Led by aught else, I tread a de - vious way,
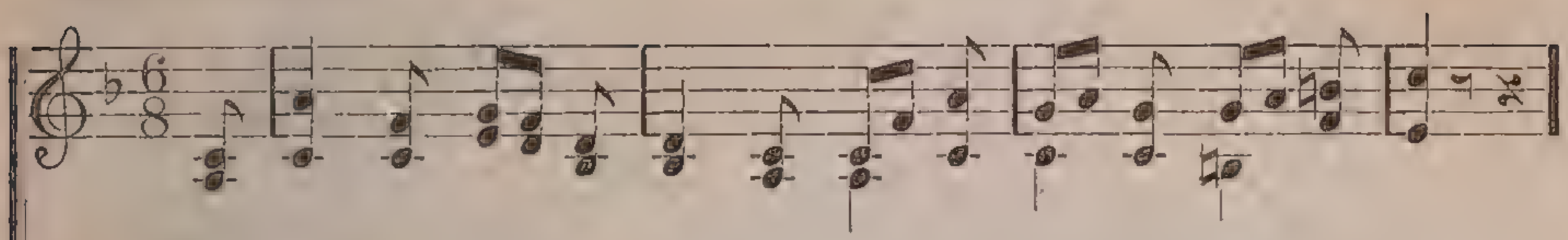
Can lead me on; By this, un - til the dark-some night be
Oh, lead me on! Be my poor heart Thy bless- ed Word's a -
Oh, lead me on! Speak, Lord, and help me ev - er to o -

gone, Lead Thou me on! Thy Word is light, Thy Word is
bode, Lead Thou me on! Thy Ho - ly Spir - it gives the
bey, Lead Thou me on! My ev - ery step shall then be

life and power; By it, oh, guide me in each try - ing hour!
light to see, And leads me by Thy Word, close following Thee.
well de- fined And all I do ac- cord- ing to Thy mind.

No. 137. Thy Word is Like a Garden.

EDWIN HODDER.
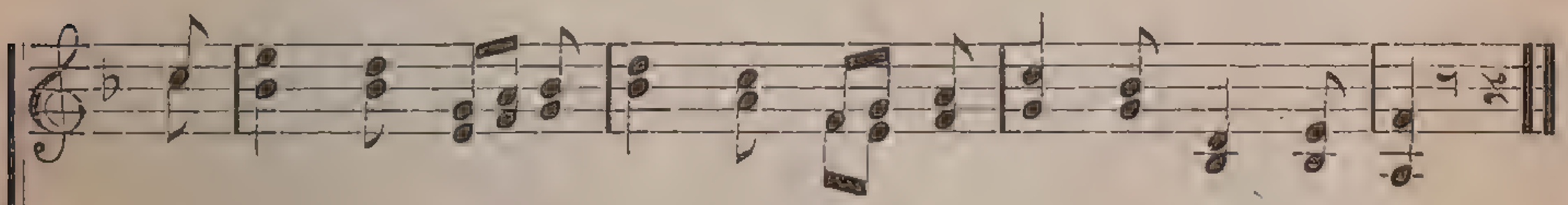


1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flowers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew- els rich and rare
3. Thy Word is like a star - ry host: A thousand rays of light
4. Thy Word is like an arm - 'ry grand Where sol-diers may re - pair



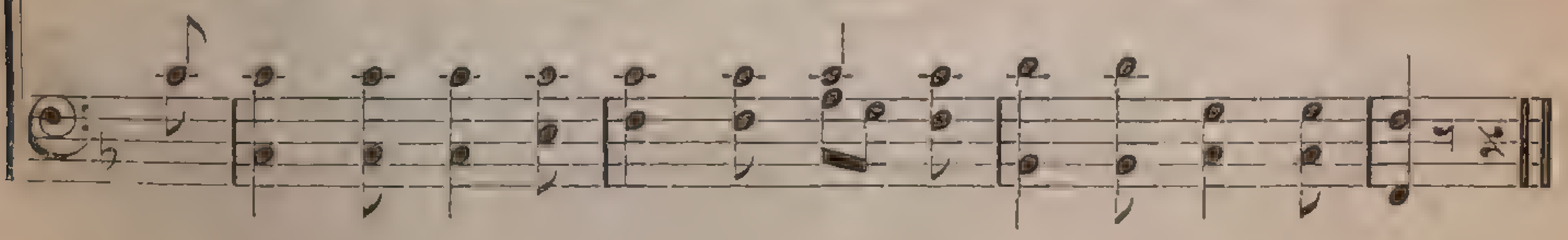


And ev - ery one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clust - er there;
Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - ery search - er there;
Are seen to guide the trav - eler home And make his path-way bright;
And find for life's long bat - tle day All need - ful weap - ons there;





And ev - ery one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clust - er there.
Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - ery search-er there.
Are seen to guide the trav- eler home And make his path- way bright.
And find for life's long bat - tle - day All need - ful weap- ons there.



5 O may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
‖: May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine! :‖

6 O may I find my armor there,
Thy Word, my trusty sword;
‖: I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord. :‖

No. 138. A Mighty Fortress is our God.

MARTIN LUTHER. MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv - ing would be
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un -
4. That word a - bove all earth-ly powers, No thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; Our Help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal
los - ing Were not the right man on our side, The man of
do us. We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to
bid - eth; The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who

ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to
God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus,
tri - umph through us. The prince of dark-ness grim—We trem - ble
with us sid - eth: Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor - tal

work us woe; His craft and power are great, And, armed with
it is He; Lord Sab - a - oth His Name, From age to
not for him; His rage we can en - dure, For lo! his
life al - so; The bod - y they may kill, God's truth a -

A Mighty Fortress is our God.—Concluded.

cru - el hate, On earth where is his e - qual?
age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
bid - eth still, His king - dom lasts for ev - er.

No. 139. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. AARON WILLIAMS.

1. I love Thy King - dom, Lord, The house of
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be -
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her

Thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re -
fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple
prayers as - cend; To her my cares and
heaven - ly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion,

deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thine hand.
toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 140. O Word of God Incarnate.

WILLIAM W. HOW. MELCHIOR TESCHNER.

1. O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis-dom from on high;
2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re- ceived the gift di - vine,
3. It float-eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's hosts un- furled;
4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of pur - est gold,

O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky:
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
It shin- eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark- ling world.
To bear a - mong the na - tions Thy true light, as of old.

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal- lowed page,
It is the gold- en cas - ket, Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
O teach Thy wandering pil - grims By this their path to trace,

A lan - tern to our foot- steps, Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav- en- drawn picture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word,
'Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and dark-ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

No. 141. The Church's one Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE. SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Though with a scorn- ful won - der Men see her sore op- pressed,

She is His own cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word.
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By he - re - sies dis - tressed,

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par- takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

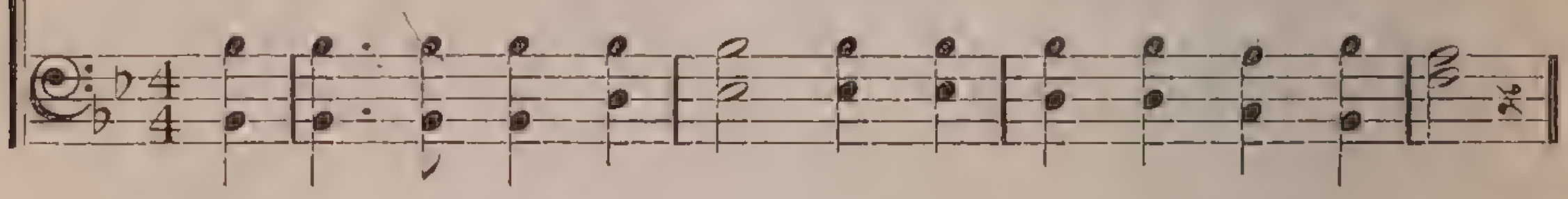
5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

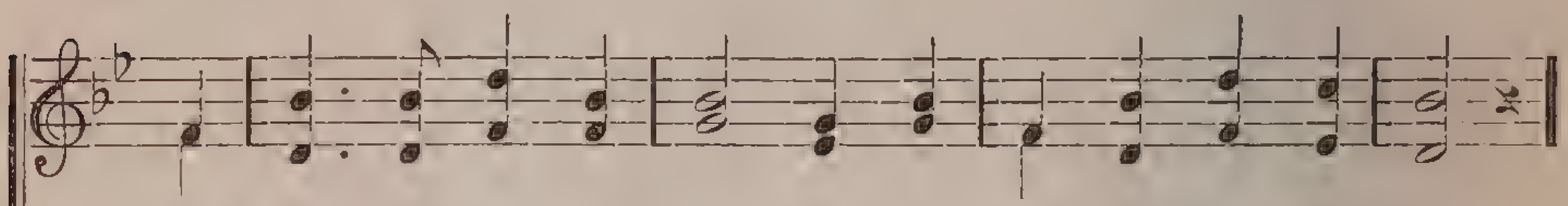
No. 142. The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEORGE J. WEBB.

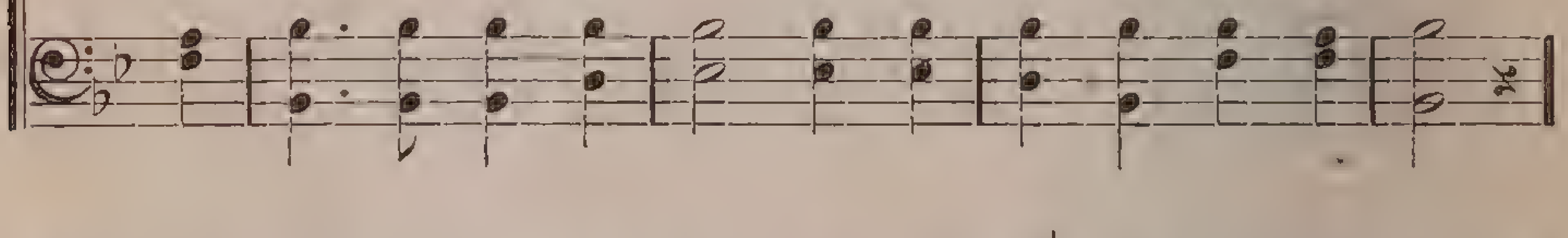


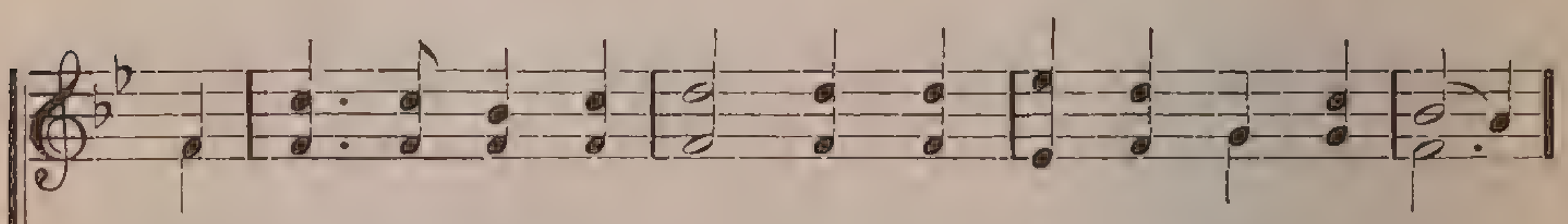
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thine on - ward way;



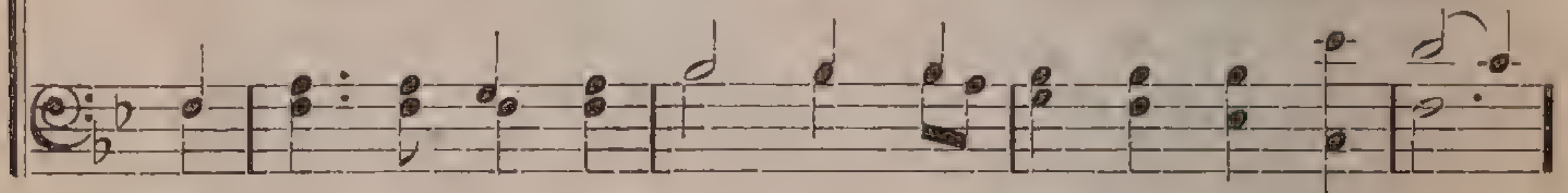


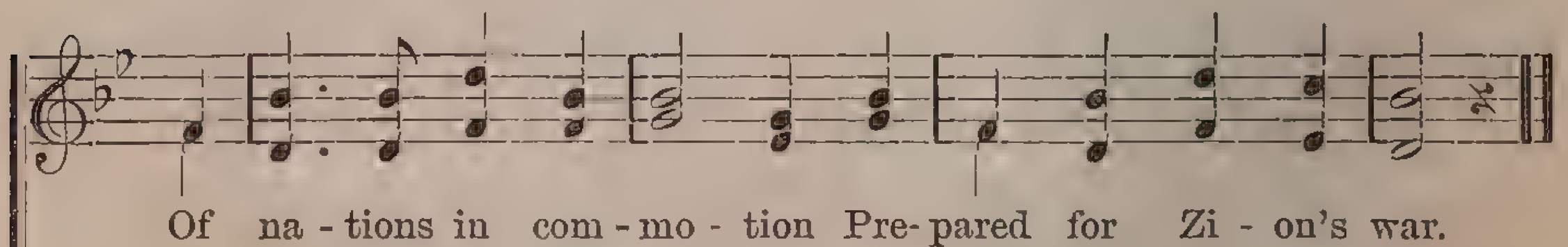
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thousand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - ery na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay:





Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home:





Of na - tions in com - mo - tion Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing— A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

No. 143. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry And you, ye wa-ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Can we to men be-night - ed The lamp of Life de - ny?
Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an- cient riv - er, From many a palmy plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The Lamb for sin-ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till each re - mot-est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's Name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

No. 144. Speed Away.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark- ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt- er in bond- age op- pressed; For the

Mas-ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His Name, The won- der - ful
wings of the morn-ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav- iour has purchased their ran-som from sin, And the ban- quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro- claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call- ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath- er them in; To the res- cue make haste, there's no

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Speed Away.—Concluded.

work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
mo-ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

No. 145. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-
2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais - es
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His
4. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns; The pri - soner

ces - sive jour - neys run; His king- dom stretch from
throng to crown His head; His Name, like sweet per -
love with sweet - est song; And in - fant voic - es
leaps to lose his chains, The wear - y find e -

shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
fume, shall rise With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.
ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

No. 146. Have Pity on the Heathen.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. Horstmann. A. W. Erk.

1. Have pit - y on the hea- then poor, Their wretchedness and sin;
2. They wor - ship worthless im - ag - es And bow to wood and stone;
3. They do not know that Je - sus died For them up - on the cross,
4. O Fa - ther kind and mer - ci - ful, O Lord of love and might;

O Fa - ther, help them find the way Thy life and peace to win.
They do not know the bless-ed truth, That Thou art God a - lone.
Nor that with- out His sav - ing love They are for- ev - er lost.
When is the glo- rious day at hand That ends their aw - ful night?

5 Their misery cries aloud to Thee
And all Thy children pray;
O let them see the Prince of Love,
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

6 Grant us a greater love for Thee
That serves the heathen more;
Help us to work that they may see
Thy Kingdom's open door.

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No. 147. Fling out the Banner!

George W. Doane. J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! hea- then lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide:
4. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine:

The sun, that lights its shin- ing folds, The cross on which the Sav- iour died.
And na-tions crowding to be born, Baptize their spir- its in its light.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci- fied!
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer- it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign.

No. 148. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

PHILIPS BROOKS. LEWIS H. REDNER.

No. 149. Come Gather 'round The Christmas Tree.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. Old Melody.

1. Come, gath - er 'round the Christ - mas tree! No love - lier tree is
2. For know that on this won-drous night, Was born the Christ we
3. But now there's heavenly hap - pi - ness, All sor - row has de -
4. Come, bless - ed Lord, dwell in our hearts, Let naught from Thee us

grow - ing; With - in the low - liest cot - tage room, Shines
cher - ish; Had He not brought us joy and peace, To
part - ed; Christ came to earth for you and me, That
sev - er; Help us to con - quer self and sin, And

bright - ly forth its cheer - ful bloom In gold - en blos - soms
help us en - ter heav - en's bliss; Then all the world would
we might learn like Him to be, So kind and so pure -
Thy e - ter - nal crown to win, And be with Thee for -

glow - ing, In gold - en blos - soms glow - ing, Yes, glow - ing.
per - ish, Then all the world would per - ish, Would per - ish.
heart - ed, So kind and so pure-heart - ed, Pure-heart - ed.
ev - er, And be with Thee for - ev - er, For - ev - er.

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No. 150. Come Hither, ye Children.

CHR. SCHMIDT. K. F. SCHULZ.

1. Come hith - er, ye chil - dren, O come, one and all,
2. Kneel down and a - dore Him with shep - herds to - day,
3. Dear Christ-child, what gifts can we chil - dren be - stow,
4. Our hearts then to Thee we will - of - fer to - day;

To Beth - le - hem haste, 'to the man - ger so small,
Lift up lit - tle hands now and praise Him as they;
By which our af - fec - tion and glad - ness to show?
We of - fer them glad - ly, ac - cept them, we pray,

God's Son for a gift has been sent you this night
Re - joice that a Sav - iour from sin you can boast,
No rich - es and treas - ures of val - ue can be,
And make them so spot - less and pure that we may

To be your re - deem - er, your joy and de - light.
And join in the song of the heav - en - ly host.
But hearts that be - lieve are ac - cept - ed by Thee.
A - bide in Thy pres - ence in Heav - en for aye.

No. 151. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, by WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

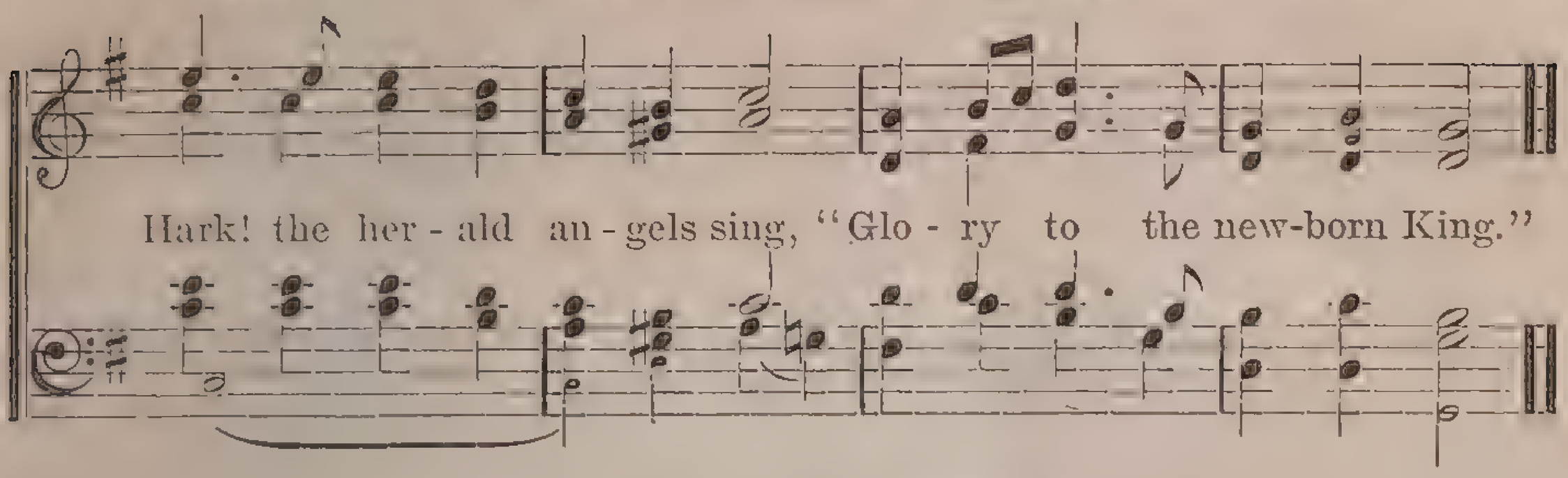
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored; Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord!
3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness!

Peace on earth, and mer- cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
Late in time be- hold Him come, Off-spring of the Vir- gin's womb:
Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal-ing in His wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na- tions, rise, Join the tri- umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail the In - car- nate Dei - ty,
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

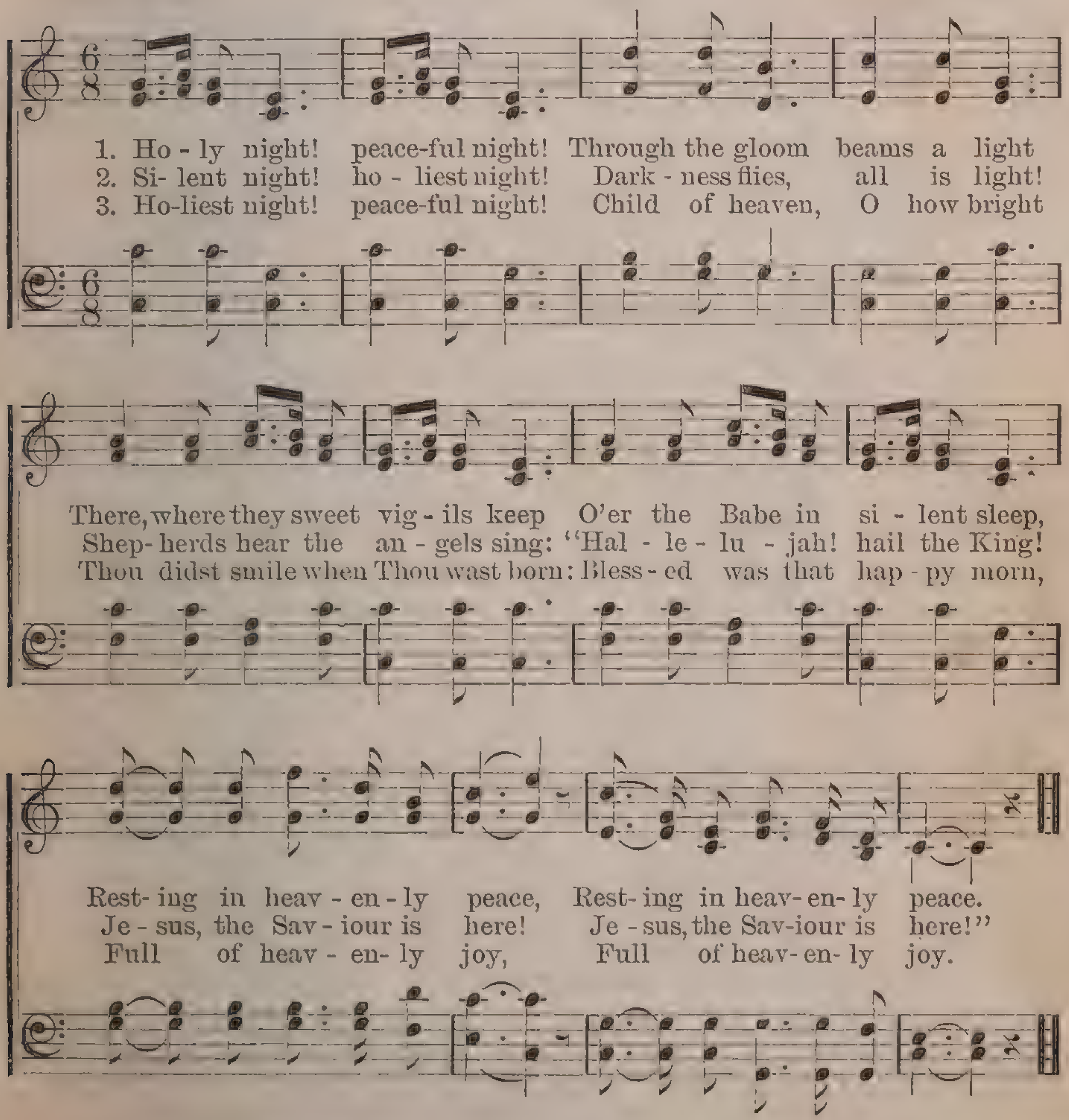
With th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Emman - u - el.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.—Concluded.



No. 152. Holy Night!

JOSEPH MOHR. FRANZ GRUBER.



4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, lend Thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus, the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, lend Thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus, our Saviour is here!

No. 153. Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-
3. He rules the world! with truth and grace And makes the na-tions

King; Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And
ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-
prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And

heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven and na-ture
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing
won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His

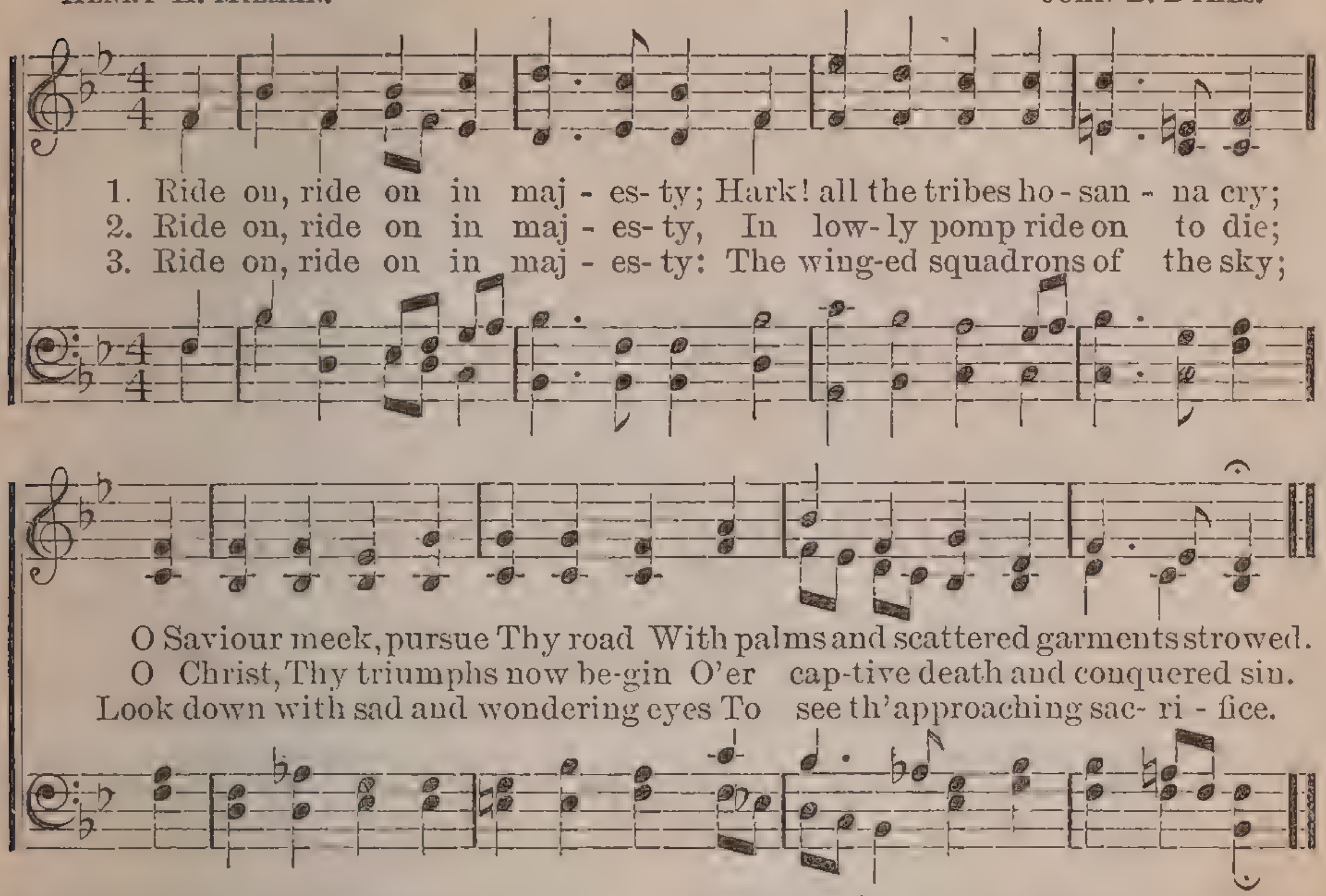
And heaven and na-ture sing,.....

And heaven and na-ture sing,
And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing.
Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
And won-ders, won-ders of His love.
.....

heaven and na-ture sing,

No. 154. Ride on in Majesty.

HENRY H. MILMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

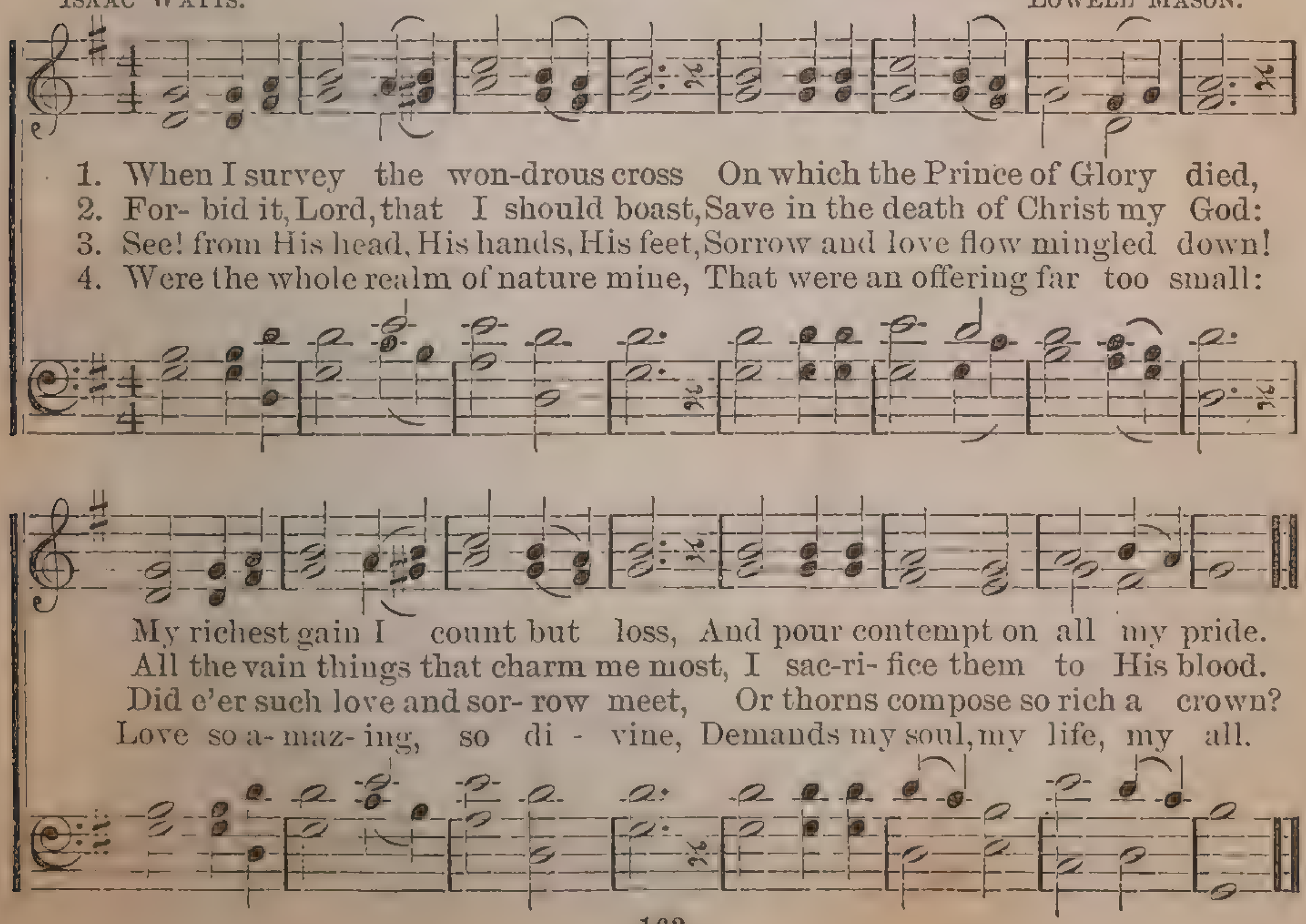


4 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

No. 155. When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.



No. 156. Calvary.

W. M'K. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On Calvary's brow..... my Sav-iour died,.....'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks..... and darkening skies, ... My Sav - iour
3. O Je - sus, Lord, ... how can it be,..... That Thou shouldst

Lord..... was cru- ci - fied;.....'Twas on the cross..... He bled for
bows..... His head and dies ..... The opening veil..... reveals the
give ..... Thy life for me, ... To bear the cross..... and ag - o -

me,..... And purchased there..... my par- don free.
way ..... To heav - en's joys..... and end- less day.
ny, ... In that dread hour ..... on Cal - va - ry?

Chorus.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal- va- ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me;

O Cal - va- ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

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No. 157. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no} oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smitten heart with tears To won - ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
The won - ders of His glo-rious love And my own worthless-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

No. 158. At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo- ries in,

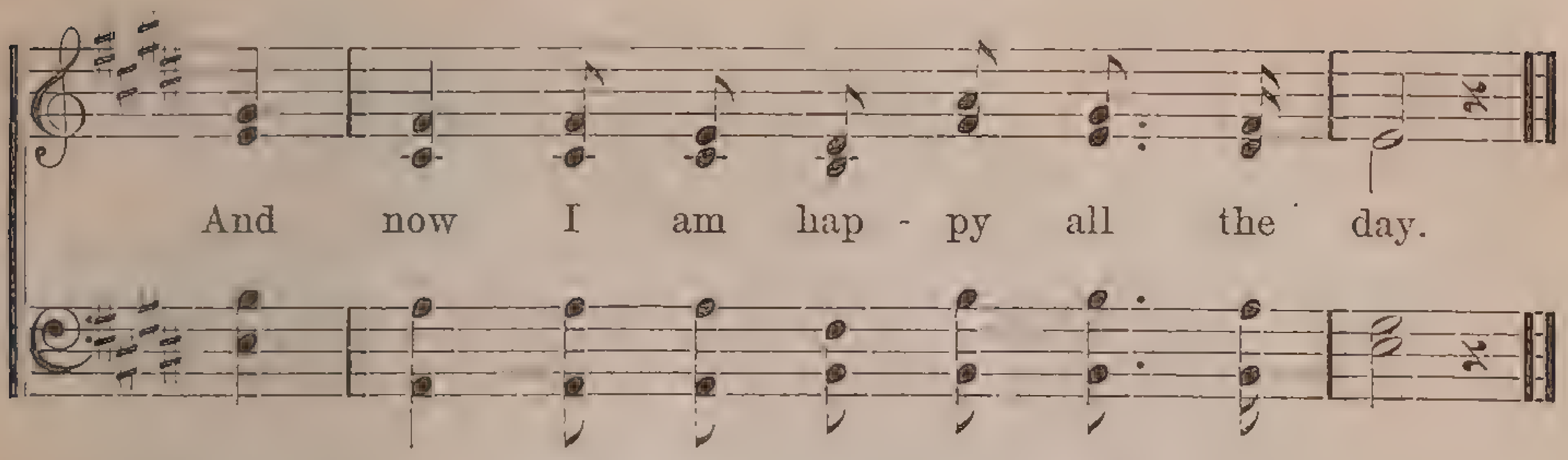
Would He de- vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
When He, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way,
rolled a- way,
It was there by faith I re - ceived my sight,

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At the Cross.—Concluded.

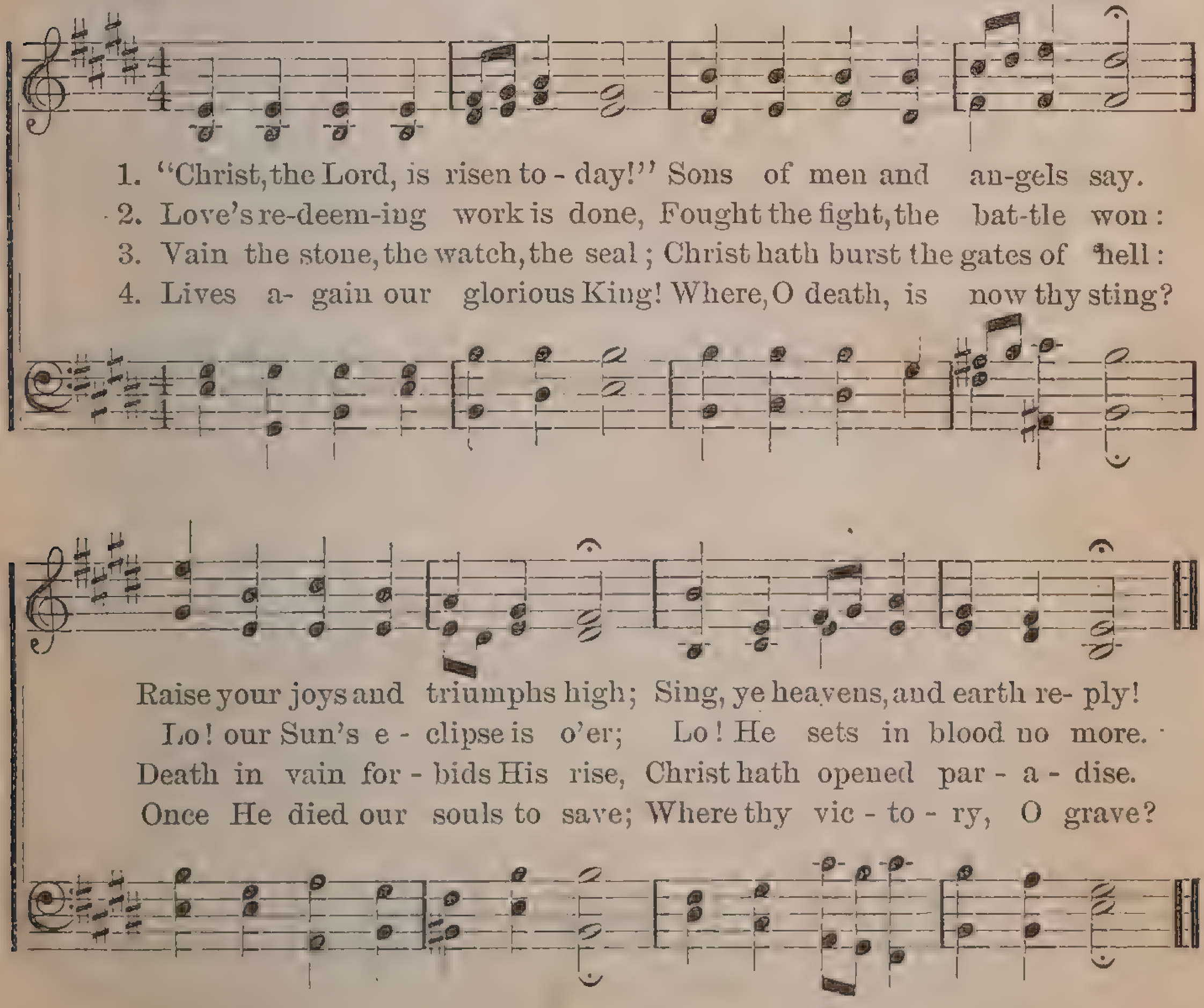


4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 159. Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN.



5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection Thou.

No. 160. Spirit of Love Divine.

Anon. J. BARNBY.

mf

1. Ho - ly Ghost, Com- fort-er, Spir- it of love di - vine, Come, dwell
2. Help and bless with Thy peace All who in sor - row mourn; Save, save

in our hearts, Make them for- ev - er Thine, Hear us while now we
by Thy love All those by sin cast down. And when o'erwhelmed by temp-

f *ritard.* *ff*

seek Thy grace, Show us the brightness of Thy face, Make us to know Thy
ta-tion's power, Then be Thou near in darkest hour, Suf- fer us not to

p *pp* Hear.....

will; By Thy mer- cy free, While we pray to Thee, Hear! oh, hear!
fall; Strong deliverance bring, O Thou gracious King, Hear! oh, hear!

Hear.....

No. 161. Come, Holy Spirit.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Like a dove de - scend - ing,
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Ev - ery cloud dis - pel - ing,
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Sent from God the Fa - ther—

Rest Thou up - on us While we meet to pray;
Fill us with glad - ness, Through the Mas - ter's Name;
Thou Friend and Teach - er, Com - fort - er and Guide—

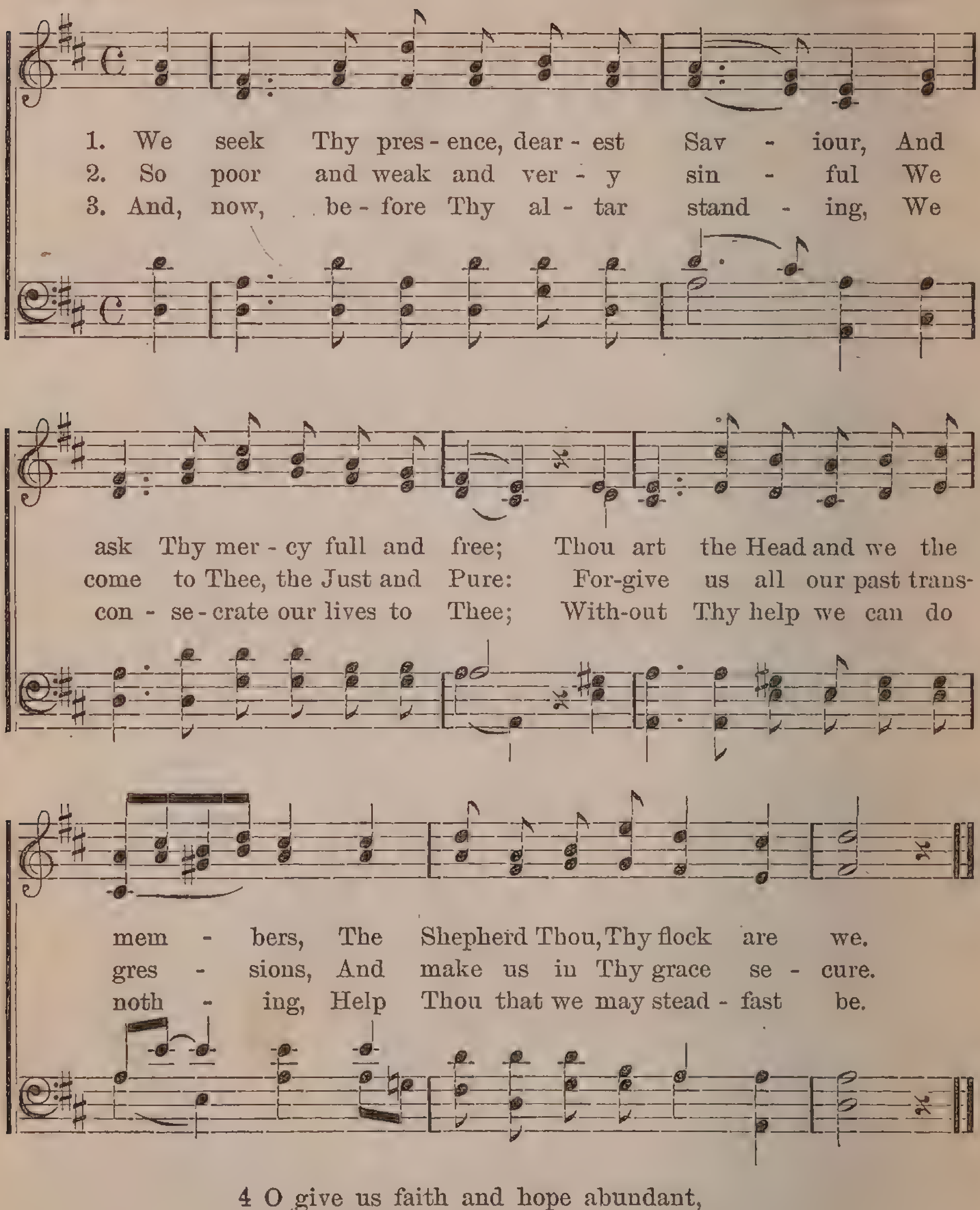
Show us the Sav - iour, All His love re - veal - ing;
Bring to our mem - 'ry, Words that He hath spo - ken,
Our thoughts di - rect - ing, Keep us close to Je - sus,

Lead us to Him, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
Then shall our tongues, His won - drous grace pro - claim.
And in our hearts For - ev - er - more a - bide.

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No. 162. We Seek Thy Presence.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN — P. SCHNECK.



4 O give us faith and hope abundant,
Increase our love from day to day;
Thy Spirit cleanse and sanctify us,
To walk the strait and narrow way.

5 And then, at last, with all Thy ransomed
Lead us to Thy eternal rest,
Where for Thy patient loving-kindness
Thy Name shall be forever blessed.

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No. 163. Father, Again in Jesus' Name.

LUCY WHITMORE. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' Name we meet
2. Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy cease - less care,
3. A - las! un - wor - thy of Thy bound - less love,
4. Oh, by that Name in which all ful - ness dwells,

And bow in pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet;
And all Thy work from day to day de - clare!
Too oft with care - less feet from Thee we rove;
Oh, by that love which ev - ery love ex - cels,

f

A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es raise,
Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies crowned?
But now, en - cour - aged by Thy voice we come,
Oh, by that blood so free - ly shed for sin,

rall.

To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.
Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?
Re - turn - ing sin - ners, to a Fa- ther's home.
O - pen blest mer - cy's gate, and take us in.

No. 164. Peace Be With Thee.

From GEORGE WATSON, ad. G. LOMAS.

1. With the sweet word of peace, Our va-ried ways we go;
2. With the calm word of prayer We earn-est-ly com-mend
3. With the strong word of faith We stay our-selves on Thee;

Peace, as a riv-er to in-crease, And cease-less flow.
Each oth-er to Thy watch-ful care, E-ter-nal Friend.
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death, Our help wilt be.

No. 165. Lord, Bless Us and Keep Us.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. Old Melody.

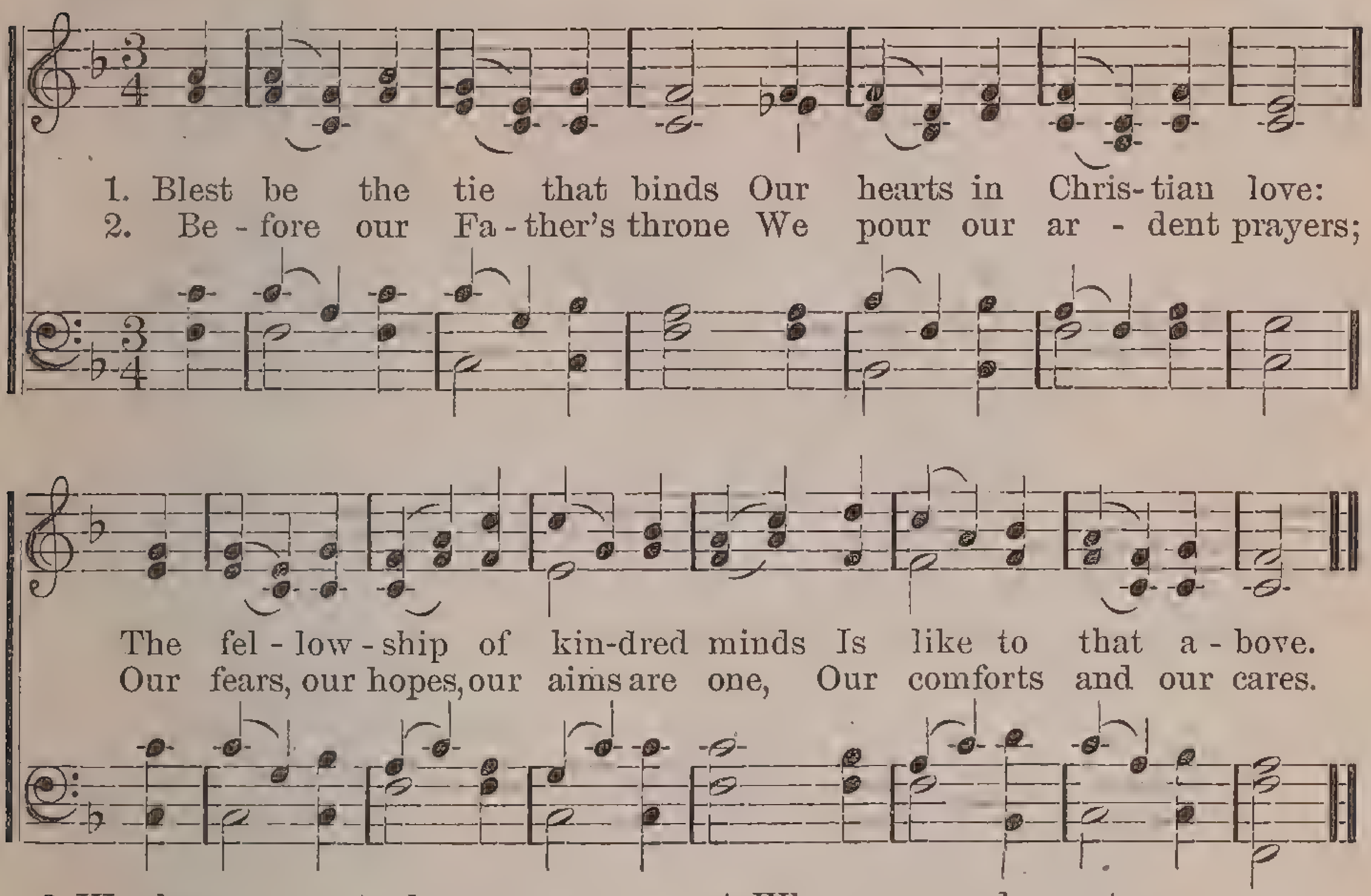
1. Thy bless-ing, O Lord, And peace us af-
2. Thy face ev-er bright With heav-en-ly
3 Thy coun-te-nance lift, And grant us Thy
4. That thus we may be For-ev-er with

ford; Pro-tect us and keep us from dan-ger.
light, Let shine now up-on us Thy chil-dren.
gift, The peace that a-bid-eth for-ev-er.
Thee; O Je-sus, say "A-men," yea, "A-men."

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No. 166. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. Arr. from H. G. NAGELI.

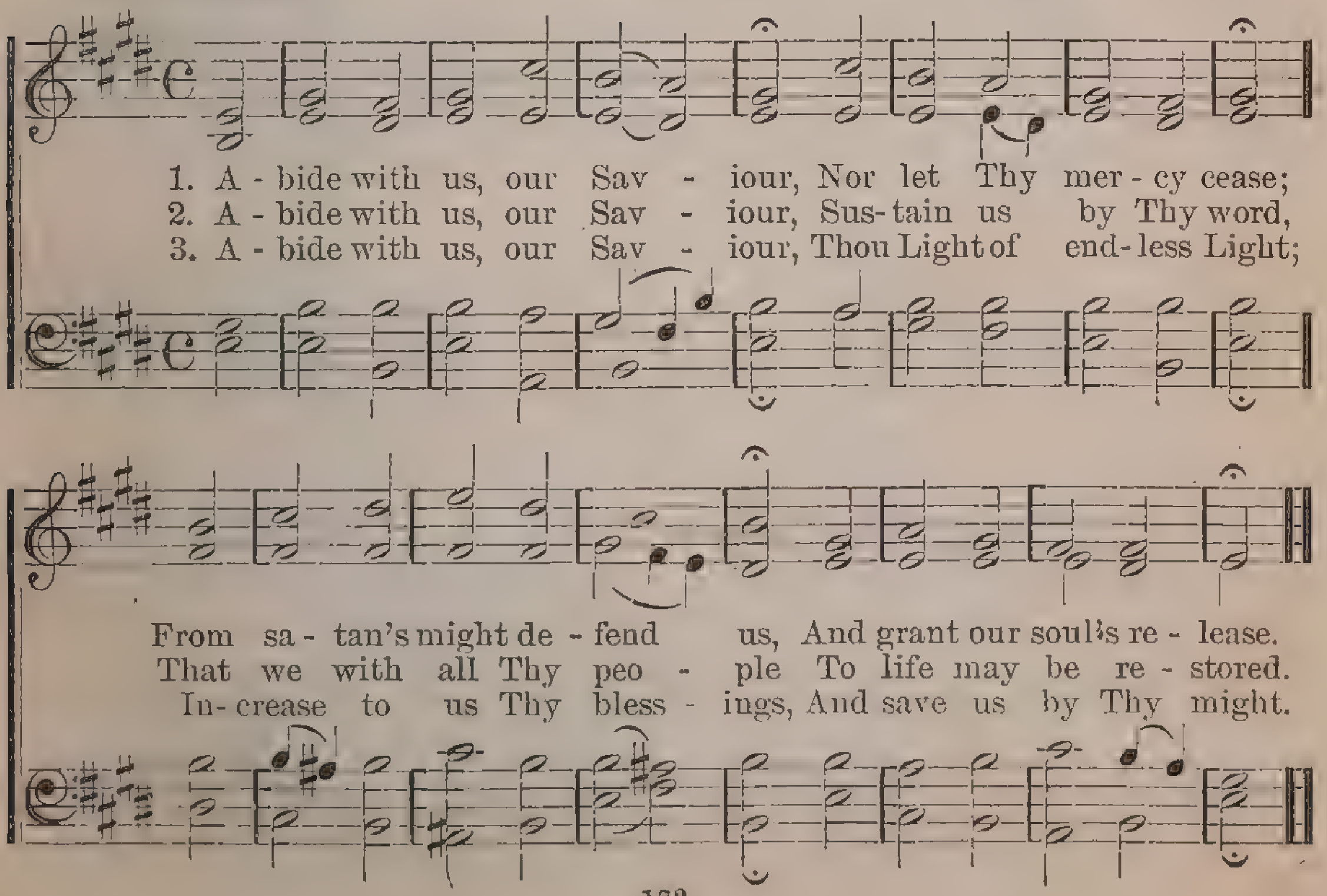


3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 167. Abide With Us, Our Saviour.

JOSHUA STEGMANN. MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



No. 168. God Be With You.

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN. WILLIAM G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a- gain!— By His counsels guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a- gain!—'Neath His wings protecting
3. God be with you till we meet a- gain!—When life's per-ils thick con -
4. God be with you till we meet a- gain!—Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se- cure - ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be
found you, Put His arms un- fail- ing round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be
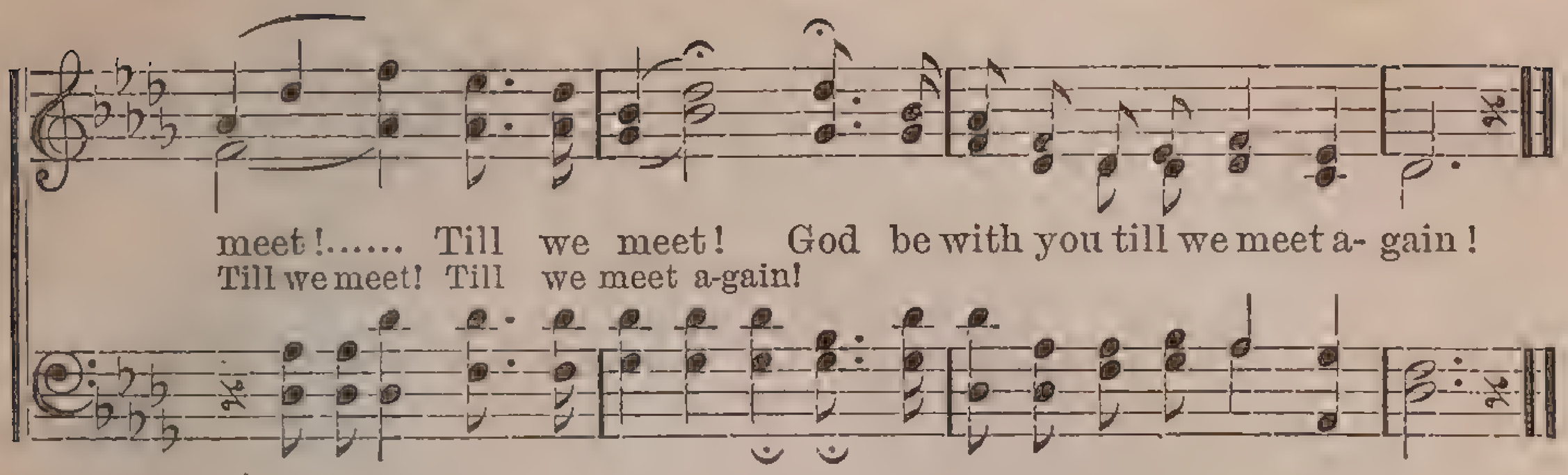
CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we.
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet! Till we

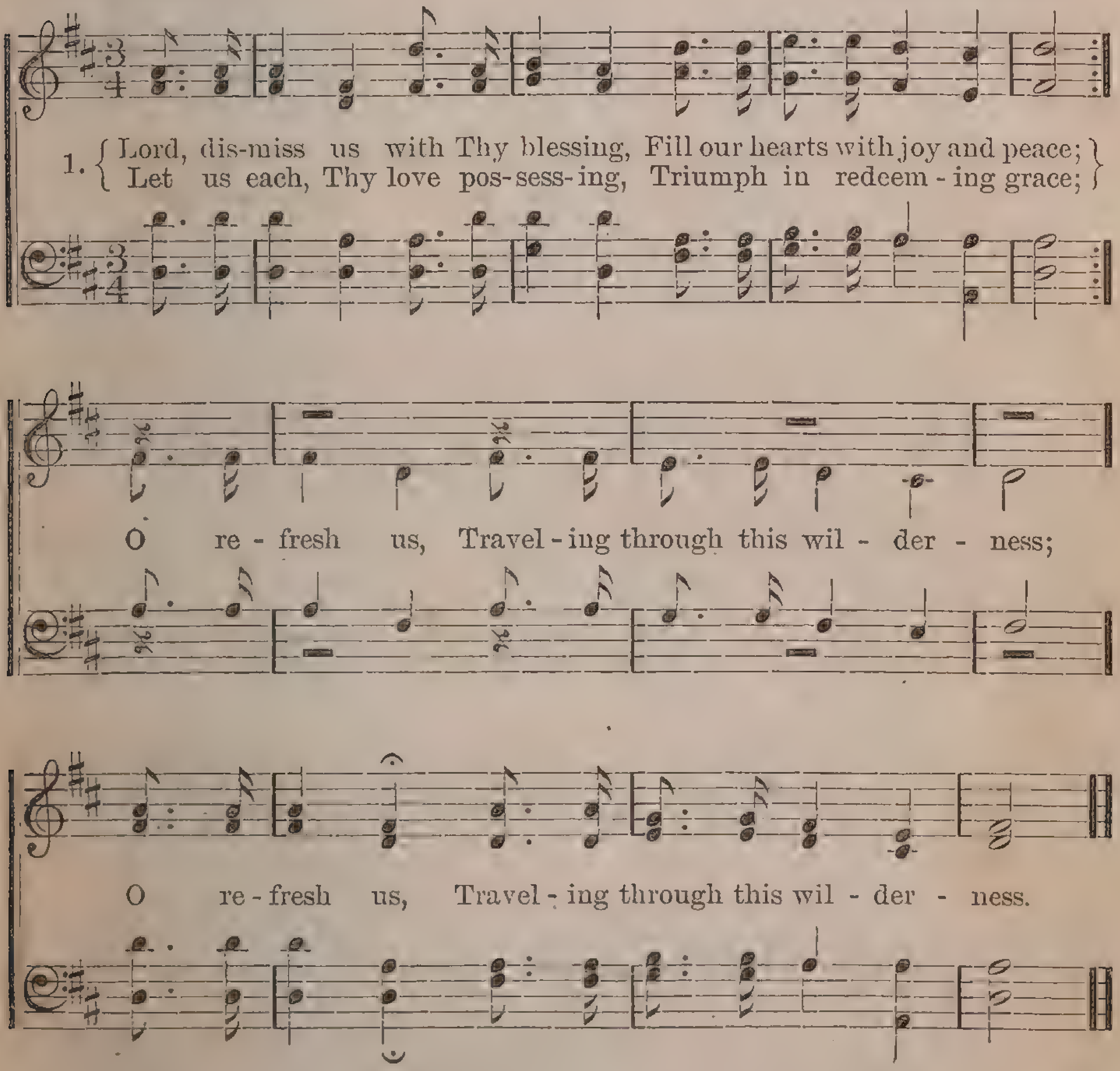
meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet!

God Be With You.—Concluded.



169. Lord, Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. THOMAS HASTINGS.

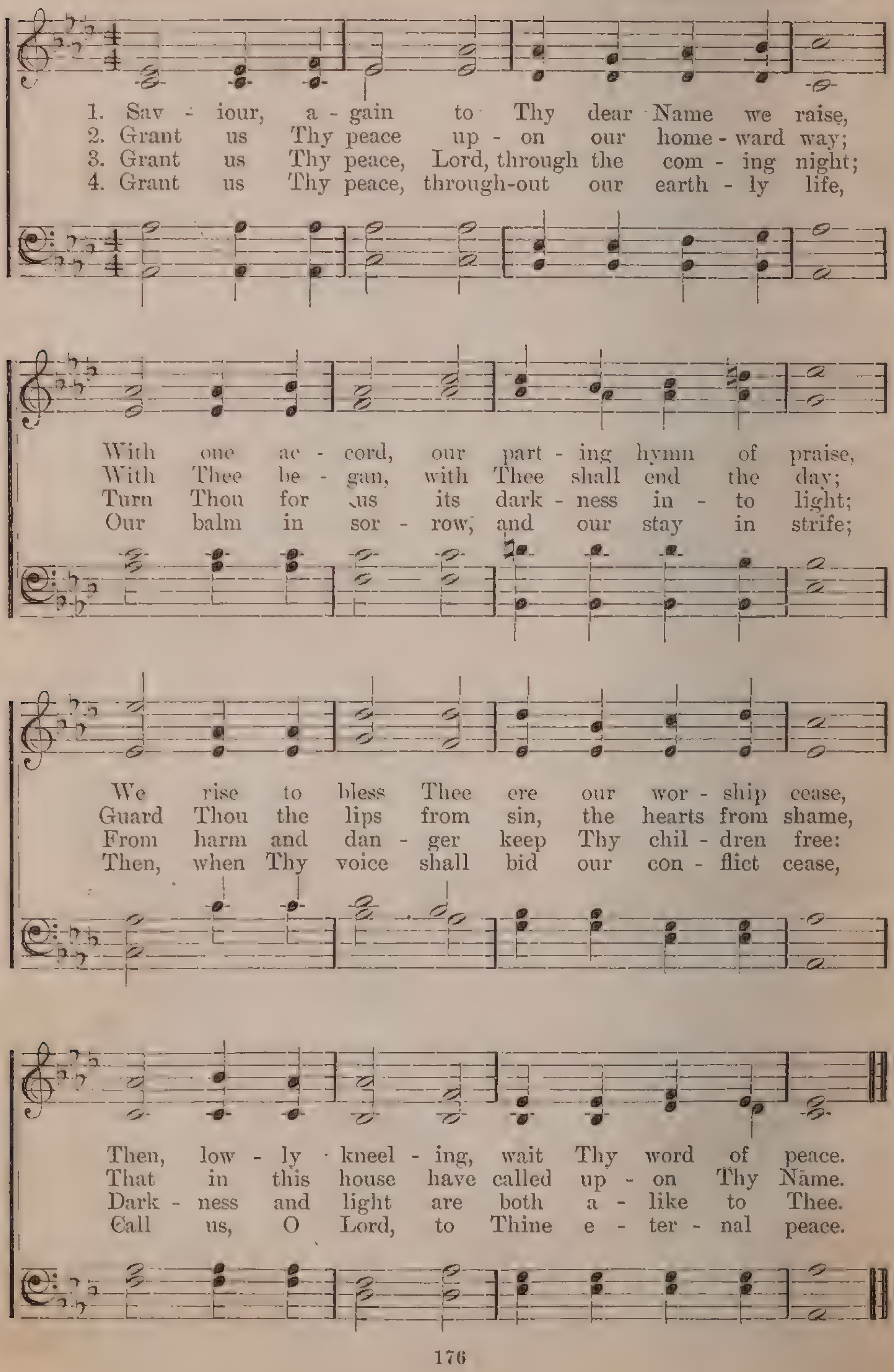


2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

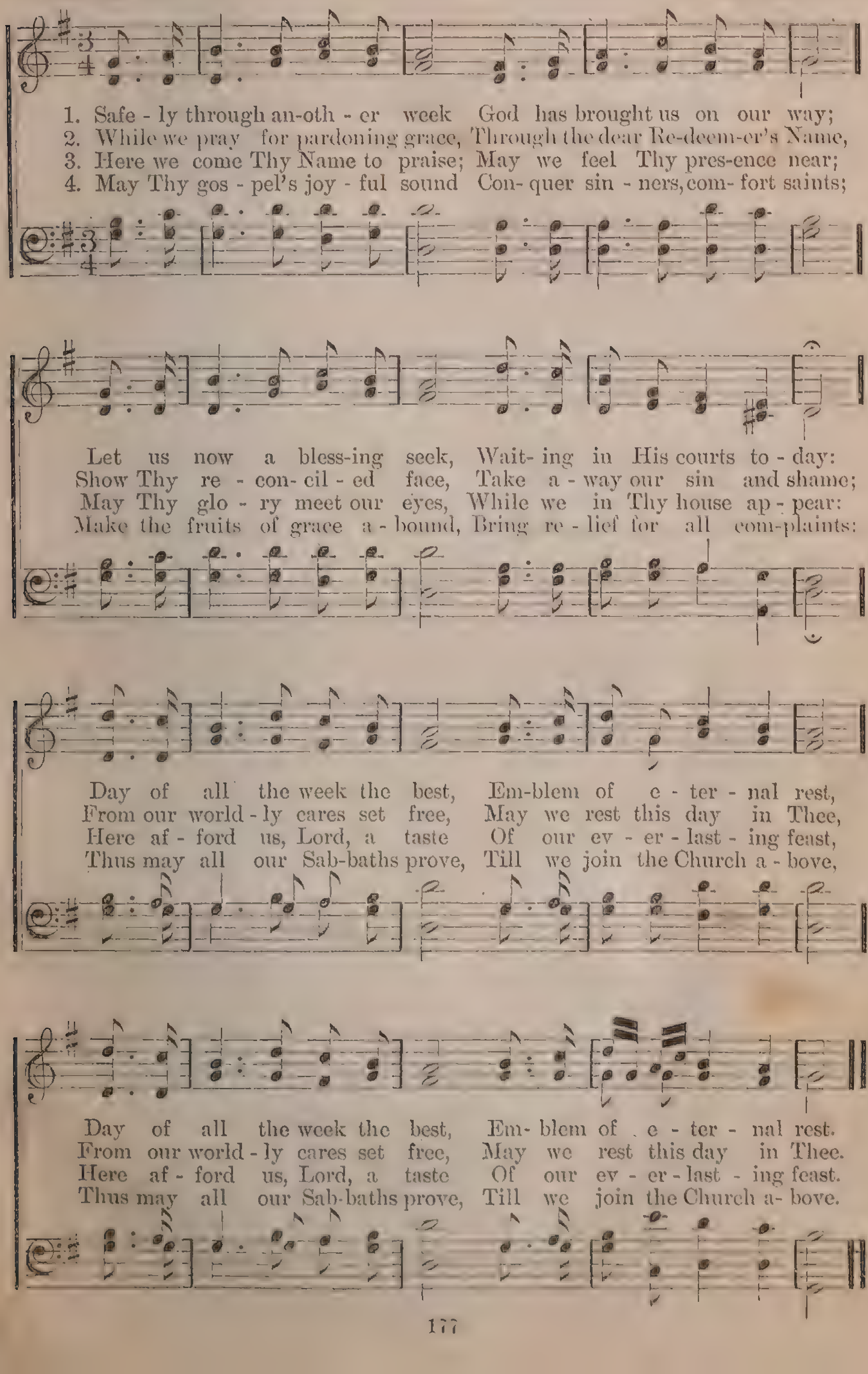
No. 170. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name we Raise.

JOHN ELLERTON. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



No. 171. Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.



No. 172. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. German.

1. O day of rest and glad- ness, O day of joy and light;
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,

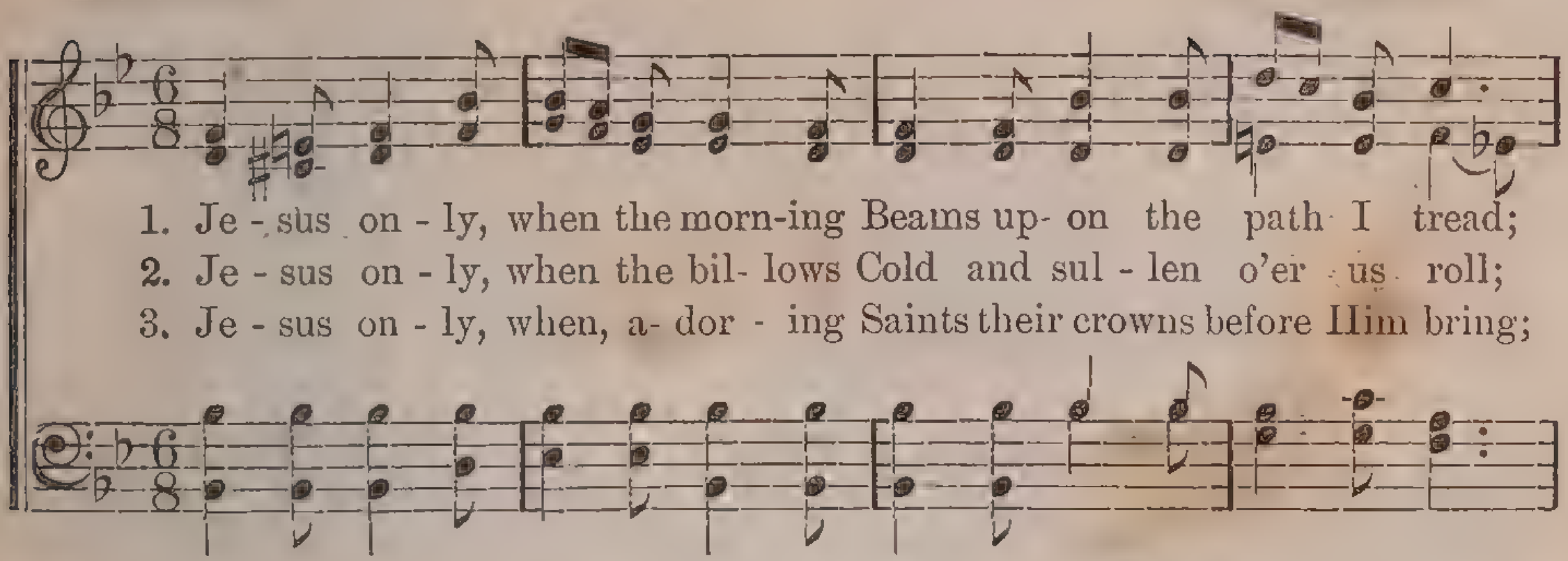
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful and bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
We reach the rest re- main - ing To spir - its of the blest;

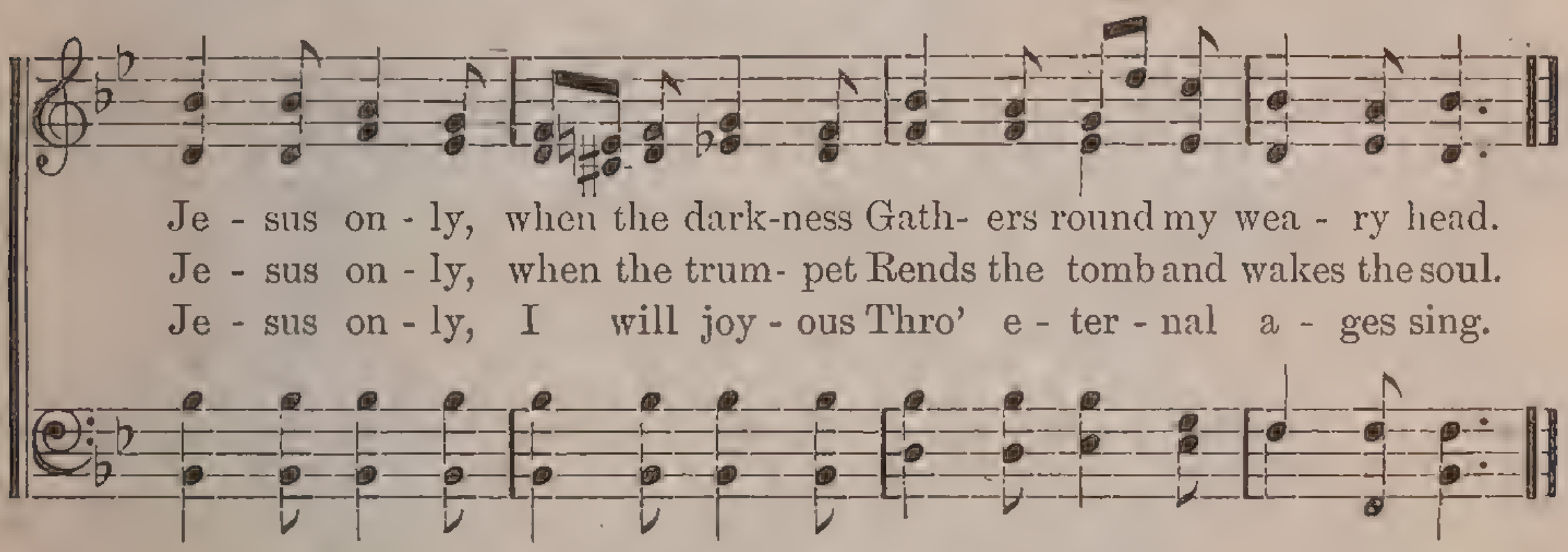
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious, The Spi - rit sent from heaven:
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;

Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
And thus on thee, most glo- rious, A tri - ple light was given.
The Church her voice up - rais - es To the blest Three in One.

No. 173. Jesus Only.

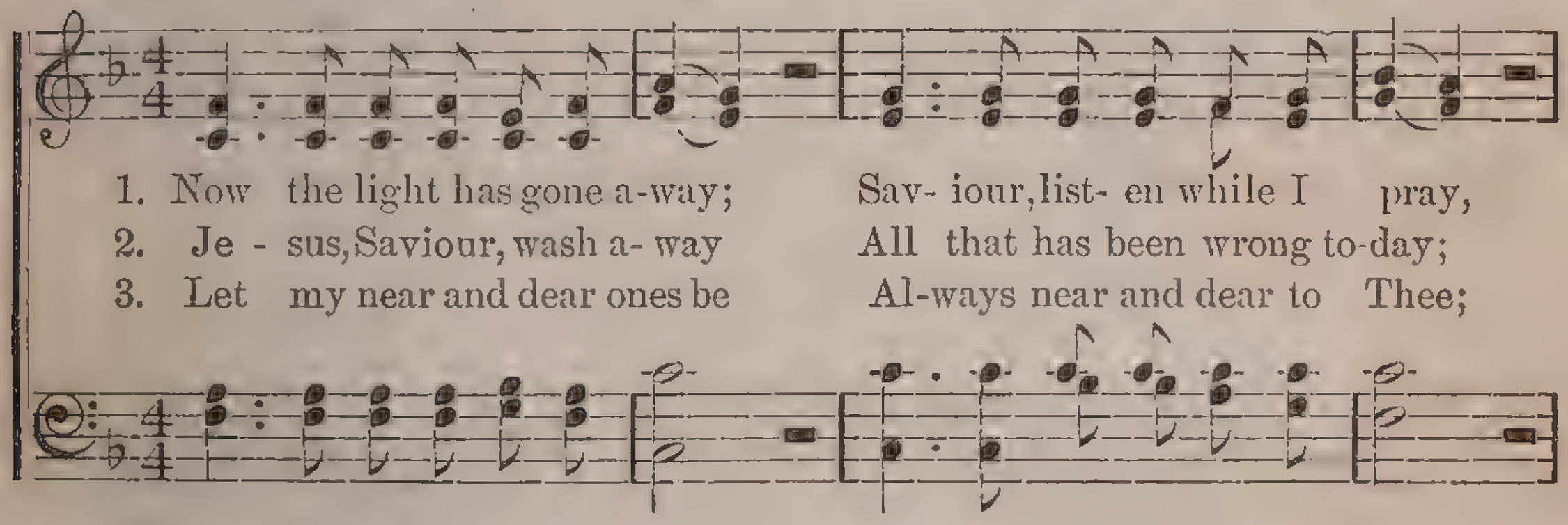
ELIAS NASON. E. M. HERNDON.

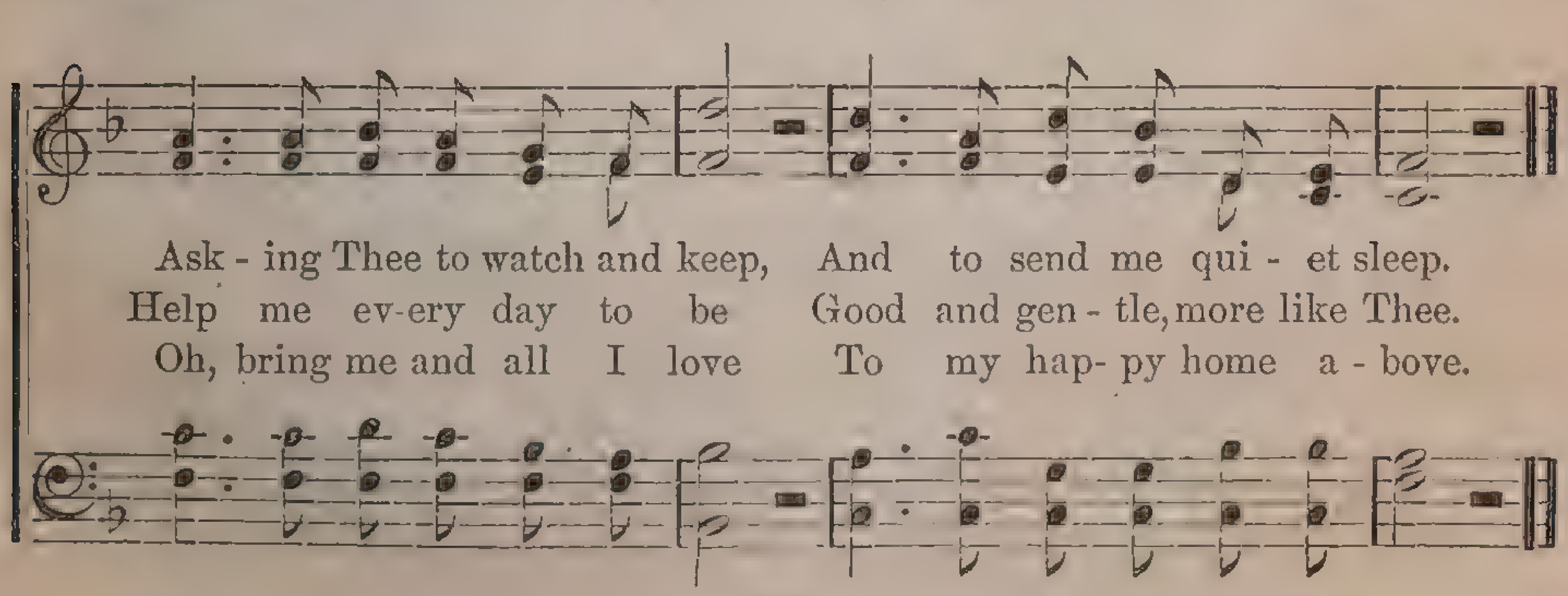




No. 174. Now the Light has Gone.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. German.





No. 175. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' encir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

cres.

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on, I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone; And with the morn those an-gel - fa - ces

dim.

see..... The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
fears,..... Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
smile, ...Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 176. 'Tis Time to Say Good-Night.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Now friends 'tis time to say good-night, The part-ing hour has come,
2. We met to-night in Je-sus' Name, He made His prom-ise good,
3. He sends His bless-ed Spir-it down, And knocks at ev-ery heart,
4. Sweet Spir-it dwell with-in each heart, Our guide and guardian be,

This pre-cious day has passed a-way, And du-ty calls us home.
He came and gave to ev-ery heart, Some soul re-fresh-ing food.
Oh, let Him in, He'll save from sin, And bless be-fore we part.
Throughout all time, for-ev-er Thine, May we be true to Thee.

CHORUS.

Now we'll say good-night to all, Good-night, good-night;
we're go-ing home, Good-night, good-night;

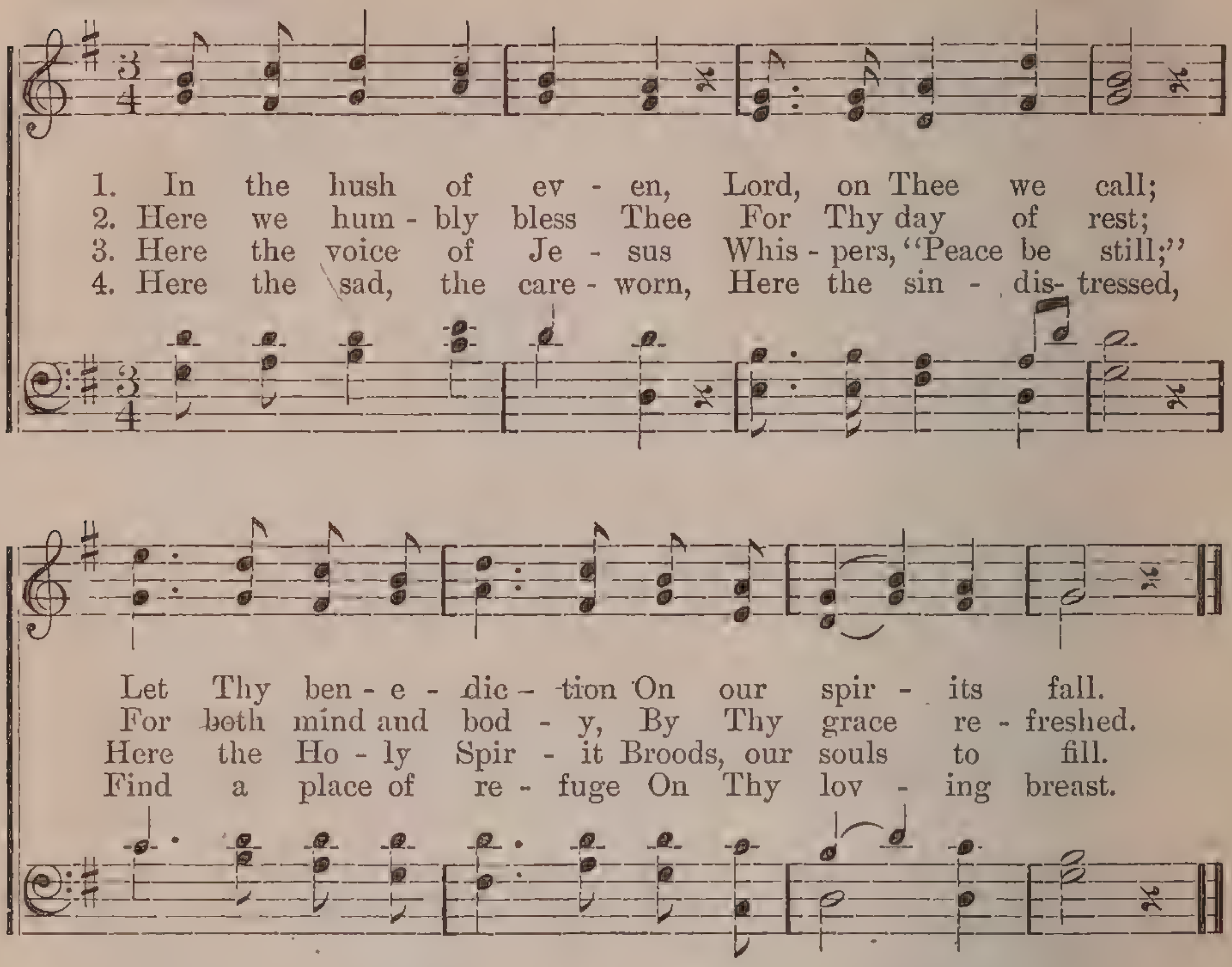
pp dim.

We ask God's blessing e'er we part; Good-night we're go-ing home.

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No. 177. In the Hush of Even.

HEINRICH NAEGELI. ROBERT ROSS.



5 Speak Thy word of mercy,
As we close this day,
Bid us go in gladness
On the heavenward way.

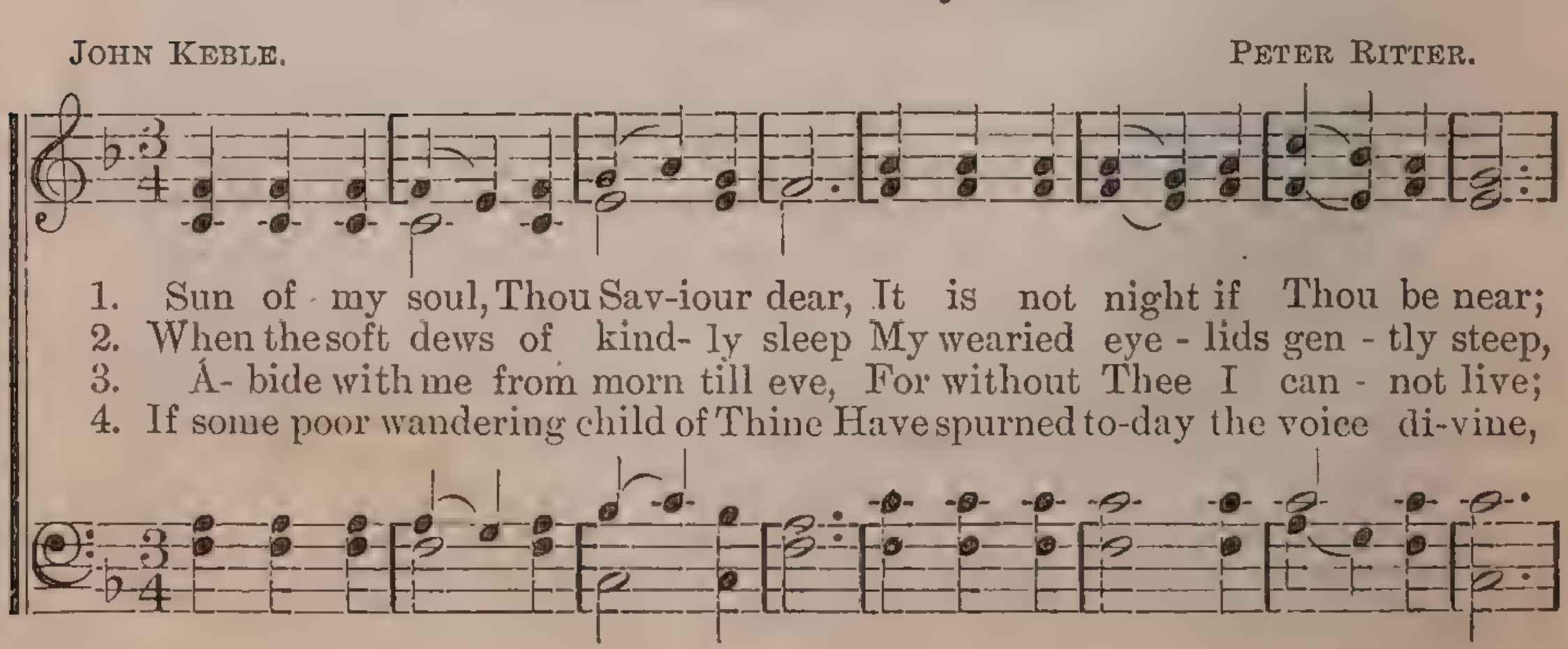
6 Keep us through the silence
Of the starry night,
Fit us for the labors
Of the morning light.

7 Then when time is over,
All our conflicts past,
We shall safe in Jesus
Dwell, with Thee at last.

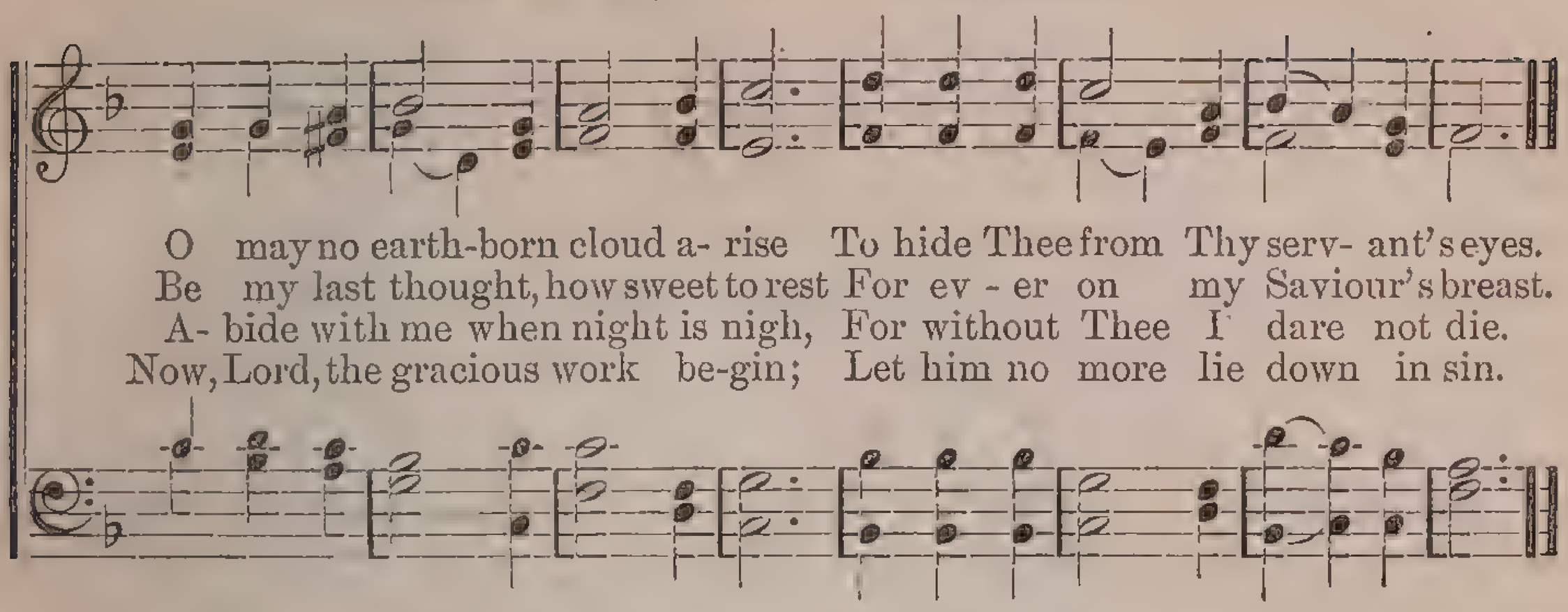
8 Honor, praise, and glory
To the Three in One,
From the whole creation,
While the ages run.

No. 178. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. PETER RITTER.



Sun of My Soul.—Concluded.

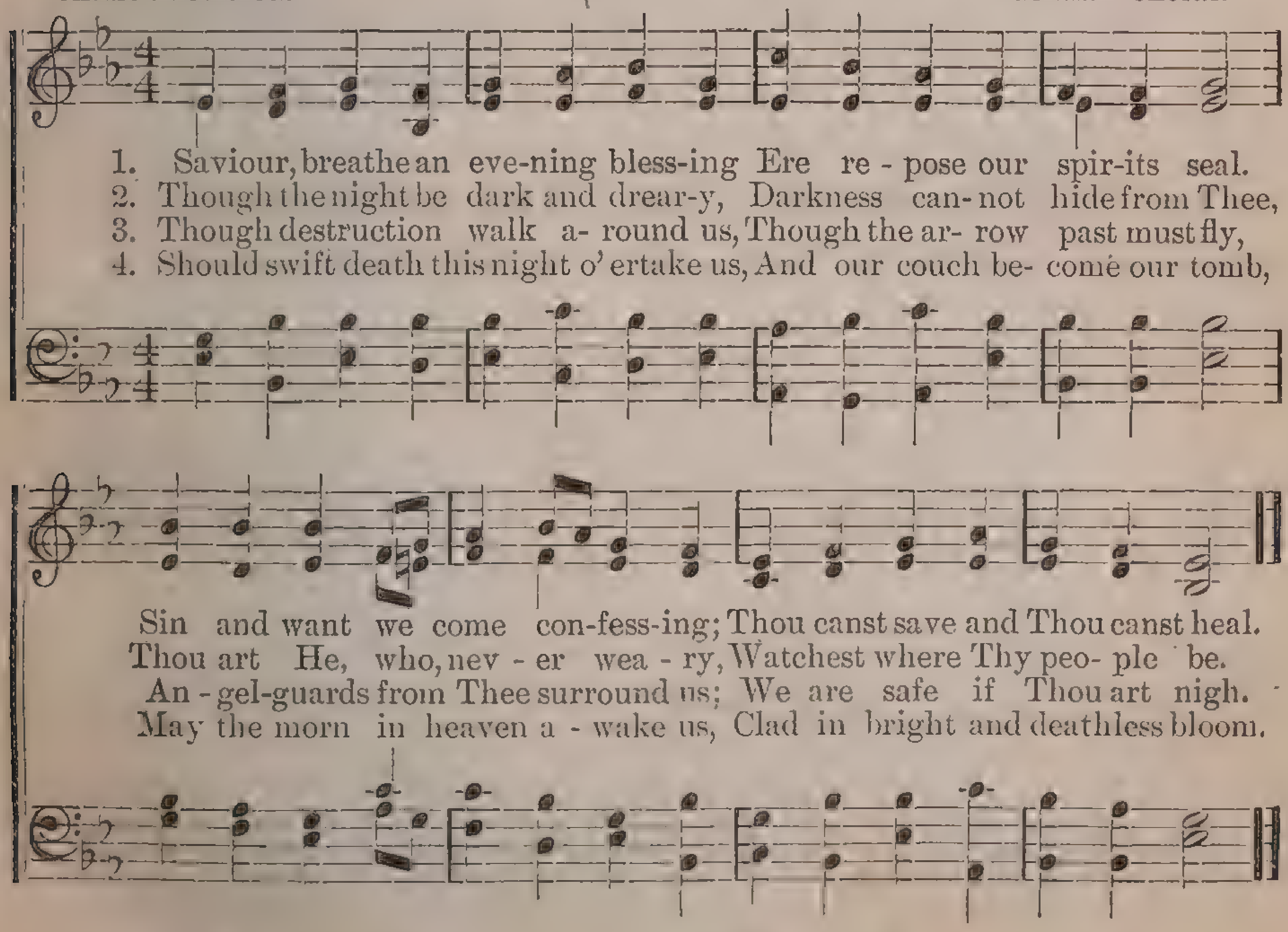


5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 179. Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

JAMES EDMESTON. German Choral.

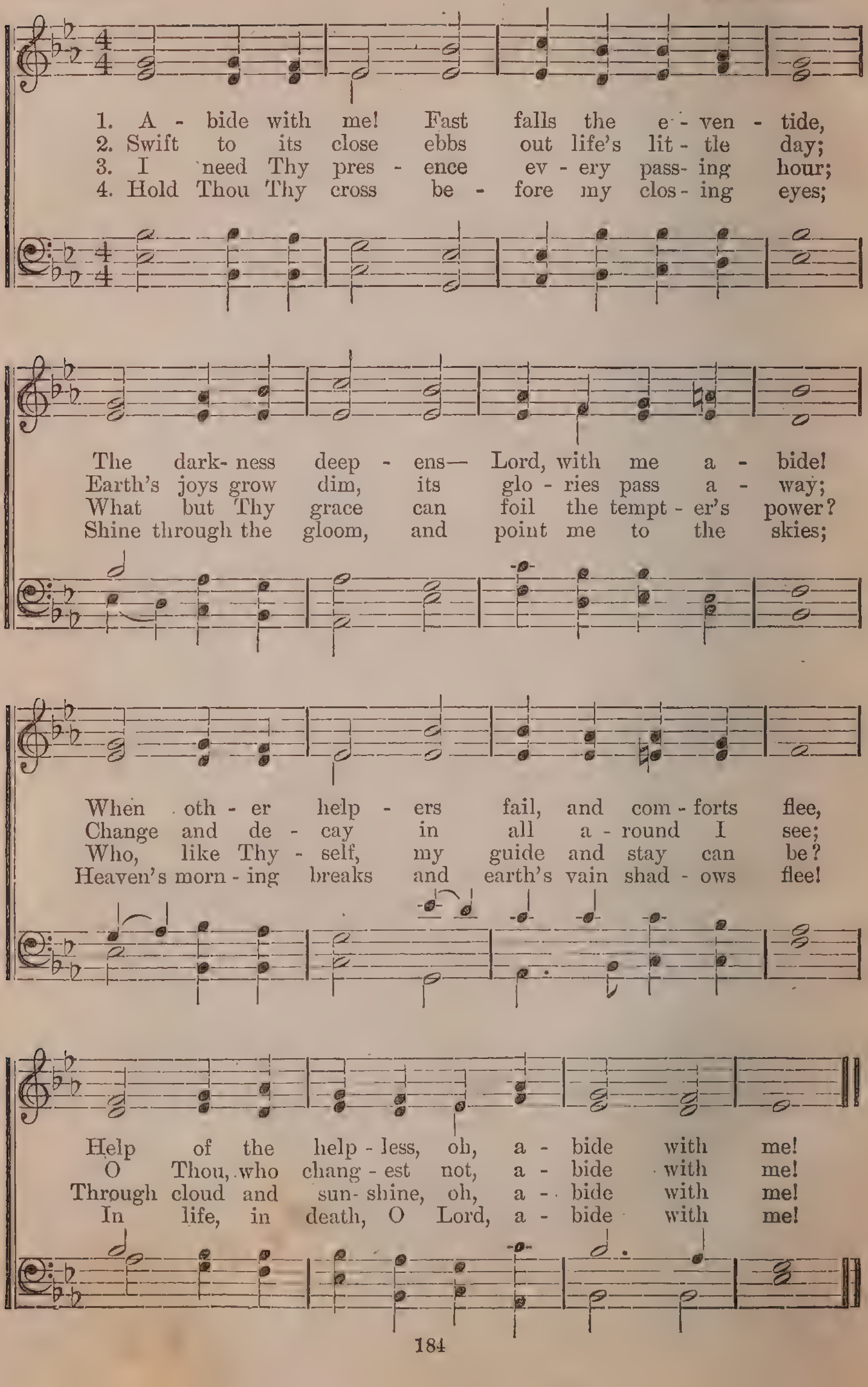


5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;

6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

No. 180. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 181. Saviour, now the Day is Ending.

Miss Sarah Dowdney. Charles Francois Gounod.

1. Sav - iour, now the day is end - ing, And the
2. Bless the gos - pel mes - sage, spok - en In Thine
3. Com - fort those in pain and sor - row, Watch each
4. Par - don Thou each deed un - ho - ly, Lord, for -

shades of eve - ning fall; Let the Ho - ly Ghost de -
own ap- point - ed way; Give each long - ing soul a
sleep - ing child of Thine; Let us all a - rise to -
give each sin - ful thought; Make us con - trite, pure and

scend - ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all. Set Thy
tok - en Of Thy ten - der love to - day. Set Thy
mor - row Strengthened by Thy grace di - vine. Set Thy
low - ly, By Thy great ex - am - ple taught. Set Thy

seal on ev- ery heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.

No. 182. Just Beyond.

Words from N. Y. Observer. A. BEIRLY.

1. O - ver just beyond the hill-tops, Where the sun sinks in the west,
2. Just be- yond life's flowing riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er shore,

Is a land of untold brightness, Where the wea-ry soul can rest.
Ma - ny loved ones wait to greet us, When our jour-ney here is o'er.

Just a- bove the dark clouds o'er us, Where the stars shine all the night,
Just be-yond the morning's sunbeams, O - ver there a- cross the way,

Is a home where love's bright angel Nev- er wea-ries with the light.
Is a world of wondrous beauty, Where is one e - ter - nal day.

No. 183. Lift Me Higher.

S. V. R. Ford. Old Melody.

1. Lift me high - er! lift me high-er! From these scenes of pain and night,
2. Lift me high - er! lift me high-er! When tempta - tions me as - sail,
3. Lift me high - er! lift me high-er! In af - flic-tion's dark-est hour,

Bear me up on an-gel's pin- ions, To the world of spir - its bright.
Arm me for the fierc-est con - flict, Let me in Thy strength prevail.
Let my faith surmount the tri - al, In the strength of Je - sus' power.

Let not earth's de - lu - sive pleasures Serve my high - est joys to blight,
Lift me high - er! keep be - fore me Calvary's mount where Jesus died;
Lift me high - er! lift me high - er! Till by faith the land I see,

I would range the fields of glo - ry, In ce - les - tial worlds of light.
Rest my faith in Christ, my Sav-iour, My Re-deem - er cru - ci - fied.
Where the ransomed, from af - flic - tion, Grief and pain are ev - er free.

No. 184. Gone! Our Beloved.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Gone! our be - lov - ed, Home to yon bright world on high!
2. Joys, bright and ver - nal, Fill that land of Par - a - dise!

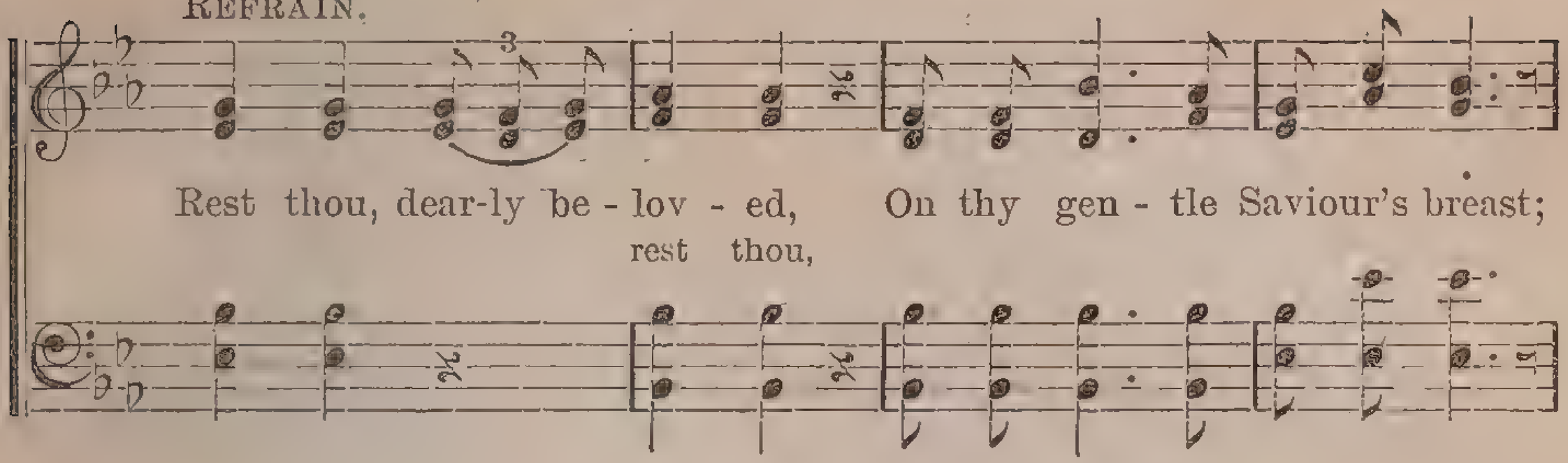
Home to the Sav - iour, Nev - er more to die.
Pleas - ures e - ter - nal, Reign be - yond the skies.

In that world of beau - ty, Not a tear or sigh is known,
There our loved one dwell-eth, While th'e-ter - nal a - ges roll,

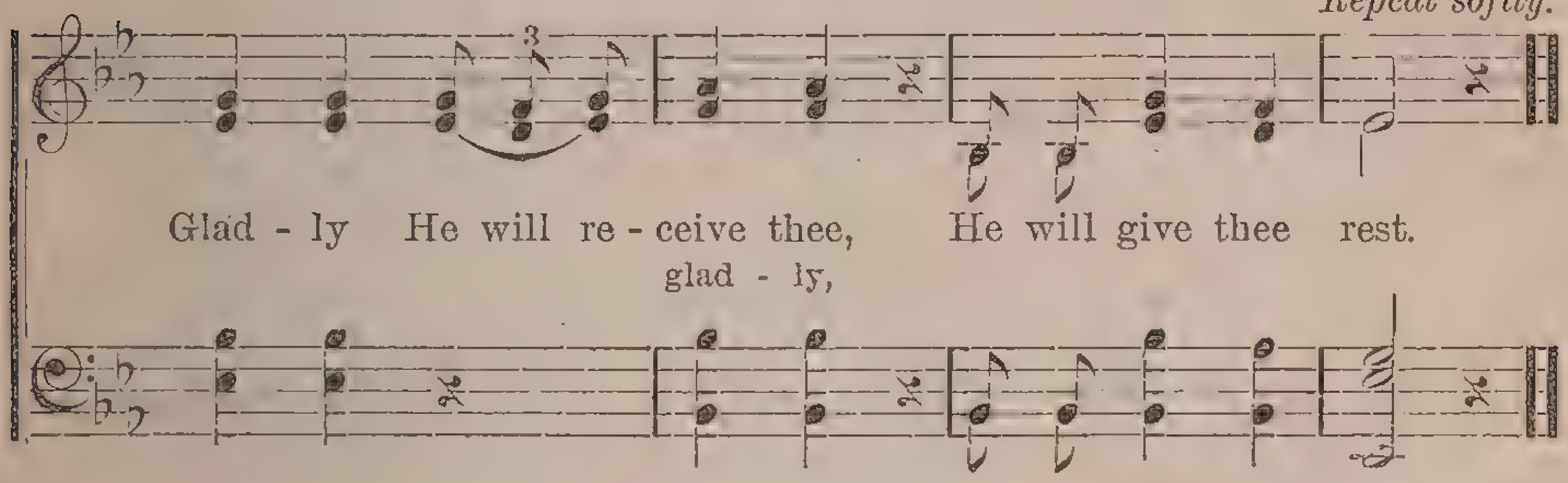
All is love and glad-ness 'Round the Sav - iour's throne.
World of love and beau-ty, Home-land of the soul.

Gone! Our Beloved.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

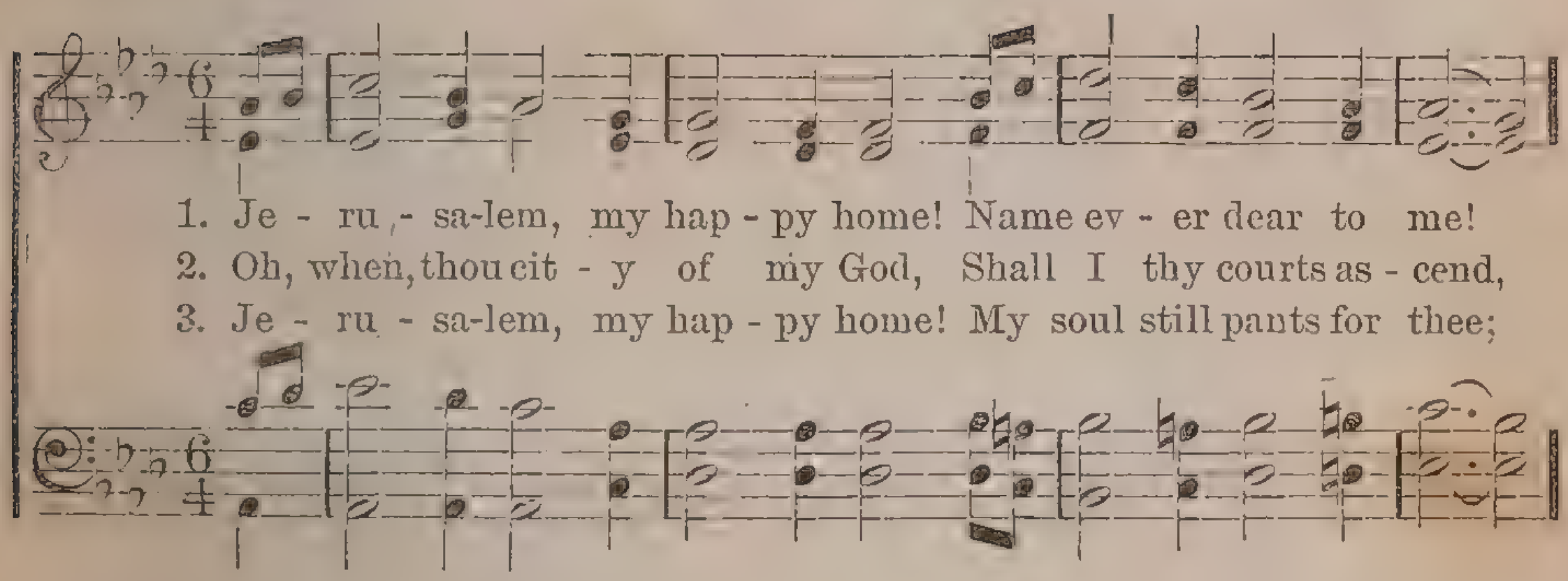


Repeat softly.



No. 185. Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

Anon. F. J. HAYDN.



No. 186. The Haven of Rest.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. Horstmann. Old Melody.

1. O where is the ha - ven of rest for the soul, The
2. For - get things of earth with their sor - row and care And
3. O think of the heav - en - ly joy of that rest With
4. From all earth- ly tu - mult and sor - row we flee With

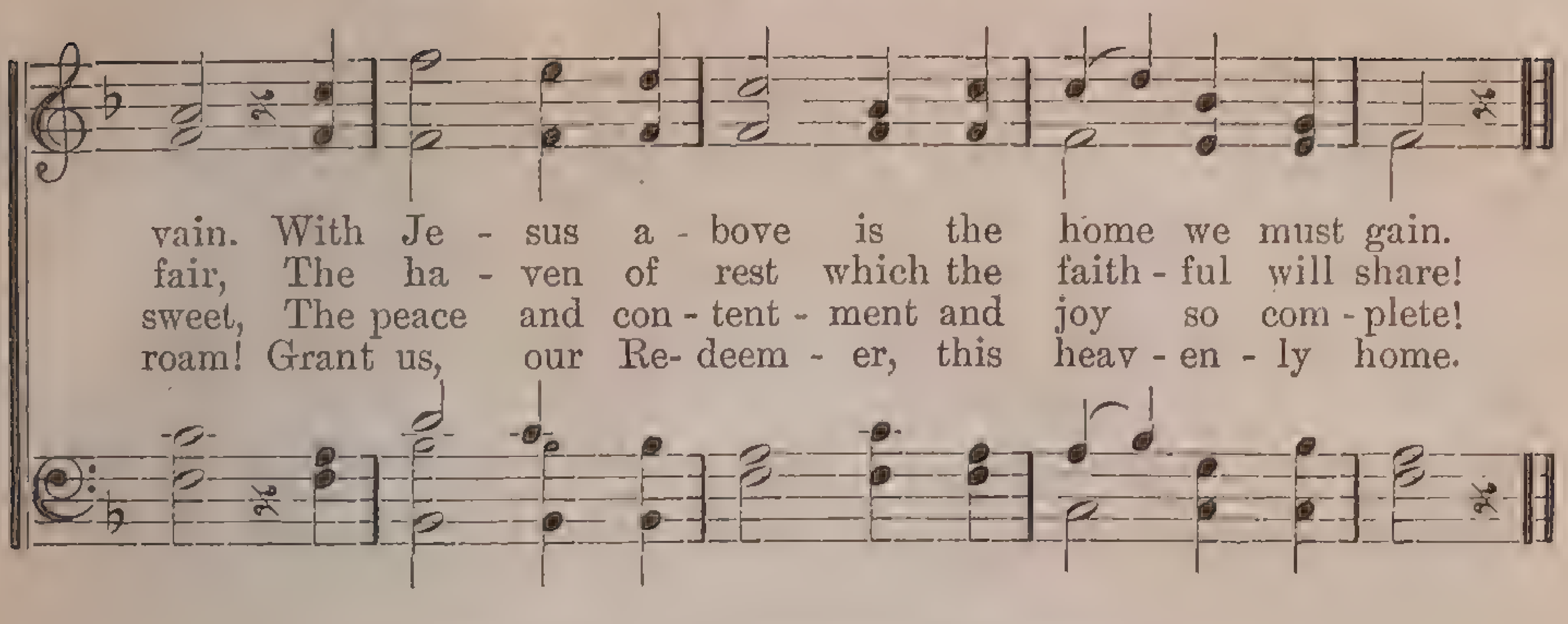
peace and the joy which it seeks for its goal? Is naught here be -
strive for that glo - ri - ous home o - ver there! Je - ru - sa - lem,
Je - sus the Sav - iour, and hosts of the blest, Where mu - sic ce -
hearts full of yearn - ing, O Sav - iour, to Thee; 'Tis great - est of

low that can res - cue from sin, No cit - y of ref - uge, no
heav - en - ly cit - y of gold, Thou on - ly art tru - ly the
les - tial and cher - u- bim's song Re-place sin and sor - row and
bless - ings to sit at Thy feet And share with the ran- somed this

safe - ty to win? Vain, vain, vain, vain, All here is
home of the soul! Fair, fair, fair, fair, Won - drous - ly
suf - fer - ing long. Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, Glo - rious - ly
fel - low- ship sweet; Home, home, home, home, No more to

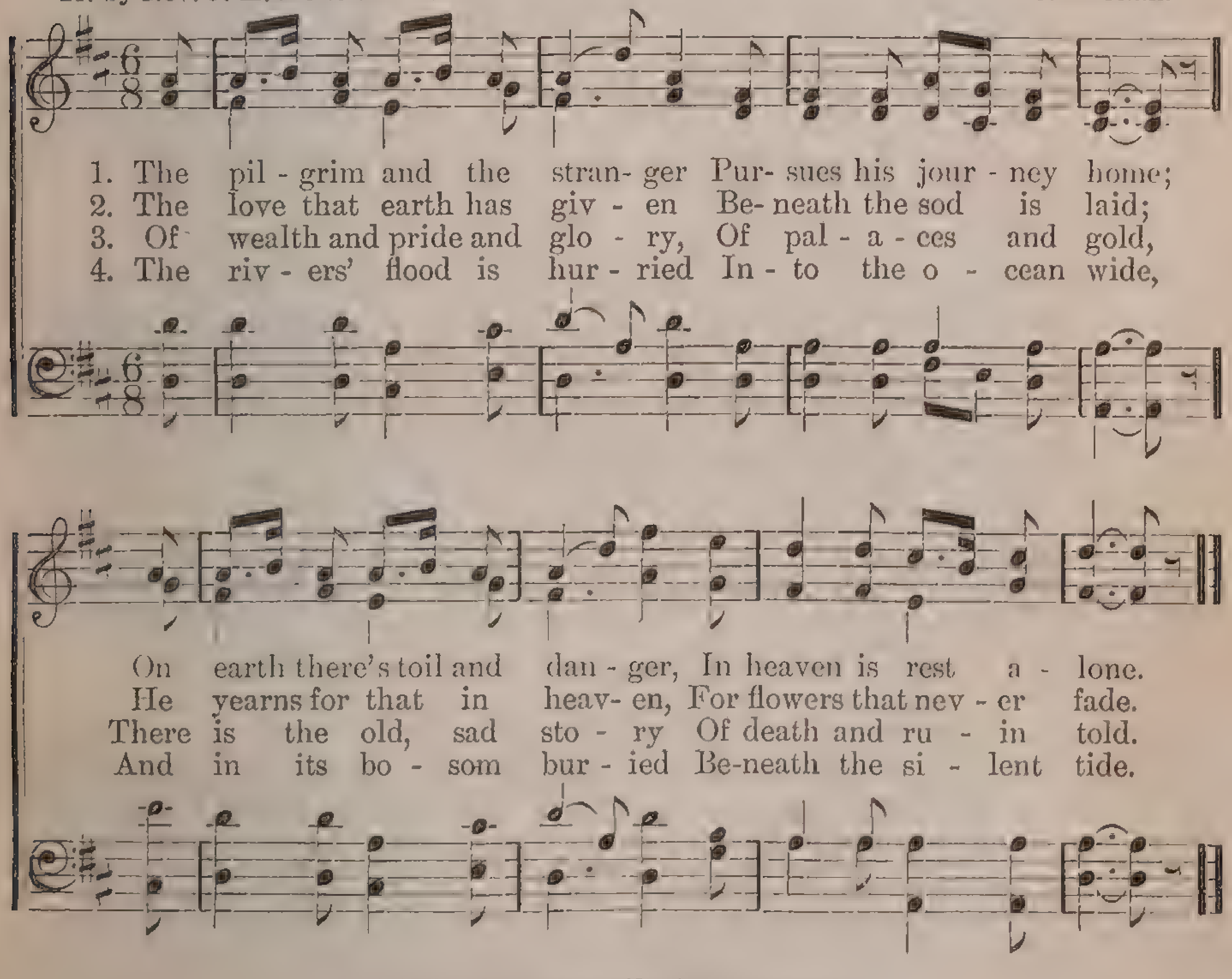
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The Haven of Rest.—Concluded.



No. 187. Homeward Bound.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. C. BEURLE.



5 'Tis thus the pilgrim yearneth
For God's own bliss and peace;
In life and joy eternal
His soul may be at ease.

6 And longing thus he wanders
Throughout this vale of tears,
To reach the home that's yonder
Where Christ, his life, appears.

No. 188. We Plow the Field.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. Tr. JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.

1. We plow the fields, and scatter The seed up - on the land, But it is
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the
3. We thank Thee, then, O Father, For all things bright and good, The seed time

fed and wa - tered By God's al-might- y hand: He sends the snow in
way-side flow - er, He lights the evening star: The winds and waves o -
and the har- vest, Our life, our health, our food: No gifts have we to

win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sunshine, And
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil- dren, He
of - fer, For all Thy love im-parts, But that which Thou desir - est, Our

REFRAIN.

soft re-freshing rain,
gives our dai - ly bread.
hum-ble, thankful hearts.
} All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heaven a-

We Plow the Field.—Concluded.

bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love.

No. 189. Summer Suns are Glowing

Rev. W. W. How. SAMUEL SMITH.

1. Sum- mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea, Hap- py light is
2. God's free mer-cy stream- eth O - ver all the world, And His ban-ner
3. Lord, up-on our blind- ness Thy pure radiance pour; For Thy lov- ing
4. We will nev- er doubt Thee, Though Thou veil Thy light: Life is dark with

flow - ing Boun - ti-ful and free, Ev-ery thing re - joic - es
gleam - eth Ev - ery-where unfurled, Broad and deep and glo - rious
kind - ness Make us love Thee more; And when clouds are drift - ing
out Thee; Death with Thee is bright, Light of light! shine o'er us

In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.
As the heaven above, Shines in might victo- rious, His e- ter- nal love.
Dark across our sky, Then, the veil up- lift - ing, Fa-ther, be Thou nigh.
On the pil-grim way, Go Thou still before us To the end-less day.

No. 190. Greeting Song.

Anon. Anon.

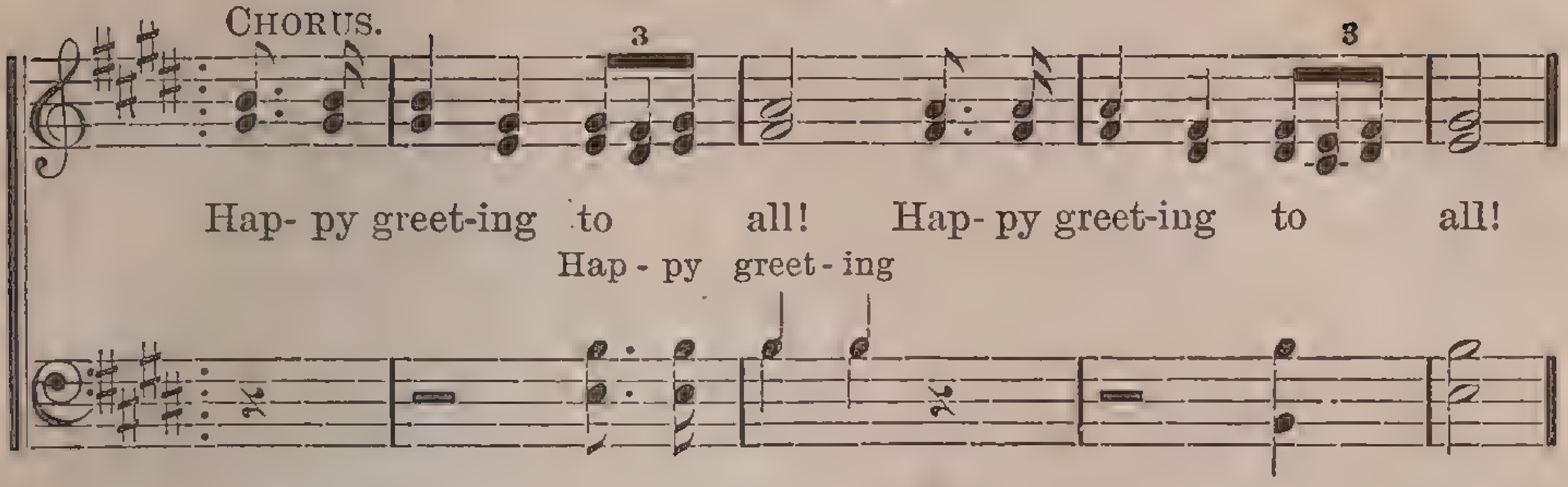
1. Come, chil - dren, and join in our fes - ti - val song,
2. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we lift up to Thee
3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,

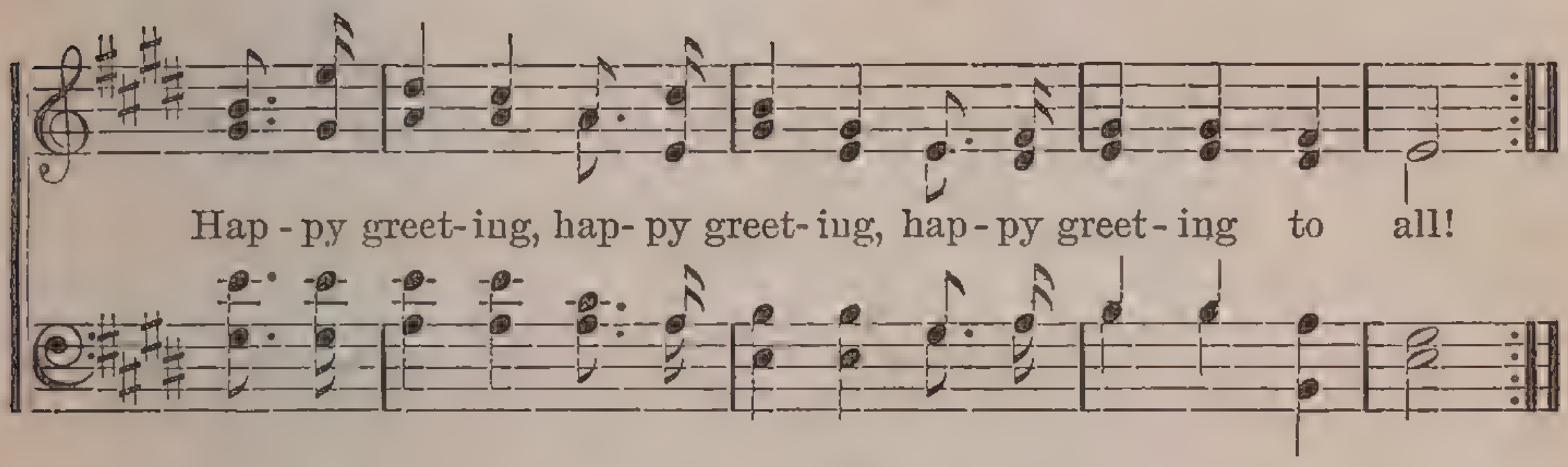
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings a - long;
Our voice of thanks - giv - ing, our glad ju - bi - lee;
Some loved one a - mong us in death shall re - pose,

We'll join our glad voic - es in one hymn of praise
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Sav - iour, we pray,
Grant, Lord, that the spir - it in heav - en may dwell,

To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.
That from Thy blest pre - cepts we nev - er may stray.
In the bo - som of Je - sus, where all shall be well.

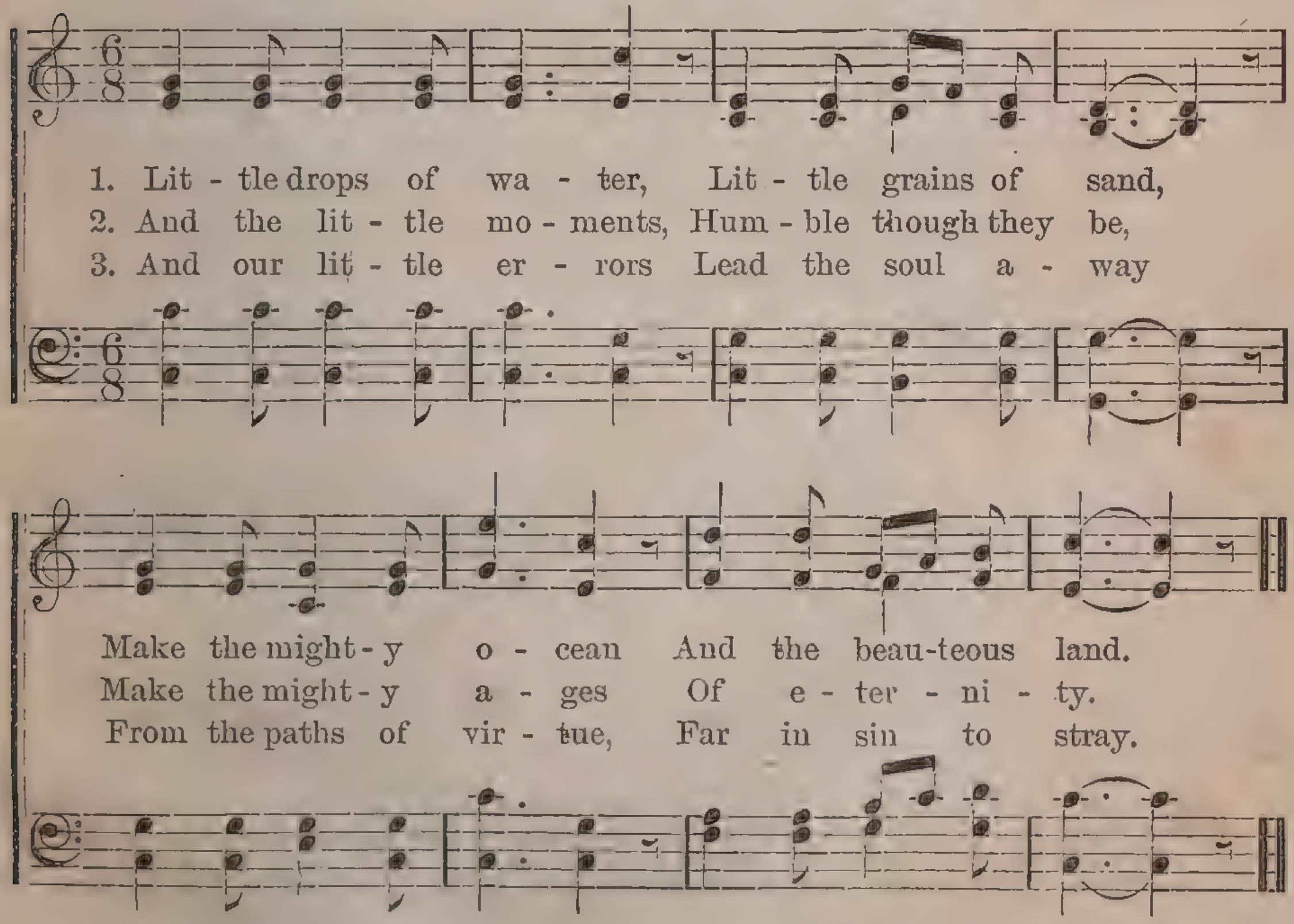
Greeting Song.—Concluded.





No. 191. Little Drops of Water.

MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY. Arr. by A. RHODES.
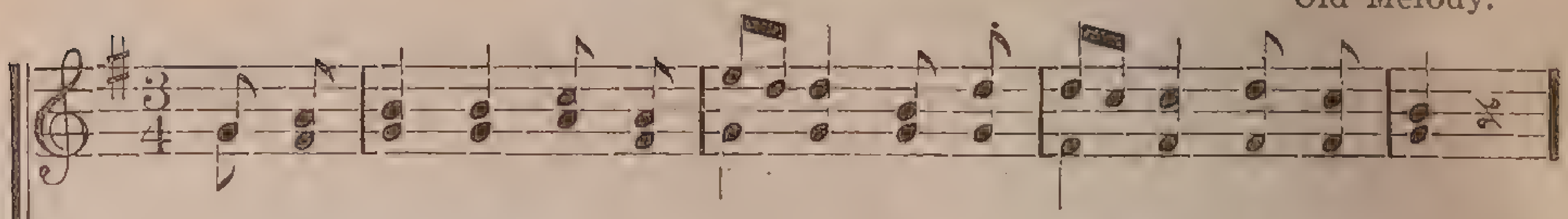


4 Little deeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

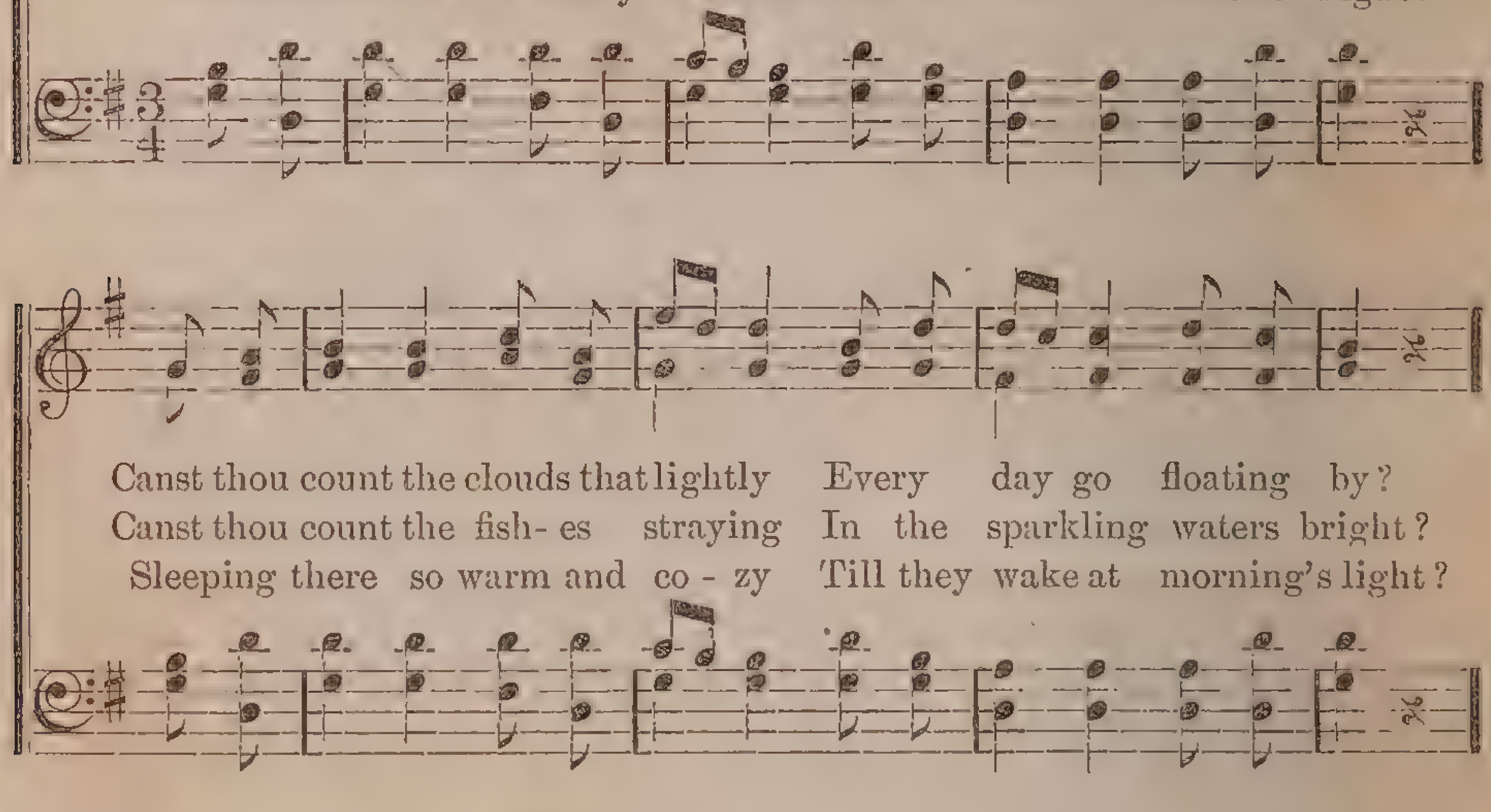
5 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

No. 192. Canst Thou Count the Stars.

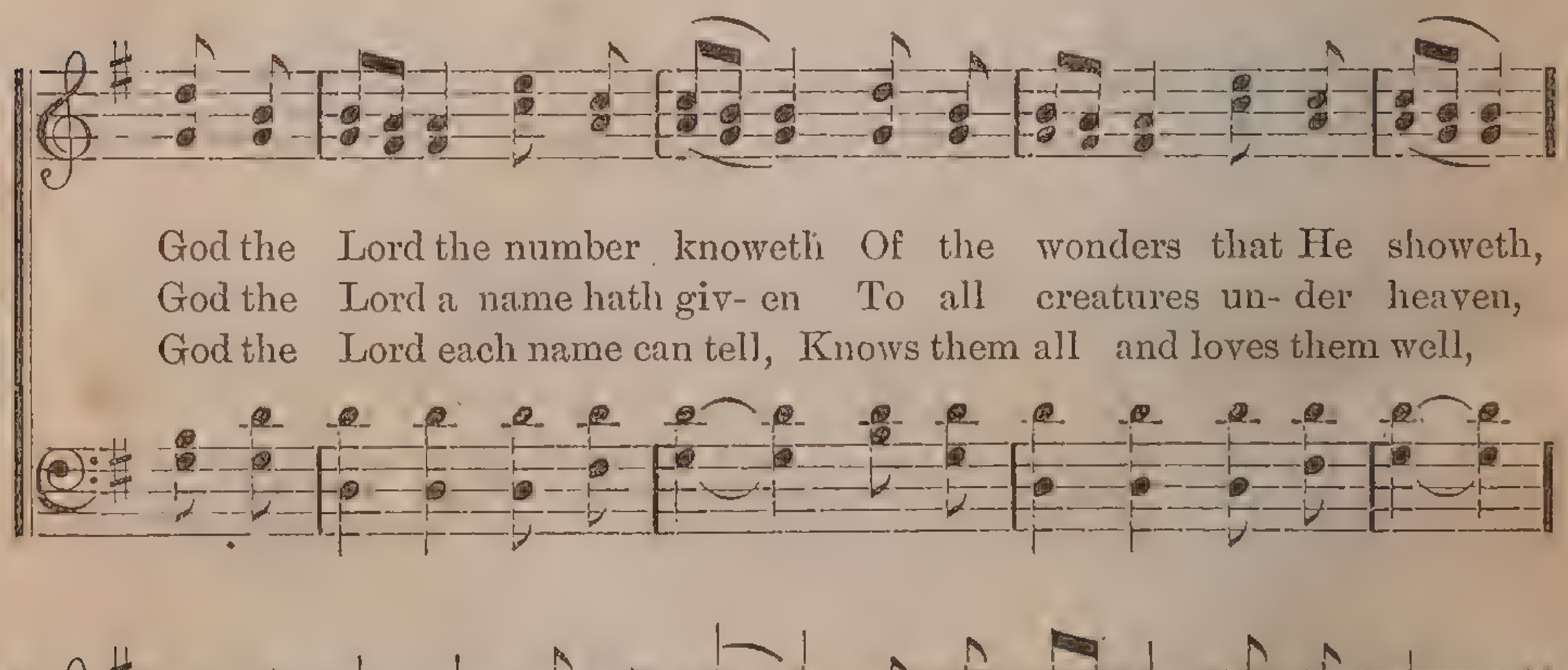
Old Melody.



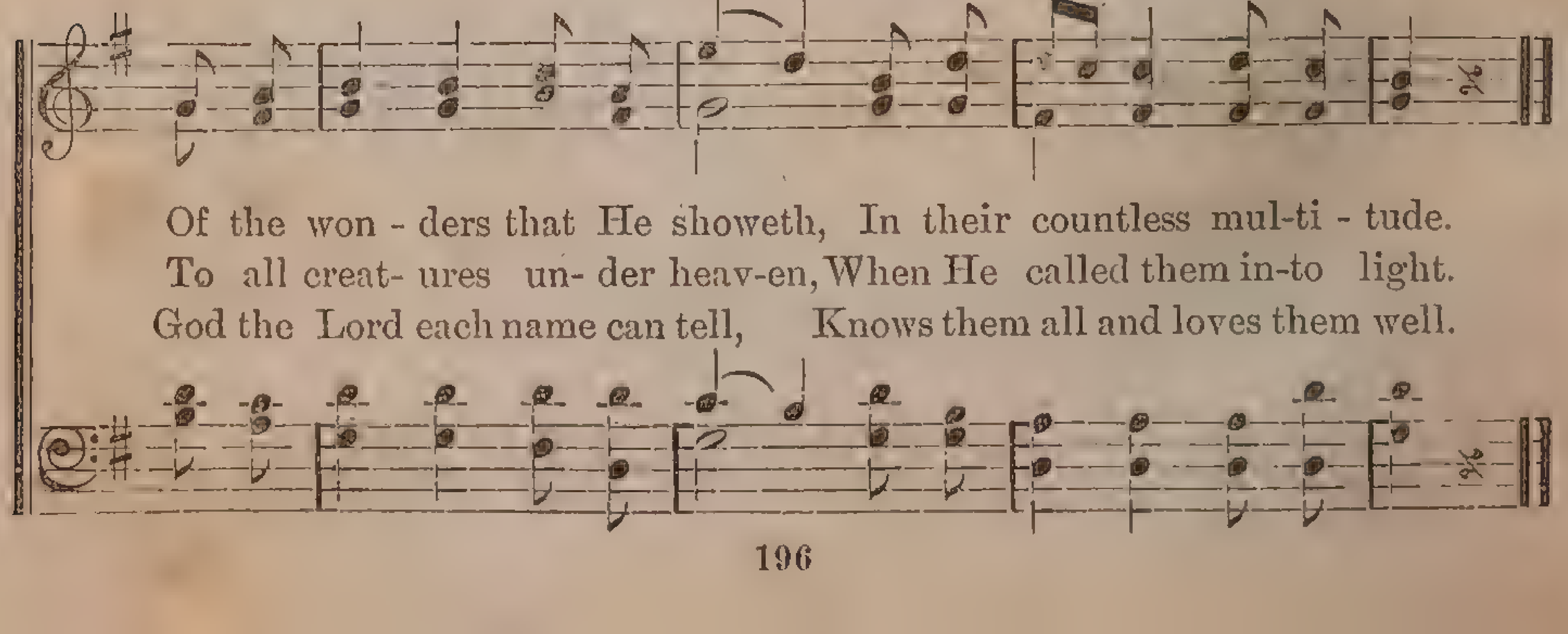
1. Canst thou count the stars that nightly Glisten in the a- zure sky?
2. Canst thou count the in- sects playing In the sunshine's golden light?
3. Canst thou count how ma-ny children Go to lit - tle beds at night?



Canst thou count the clouds that lightly Every day go floating by?
Canst thou count the fish- es straying In the sparkling waters bright?
Sleeping there so warm and co - zy Till they wake at morning's light?



God the Lord the number knoweth Of the wonders that He showeth,
God the Lord a name hath giv- en To all creatures un- der heaven,
God the Lord each name can tell, Knows them all and loves them well,



Of the won - ders that He showeth, In their countless mul-ti - tude.
To all creat- ures un- der heav-en, When He called them in-to light.
God the Lord each name can tell, Knows them all and loves them well.

No. 193. Beautiful the Little Hands.

T. CORBEN. BISHOP W. JOHNS.

1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands;
2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus precious cause to aid;
3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Saviour ev - ery day;
4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in-tends for you;

Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His serv- ice so sweet.
All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er- rands be - low.
Make that thing your first de - light, Do it to Him with your might.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful, beauti - ful lit - tle hands, That ful-fill the Lord's commands;

Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti- ful lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.

No. 194. God is Love.

Tr. by Rev. J. H. HORSTMANN. Old Melody.

1. God's love e - ter - nal, planned for re - demp - tion,
2. I was in bon - dage, sin, death and dark - ness;
3. God's love brought Je - sus, gen - tle and faith - ful,
4. Je - sus, the Sav - iour, shed His blood free - ly,

God's bound - less mer - cy sought e - ven me.
God's love was work - ing to make me free.
Seek - ing and sav - ing that which is lost.
Bear - ing my bur - den, dy - ing for me.

REFRAIN.

Re - joice all and praise Him, Whose bound-less mer - cy,

Whose love e - ter - nal Saves e - ven me!

5 God's love is soothing all of my sorrows,
God's love is healing all of my wounds.—REF.

6 God's love provided heavenly mansions:
Perfect, eternal life for the soul.—REF.

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No. 195. Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Through the wood- bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cot- tage a - gain; The birds singing gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

No. 196. God Bless the Home.

T. CORBEN. F. SILCHER.

1. God bless the home, though humble, So full of love's sweet light;
2. God bless the home, where dai - ly The songs of praise a - rise;
3. A - las! for homes, where sor- row Like night must ev - er brood;

God bless the lit - tle chil - dren, With their sweet fa - ces bright;
Where all kneel round the al - tar, And of - fer sac - ri - fice.
Where chil-dren lăck for cloth - ing, And for their dai - ly food.

God bless the mother ten - der, God bless the fa- ther, too;.....
A - las! for homes where nev-er Is heard the voice of prayer;.....
God bless the home He gives us, The home that gave us birth;.....

God make us fond and faith - ful, God keep us kind and true.
A - las! for homes, when Je - sus Is nev - er mentioned there!
God keep us fond and faith - ful, And make it heaven on earth.

No. 197. Bless This Our Land.

JOHN H. HOPKINS. C. O. ARNOLD.

Spirited.

ff

1. God of our fa - thers, Bless this our land; O- cean to o - cean
2. Lord God of Sa - baoth, Mighty in war, Boundless and numberless
3. Lord God our Sav - iour, Thy love overflows, Mak- ing our wilderness
4. Spir - it of u - ni-ty, Crown of all kings, Find us a resting place

Own- eth Thy hand. Home of all na - tions From far and near,
Thine ar- mies are. Thy right hand conquereth All that op - pose;
Bloom as the rose. Thou with true lib-er- ty Mak- est us free,
Un- der Thy wings; By Thine own pres - ence Thy will be done,

Give to u - nite us, Thy faith and fear. God of our fa - thers,
Launch forth Thy thunder bolts, Smite down our foes; Lord God of Sa- ba-oth,
Know- ing no mas - ter, No king but Thee; Lord God our Sav - iour,
Mill- ions of free men Band-ed as one. Lord God al - might - y,

Ben marcato.

Fail-ing us nev-er, God of our fa - thers, Be ours for - ev- er.
Fail-ing us nev-er, Lord God of Sa- baoth, Fight for us ev- er.
Fail-ing us nev-er, Lord God our Sav- iour, Reign Thou for ev- er.
Fail-ing us nev-er, Thine be the glo - ry, Now and for - ev- er.

No. 198. The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. SAMUEL ARNOLD.

f Maestoso.

1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mist of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly swore
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free men shall stand

What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing?
Where the foe's haught-y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,
Be - tween their loved homes and foul war's des - o - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep
A home and a coun - try shall leave us no more?
Blest with vic - tory and peace, may the heaven - res - cued land

O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion.
Praise the Power that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion.

The Star-Spangled Banner.—Concluded.

And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam,
No ref - uge can save the hire - ling and slave
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,

cres.

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream;
From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust."

ff CHORUS.

O say, does the star-span-gled ban - ner still wave
'Tis the star-span - gled ban - ner, O long may it wave
And the star-span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave
And the star-span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

ril.

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

No. 199. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. WM. STEFFE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord;
2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps;
3. He has sound - ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat;
4. In the beau - ty of the li - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea;

He is tramping out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
They have builded Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can
He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment-seat; Oh, be
With a glo - ry in His bos-om, that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He

loos'd the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword; His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His truth is marching on.
swift my soul to answer Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

CHORUS.
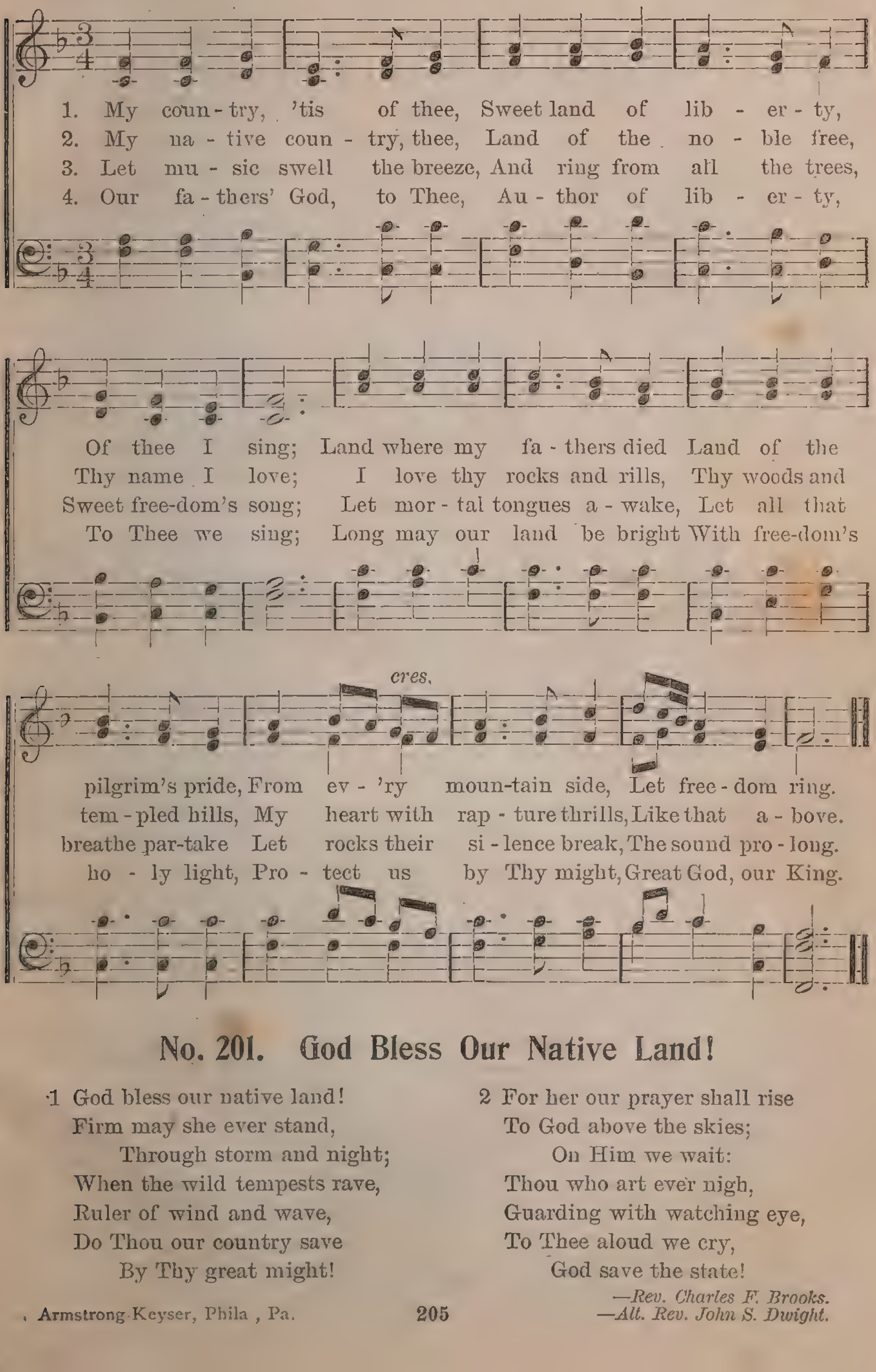
Glo - ry, glo-ry hal- le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

No. 200. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

(AMERICA.)

S. F. Smith, D. D. H. Carey.



No. 201. God Bless Our Native Land!

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watching eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

—*Rev. Charles F. Brooks.*
—*Alt. Rev. John S. Dwight.*

General Index.

NOTE.—All lines printed in SMALL CAPITAL letters are titles of Hymns.

	NUMBER
A	
A mighty fortress is our God	138
A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS	70
Abide with me	180
Abide with us, our Saviour	167
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed	158
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	6
All people that on earth do dwell	3
Almost persuaded	115
AMERICA	200
Am I a soldier of the cross	70
Anywhere with Jesus	100
Arise, my soul, arise	121
AT THE CROSS	158
AT THE DOOR	94
B	
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	199
BATTLING FOR THE RIGHT	59
Beautiful the little hands	193
Behold a stranger at the door	94
Behold, how good and pleasant	103
Beneath the cross of Jesus	157
BENEDICTION (Page 16.)	
Be thou faithful unto death	72
Blessed assurance	12
BLESS THIS OUR LAND	197
Blest be the tie that binds	166
Breathe on me	17
Brightly gleams our banner	67
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES	65
BRING THEM IN	58
BROTHERLY UNITY	103
C	
CALVARY	156
Canst thou count the stars	192
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	159
CLOSING EXERCISE.—Love divine, all love's excelling (Page 9.)	
Come, children, and join	190
Come, gather round the Christmas-tree	149
Come hither, ye children	150
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	26
Come, Holy Spirit, like a dove	161
Come, my Redeemer, come	73
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	109
Come, Thou almighty King	9
Come, Thou fount of every blessing	11
Come to the Saviour	99
Come to the Saviour now	88
Come unto me, ye weary	92
Come, ye disconsolate	104
CONFIRMATION VOW (Page 10.)	
Courage, brother, do not stumble	113
D	
Depths of mercy, can there be	38
Down at the cross	37
Down in the valley with my Saviour	128
DOXOLOGY (Page 16.)	
E	
EVEN ME	22
F	
Fairest Lord Jesus	40
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH	72
Far out on the desolate billow	102
Father, again in Jesus' Name	163
Flee as a bird to the mountain	114
Fling out the banner	147
FOLLOW ON	128
Forward be our watchword	119
From Greenland's icy moutains	143
G	
GLORIA PATRI, No. 1 (Page 14.)	
GLORIA PATRI, No. 2 (" 15.)	
God be with you	168
God bless our native land	201
God bless the home	196
God calling yet	62
GOD IS LOVE	194
God is love, His mercy brightens	41
God of might	2
God of our fathers	197
God's love eternal, planned	194
Gone our beloved	184
GREETING SONG	190
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	24
H	
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	18.
Hark, the herald angels sing	151
Hark, 'tis the Shepherd's voice	58
Hark to the sound of voices	60
Have pity on the heathen	146

	Number
Have you had a kindness shown	129
He leadeth me	93
HEAR THE SAVIOUR SAY	131
Help us to labor on	57
Here is my heart	75
Holy Bible, book divine	133
Holy Ghost, Comforter	160
Holy, Holy, Holy	5
Holy night	152
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide	107
HOME, SWEET HOME	195
HOMEWARD BOUND	187
How firm a foundation	132
I	
I am coming to the cross	77
I am Thine, O Lord	86
I am thinking to-day	120
I can hear my Saviour calling	74
I hear the Saviour say	131
I heard the voice of Jesus say	96
I know not why God's love	50
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	139
I love to tell the story	42
I need Thee every hour	32
I think when I read	117
I will sing of my Redeemer	10
In the hush of even	177
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL	52
J	
Jesus calls us	108
Jesus is all the world to me	87
Jesus is tenderly calling	106
Jesus, Lover of my soul	31
Jesus only, when the morning	173
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	29
Jesus shall reign	145
Jerusalem, my happy home	185
Joy to the world	153
Just as I am	90
JUST BEYOND	182
K	
KEEP TO THE RIGHT	122
Kind words can never die	123
L	
Lamp of our feet	135
Lead, kindly Light	175
Lead me, Saviour, lead me ever	27
Lead me, Saviour	124
Lift me higher	183
Little drops of water	191
Lo, on a mount	134
Lord, at Thy mercy-seat	28
LORD, BLESS US AND KEEP US	165
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	169
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	22
Love divine, all loves excelling	30
M	
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	15
March along together	122
'Mid pleasures and palaces	195
Mine eyes have seen	199
More love to Thee, O Christ	36
My country, 'tis of thee	200
My faith looks up to Thee	39
My hope is built	49
My life flows on	44
My life, my love	91
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	89
My Jesus, I love Thee	84
MY ROCK AND SHIELD	50
My song shall be of Jesus	19
My soul, be on thy guard	111
N	
Nearer, my God, to Thee	43
Not I, but Christ	20
No time to pray	125
Not now, but in the coming years	110
Now thank we all our God	1
Now the light has gone away	174
O	
O day of rest and gladness	172
O for a thousand tongues to sing	7
O happy day	81
O Jesus, I have promised	82
O little town of Bethlehem	148
O Love that wilt not let me go	78
O praise the Lord	16
O the best friend to have	98
O where is the haven of rest	186
O Word of God Incarnate	140
Oh! say, can you see	198
On Calvary's brow	156
One more day's work for Jesus	68
Only a word for the Master	112
Onward, Christian soldiers	63
OPENING EXERCISES—	
No. 1. Holy, holy, holy (Page 5.)	
No. 2. Lord, at Thy mercy-seat (Page 6.)	
No. 3. All hail the power of Jesus' Name (Page 8.)	
Our Father who art in heaven (Page 10.)	
Over, just beyond the hilltops	182
P	
PASS IT ON	129
Pass me not	34
PEACE BE WITH THEE	164
Praise God from whom all blessings flow (Page 16.)	
Praise Him! Praise Him!	8
Praise ye the Father	4

	Number
Prayers—	
Opening Prayers (Page 17.)	
Closing " (" ")	
Confession of sins (Page 18.)	
Before meals (Page 18.)	
After " (" ")	
Pressing forward	59
Purer and yet purer	127

Q

Quiet Lord, my froward heart	25

R

Rescue the perishing	69
Responses after the Commandments (Page 11.)	
Response, No. 1 (Page 12.)	
" " 2 (" ")	
" " 3 (" 13.)	
" " 4 (" ")	
Responsive Readings—	
Psalm 1 (Page 19.)	
" 23 (" ")	
" 24 (" ")	
" 46 (" 20.)	
" 51 (" ")	
" 84 (" ")	
" 122 (" 21.)	
Ecclesiastes 12 (Page 21.	
Isaiah 55 (Page 21.)	
Prov. 4 (" 22.)	
Matth. 5 (" ")	
Romans 8 (" 23.)	
1 Cor. 13 (" ")	
Ephesians 6 (Page 24.)	
Revive us again	35
Ride on in majesty	154
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	21

S

Safe in the arms of Jesus	45
Safely through another week	171
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name	170
Saviour, blessed Saviour	14
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	179
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray	124
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	33
Saviour, more than life to me	76
Saviour, now the day is ending	181
Saviour, teach me	23
Saviour, Thy dying love	79
Scattering precious seed	56
Softly and tenderly	101
Something for Jesus	79
Sometime We'll Understand	110
Sowing in the morning	65
Speed away	144
Spirit of Love Divine	160
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	55
Striving onward	130
Summer suns are glowing	189
Sun of my soul	178
Sweet are the promises	97
Sweet hour of prayer	13

T

Take my heart	80
Take my life and let it be	85
Take Thou my hands	83
The Apostles' Creed (Page 10.)	
The Best Friend is Jesus	98
The best of friends I have in heaven	105
The Church's one foundation	141
The Confirmation Vow (Page 10)	
The Dearest Friend	105
The great Physician now is near	53
The Haven of Rest	186
The Lord bless us and keep us (Page 16.)	
The Lord is my Shepherd	47
The Lord is in His holy temple (Page 7.)	
The Lord's Prayer (Page 10.)	
The morning light is breaking	142
The pilgrim and the stranger	187
The Son of Man goes forth to war	64
The Star-Spangled Banner	198
The Ten Commandments (Page 11)	
The work is Thine	61
There is a fountain filled with blood	54
There's a wideness in God's mercy	46
There is sunshine in my soul	116
Thy blessing, O Lord	165
Thy Word is like a garden	137
Thy Word, O Lord, Thy precious	136
'Tis time to say good-night	176
Trust and Obey	126
Trust in the Lord	51

W

Wait on God	48
We march to victory	71
We plow the field and scatter	188
We seek Thy presence, dearest Saviour	162
What a friend we have in Jesus	95
When I survey the wondrous Cross	155
When peace like a river	52
When we walk with the Lord	126
Where He Leads Me	74
Will there Be Any Stars	120
With the sweet word of peace	164
Work, for the night is coming	66

Y

Yield not to temptation	118